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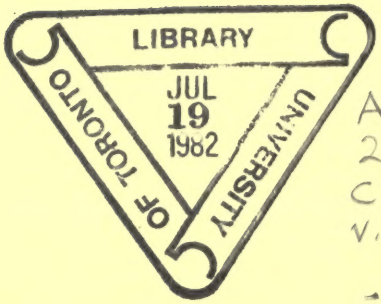

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IMMORAL USE AND SALE OF INTOXICANTS.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

HAVE a hereditary interest in the Cause of Temperance. Intemperance prevailed alarmingly, and was increasing in New England and the Middle States, at the beginning of this century. The habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was common among the most respectable and religious classes, including the clergy. All at once, about the year 1830, a panic seized on a large number of the more zealous and devoted members of the churches in view of the strides which the vice of intemperance was making, and there was a crusade preached against liquor which was very successful in bringing about a great reformation. Moderate drinking was vehemently attacked, as the principal cause of the excesses of intemperance, and total abstinence from spirituous liquors was the remedy proclaimed as the only one efficacious, and as not only advisable but necessary, as an ordinary rule. The intoxicating drinks which were in common use at that time were strong, distilled liquors, particularly New England and Jamaica Rum. Imported wines were found only on the tables of the rich. The only other drink made use of extensively, especially by farmers, was cider. No kind of drink was denounced at the beginning of the Temperance Reformation, as dangerous when taken in moderation, except "ardent spirits"; and the sale of such liquors in retail for use as an ordinary beverage was the particular kind of traffic condemned as morally unlawful, and not to be tolerated in a Christian professor.

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My father was the principal preacher of this Temperance Crusade in America and England, and was honored with the title of "Apostle of Temperance" before Father Mathew appeared on the scene, and merited this glorious title.

I am happy to remember that during my missionary career of fifteen years I waged an incessant war against intemperance, and it is known to all that the Paulists have ever been foremost in the crusade against this base, venomous, and deadly dragon, whose breath poisons the air which so many unhappy creatures inhale.

No longer able to contend as formerly against this monster by preaching, I wish, nevertheless, to cast one more javelin at him. I am happy to see that a host of valiant combatants have arisen to carry on this holy crusade. And it is matter for congratulation that the representative of the Holy Father has animated their courage and strengthened their arms, as well as stricken terror into the hearts of their opponents, by his approbation of the opportune legislation of the Bishop of Columbus.

I have no intention of treating at large or at length of such an extensive and complex subject as the morality of the liquor-traffic and the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

I shall restrict myself for the most part to the narrow limits of that den of the dragon which I venture to call by the vulgar name of "whiskey-shop"; and to those who are therein engaged in getting money or wasting it, by the sale and consumption of ardent spirits. The more genteel and general terms by which all the business of manufacturing and trading in liquors can be designated are too ambiguous to be serviceable for my purpose, without a great deal of definition and circumlocution. In London there are "gin-palaces." Similar places in New York are called "saloons"; but as there are many most respectable and genteel apartments of a quite different sort, not devoted to drinking purposes, called by the same name, and the resorts I have in view are in general more or less wanting in respectability, I prefer to call them by a name which tells exactly what they are, viz., "whiskey-shops." In New England the name of these places used to be "grog-shops," or "rum-shops." If those who keep "saloons" find these terms opprobrious, why is it? "Shop" is certainly a respectable word; why should "grog-shop," "rum-shop," "whiskey-shop," have a worse sound than "barber-shop," "candy-shop," or "carpenter-shop"? Evidently, because rum and whiskey have caused a vast amount of degradation and misery, when abused by excessive drinking, and because so many of the shops where

these liquors are sold and drank are centres of drunkenness. Those who profess that they carry on the traffic in liquor in a respectable way, consistent with the precepts of morality and religion, if their plea is reasonable and just, have no cause for taking offence at the opprobrium which is cast upon those who are the refuse and scum of their trade. If they are sincere in their professions, if they really have the cause of religion, morality, and social order at heart, let them join in the crusade against intemperance and whiskey-shops, and do their best to clear the skirts of their trade from the disgrace which has stuck to it, by being dragged through the mud.

Most assuredly, I will not propose any doctrine which can be called extreme or fanatical. I do not condemn the drinking, sale, and manufacture of spirituous liquors, much less of the fermented and malt liquors, as in their nature immoral and sinful. There is nothing immoral in the mere act of drinking a glass of brandy or whiskey, or in the habit of using such drinks regularly, *with due moderation*, unless there is some circumstance therewith connected which attaches to it an immoral character. There is nothing essentially and intrinsically immoral in the wholesale and retail traffic in spirituous liquors. To make it immoral, there must be something in the manner or circumstances of the traffic which attaches to it a vicious quality; it must be infected by some deadly or noxious ingredient, like a river polluted from a cess-pool.

There is nothing immoral in selling revolvers and cartridges. But if, in certain circumstances, this traffic were chiefly with men who were bent on homicide or resistance to the law, or if it were carried on in violation of laws made to regulate and restrict the use and sale of firearms, for the preservation of the public peace, it would become criminal.

There is nothing immoral in playing cards or billiards, even for money, yet, as every one knows, gambling is, in point of fact, one of the most dangerous and ruinous of habits, and the places where it is carried on have been very appropriately called "hells." The lottery is not in itself immoral. Nevertheless, it has become practically such an evil, that it has been thought necessary to make it illegal.

The whole question of traffic, especially retail traffic in intoxicating liquors, must therefore be considered, not merely in the abstract, but in the concrete; not merely in its constant and universal aspects, but also in those which are variable in different times and places, and which are particular.

It is a great mistake to make the practical standard and rule for the application of moral principles which are alway and everywhere the same, identical, in respect to the liquor-traffic, in this country and in all other countries.

The condition of a country where pure native wines and pure beer are abundant and in common use, and gross intemperance is not a prevalent vice, is different from that of our own country. I will not digress, however, from my chief and indeed only point, viz., that the whiskey-shops which exist and thrive in such great numbers in our own country are a nuisance, and that they ought to be the chief objective point of attack in the crusade against intemperance. The city of New York, from the days of its Dutch founders, has held a bad eminence in the number of its retail stores for the sale of liquor. At present, we are told that there are some seven or eight thousand of what in polite language are called "saloons," and above forty thousand in the State. No matter what plea the apologists of the saloons may put in, in behalf of those which they claim to be conducted in a way which does not offend against religion, morality, or the social order; no one can deny that many of them belong to the class of low, disreputable whiskey-shops. They are the resort of habitual and occasional drunkards, and hard drinkers. Drinking to excess is mostly carried on in these places by the majority of the men, especially of the laboring class, who are addicted to this vice. In most cases, it is there that sober young men begin to go the downward road which leads to destruction. The worst of these dens are vile beyond description. Every policeman, and every priest, whose duty has ever required him to look into these haunts of iniquity of a Saturday evening, knows by his own observation what most decent people can only know through hearing or reading; unless, unhappily, they see in the degradation and ruin of their own relatives and friends the effects of resorting to "saloons."

The same condition of things exists all over the country. Parish priests everywhere find the evil influences which tend to demoralize their people, to resist and thwart their own pastoral labors, centred in the whiskey-shops. Missionaries find the great obstacle to the success of missions in these same strongholds of vice and sin. Great numbers of the victims of intemperance are brought to conversion and reformation. Many whiskey-shops are broken up. It is to be feared that a considerable number of those who have been reformed relapse after a time. Some who have shut up their shops reopen them after their

virtuous resolutions have evaporated, and new wolves are always prowling around and breaking into the sheepfold. In the warfare of parish priests and missionaries against sin, of course, they must wage it against all sins and all vices. But one of the chief objects of assault is intemperance, which is not only in itself a gross and destructive vice, but the parent of many other sins, and the cause of many miseries, not only to those who indulge in it, but to others also, and is a loathsome ulcer on the social body.

It is evident that some kind of control and restriction in the liquor-traffic by the law is not only right and proper, but necessary. For instance, the law requiring saloons to be closed on Sunday, is one which must be approved by all who have any moral sense. All good citizens ought to observe and to support it. It is scandalous for those who make a profession of being Catholics to violate or evade it. Besides this, the whole moral authority of the church concurs with the civil authority in forbidding this gross abuse and disorder.

The reformation of abuses in connection with the traffic in liquor by legislation and by all kinds of moral influence must be admitted by all to be most desirable, whatever differences of opinion there may be about particular methods and measures. A "Public-House Reform Association" has been lately formed in England, which a writer in the London *Spectator* of July 21 says "all reasonable men will hail with enthusiasm."

In regard to the whiskey-shops, which I have attacked in this article, it is my opinion that their very existence is an abuse; that they are incapable of any reformation, and that the temperance reformation which is so very necessary among the most degenerate class of our Catholic people requires that they should be abolished. I mean by this, that all Catholics who keep such places should be persuaded to abandon the business. The church has no power to compel them to do so. The law may use coercion, but there is reason to fear that it only drives the disreputable traffic to hide in holes and corners, and that those who wish to do so, will get drunk, and run the risk of arrest. Prohibitory and coercive legislation, where there is a large class of the population given to habitual and even intemperate drinking; and a great number of persons, with small regard for either law or morality, bent on making an easy living by selling liquor to them; is a difficult matter, and the execution of laws after they are made is still more difficult. Only the moral influence over those who are in the habit of drinking and

those who are engaged in selling liquor, which is strong enough to keep them from violating the moral law, is powerful enough to effect a real reformation. A general and strong public opinion which makes the immoral abuse of liquor, and the immoral traffic in it, odious and disgraceful, is much more efficacious than legislation. And it is this public opinion which alone can give adequate support to legislative measures, however wise and prudent they may be.

It is a lamentable fact that a great number of Catholics, by external profession, are engaged in the liquor-trade. This is a great evil, and a great scandal. But, such being the case, it is specially incumbent on the bishops and clergy to bring to bear all the moral power of the church against the baleful and immoral power of the party which is devoted to the interests of the liquor-traffic. It is impossible to draw a line of sharp demarcation separating the class of retail liquor-dealers whose manner of carrying on their business deserves condemnation as immoral, from the more respectable members of the trade who can be exempted from this censure. The trade thrives chiefly on intemperance. Its customers are chiefly those who are given to immoderate drinking. Besides, there is a great traffic in spurious, adulterated, and deleterious drinks. If the general use of intoxicants were confined to the consumption of pure and genuine distilled, fermented, and malt liquors by moderate drinkers, the retail traffic would be reduced to a relatively small compass, and the wholesale trade and manufacture would be diminished in proportion. The business can be carried on without sin, but its dangers and temptations are great. The trade is in ill odor on account of the great scandals and moral evils in which it is implicated, especially in this country. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore has counselled all Catholics to keep out of it, or to abandon it; if they would obey this advice, a great incubus would be removed from the shoulders of the Catholic pastors, a great obstacle in the way of the Temperance Reformation would be shoved aside; and the moral welfare of the whole community would be essentially promoted.

The leaders and advocates of the liquor-trade can take an attitude of defiance toward ecclesiastical authority if they choose, but they will only bring disgrace upon themselves and stir up the valiant warriors against the venomous dragon of intemperance to more zealous and persistent combats. It is of no use for these gentlemen to try to assume a haughty port, and assert their consequence as a numerous and wealthy body of Cath-

olics; having in the circle of their upper ten social and political influence, and the power to aid or to damage the Catholic cause. They will not extort any greater degree of toleration than they deserve. Such a plea is utterly vulgar and base. It puts the Catholic Church and religion on the level of a political party, or a merely secular society, like one of the kingdoms or republics of this world. All history shows to what an extent the members of the Catholic Church, both ecclesiastics and laymen, have degraded her sacred character, and left to future ages a legacy of scandal, by trafficking in holy things, and defiling the sanctuary with their worldly merchandise.

The external splendor and prosperity of the Catholic Church, the human and worldly outside, in its best and most honorable aspect, is only an inferior environment, a shell, within which her vital force, her soul, sanctified by the Divine Spirit, has been active and working for the spiritual and moral good of mankind. Her true mission is to make men virtuous and holy, and thus to fit them for heaven. If she tolerates a multitude of sinners mixed up with the just in her communion, it is only in the hope of converting and reclaiming them. It is not in splendid ceremonies, celebrations and processions, in noble institutions, grand churches, crowds of the great and rich thronging her temples, that her true glory consists. It is in the number of her children who are living virtuous and holy lives, and the crowds of penitent sinners who surround her confessionals. All outside means and measures are valuable only as contributing to the fulfilment of the one purpose which alone has true worth, the interior work of the salvation of souls.

In carrying on this work, since one most essential part of it is to wage war upon all sin and vice, one chief duty of the priesthood, in which all good Christians are bound to aid them, is to labor zealously for the suppression of intemperance and of that kind of traffic in liquor which is its principal proximate occasion.

I come now to the consideration of the Total Abstinence movement as a means of reformation and a remedy for the vice of excessive drinking.

No instructed Catholic can maintain the proposition that total abstinence is a rule of universal moral obligation. Nevertheless, it may be a moral obligation for certain persons, a rule to be earnestly counselled for many others, and as a voluntary practice of self-denial it is praiseworthy in all except those to whom it would be injurious. At certain times and in certain

countries, it is the most efficacious remedy for the prevalent vice of intemperance. That celebrated and truly apostolic priest, Father Mathew, accomplished a wonderful reformation in Ireland, for which he received the warm encomiums of the most eminent men in Ireland and England. He did this great work by means of the total-abstinence pledge, and it is hard to see how any less drastic remedy could have been efficacious.

The other great temperance reformation accomplished in this country was also brought about by preaching and adopting the rule of total-abstinence from the use of ardent spirits as a beverage. Later on, all intoxicating drinks were included by a certain portion of the reformers, who have carried their principles to a great extreme, and whose positions I have no time to discuss. The effect of this temperance reformation was deep, extensive, and lasting. The habitual use of ardent spirits has been to a great extent abolished among the more reputable classes of the American people. The use of wine, on private tables and in social banquets, has been much diminished, especially among the professed members of the churches. Intemperance in the higher walks of life, among those who have a social reputation to keep or lose, has been forced to hide itself behind private doors. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the ravages of this vice have been confined to the laboring and poorer classes, or to those who resort to the haunts where inebriates are gathered together to indulge in drinking to excess.

Men and even women moving in the upper circles, even the highest, have been tainted by it, often to the serious injury, sometimes to the ruin, of their prospects in life and their domestic happiness. Intemperance has made victims of statesmen, professional men, literary men, sad to say, clergymen, both Catholic and Protestant. Frequently it has been the highly intellectual, the gifted, the cultivated, the promising, the amiable, the choice specimens of humanity, who have slid down the slippery hill of dissipation and have finally come to grief at the bottom. Some have become sots; some have literally drank themselves to death; some have been killed in drunken brawls; and others have committed suicide. The temperance reformation has not put an end to this miserable chapter in the sad history of human misery. The demon of intemperance is still luring victims from all ranks in society to their ruin.

The practical question we have in hand is: What means and remedies are potent and efficacious enough to be employed successfully in counteracting this deadly moral epidemic?

For a considerable number, that is, for all who have become enslaved to a habit of intemperance, total abstinence, at least for a long time, is morally necessary, and the only means of effecting a permanent reformation. For a much larger class, who are exposed to many temptations, total abstinence is the most perfect safeguard and therefore to be most earnestly recommended. For boys and youths, the same reasons which are such a strong motive for recommending total abstinence as a safeguard have a double force. And as for all others, who have no special need of taking any pledge for their own safety, their enrollment in the ranks of the great Total Abstinence Union, or some similar society, is most praiseworthy, and a great encouragement to those who need the powerful influence of example and association to keep them sober and steady. The principal society has sixty thousand members. Those who are enrolled in separate local societies, or in those confraternities whose rule is less strict, may amount to forty thousand more. Besides these, great numbers are continually taking the pledge singly from priests in all the parishes where Irish Catholics abound. The English army in India, whose infantry regiments are largely composed of Irishmen, has a Total Abstinence Society embracing twenty-two thousand members, very few of whom are ever brought before a court-martial. This noble advanced guard of the army of the sober and temperate deserves our praise, our thanks, and our encouragement. Its moral influence cannot well be measured, and the high ground which it has taken and fortified is the strongest of all the barriers which resist the encroachments of our deadly enemy intemperance.

Abstinence from the use of ardent spirits as an habitual beverage is to be most strongly urged upon all, even those who have no special need of guarding themselves from the temptation of drinking to excess. The quantity of these strong drinks which can be taken without injury is so small, that they are unfit for social purposes. It requires so much self-control to keep within the strict bounds of moderation, the allurement of the habit is so subtle and strong, leading gradually to excess, that total abstinence from their use, except in a quasi-medicinal way, is the only safe general rule, especially in the conditions of social intercourse actually existing among a large portion of our people.

Again, it must be most emphatically urged upon all, especially young men, to keep away from saloons and to shun the company of the dissipated and reckless, as much as possible.

The dissipated and reckless are capable of reformation, if they will cease to frequent the scenes and the company where their principal temptation lies. For the men who make their living chiefly from the custom of the intemperate, there is very little hope that any kind of religious and moral influence will have any great effect upon the majority of them. They have a seared conscience, and whatever outside show of religion they may keep up from their traditional habits and from human respect, is practically worth as little as the devotions of Italian brigands. They may still have a vital spark of faith under the ashes in which their souls are buried, and fear may drive them to seek reconciliation with God at the end of life; but during life they are not and cannot be good Christians. I am speaking now of those who carry on the liquor-trade in such a way that it is a proximate occasion of mortal sin to themselves and others. Even if they receive the Last Sacraments and Christian burial, that gives no assurance of their salvation.

As for those who profess to carry on the business of selling liquor in strict accordance with the principles and rules of morality and religion, I waive the question of the justice of their plea, and take them on the ground of their own professions.

They claim to be respectable and value highly their own social standing, and that of their families. They demand consideration as good citizens and good Catholics, liberal and generous toward the church and toward religious and philanthropic undertakings.

I wish to propose a few questions to this upper class of liquor-sellers, including all saloon-keepers who claim the right to belong to it. These questions are for them to answer frankly to their own consciences, and to the Lord who will judge them at death and on the Last Day.

Is it not true that there are many such "whiskey-shops" as I have described, deserving the denunciation I have pronounced against them, with the support of the best public opinion of the country?

Would these respectable gentlemen wish that their sons, and the young men who are to marry their daughters, should frequent or avoid saloons and the company which is to be found in them?

Do they, or do they not, lend their influence, singly or in association, to sustain an obnoxious liquor-trade, and resist the crusade of the clergy and of the best citizens of the republic against intemperance?

Can they, without any qualm of conscience, ask of God, when they assist at Mass and offer their morning prayers, to bless and prosper their daily business and traffic? Can they hope that they are serving God, gaining merit, and preparing their souls for heaven, as well as making money, by the transaction of their worldly affairs?

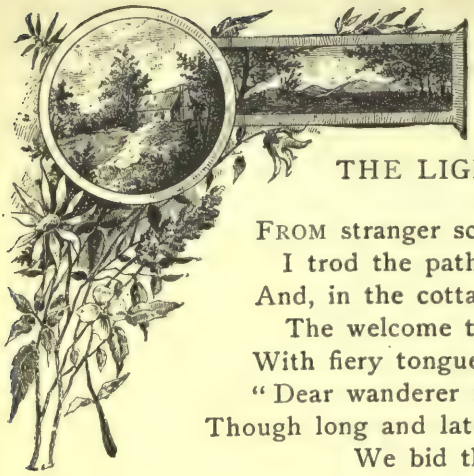
Those who resent exclusion from office or membership in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and other religious confraternities, are they free from all complicity in the causes which produce the poverty, degradation, and misery which the above-mentioned society is laboring to relieve?

Can they make the intention, every morning, to offer up all the actions of the day in union with the intentions of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the Apostleship of Prayer?

I repeat here what I have said already, that the primary and only essential object of the church is to make men virtuous and religious, and that the real strength and glory of the church is in her virtuous members, who are good and practical Christians. The sanctifying work which the church is capable of accomplishing has always been hindered and is now hindered by the negligence and the misdeeds of unworthy and bad Christians. At the present time, in this country, one great obstacle to the religious and moral influence of the church on the American people is the immoral use and sale of liquor by those who belong externally to her communion. It is of vital importance that we should contend with all our might against this evil.

I will close this article with the grave admonition addressed by the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore to all who are engaged in the sale of liquor:

"We admonish, finally, all those of our laity engaged in the traffic in intoxicating liquors to reflect seriously with how many and great dangers and occasions of sin their business, although not in itself unlawful, is surrounded. Let them choose some more honorable way of gaining a living if they can. But, at least, let them endeavor with all their might to remove the occasions of sin from themselves and others. . . . If, however, through their guilty cause or co-operation religion is disgraced and men are led on to ruin, let them know that there is an Avenger in heaven who will certainly inflict on them most grievous punishment."



THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

FROM stranger scenes, at eve returning,
I trod the paths belov'd of yore;
And, in the cottage-windows burning,
The welcome tapers hailed once more.
With fiery tongues they seemed to say:
"Dear wanderer from far away!
Though long and late thy feet may roam,
We bid thee cheer!
Joy, peace are here,
Where shine the friendly lights of home!"

Ah! then I raised mine eyes (o'er-flowing
With happy tears) to heaven's blue;
And, in God's palace-windows glowing,
I saw his tapers shining too;
His stars, that sang with rapture strong:
"Dear exile, who hast wandered long,
We greet thee from this glittering dome!
Joy, peace divine
Are here, where shine
The lights of Love's eternal Home!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE NEW HEDONISM.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

"When I am nothing but a drift of white
Dust in a cruse of gold, and nothing know
But darkness and immeasurable night."

EARTHLY pleasure is naturally the only paradise of the disbeliever in immortality. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" The doctrine of "conditional immortality," which is preached to-day, in more or less detail, from some able pulpits, teaches that those who are unsuccessful in the struggle; those who have "sown to the flesh," shall reap first corruption, and then—*Nirvana*. None of the eloquent advocates of this exclusive Aidenn—which the soul may realize by its own intelligent development, or lose by its own deliberate delinquencies—have illustrated their doctrine by examples. They have not stated whether immortality is open to heathen who have "outsoared the shadow of their night," or limited to those only who have enjoyed the teachings of Christianity. They have not discriminated for or against the illustrious disbelievers of Christian ages.

Comparing those who preceded with those who have enjoyed Christian education, shall we take it for granted that it is the same "vital spark" which is condemned in the case of this obscure priest to a life spent in alleviating the sufferings and cheering the horrible depression of a colony of lepers in some island of the Pacific, and exalted in the case of that "searcher of the skies" into a cloudless span of days spent in intimate communion with

"The splendors of the firmament of Time"?

That Hipparchus consumed his immortality in watching stars and milky ways, and has now, for ever, sunk into an eventless rest, with all his yearnings unsatisfied; while Father Damien ascended at once into that august company of "angels and archangels"? Was the spirit of David Livingstone in dim eclipse during his allotted earthly term of years, which were spent in unselfish alleviation of the sorrows and misfortunes of his fellow-creatures, and has it now risen upon an eternal morning?

Did the inspiration of Alexander the Great bask for thirty-three years in the matchless glory of unbroken conquest, and then disappear in the night of time never to rise again? Are these distinctions happily chosen, or are all these bright spirits now without blot, and are their thrones all

> " . . . built beyond mortal thought,
> Far in the unapparent"?

The doctrine of "The Development of Immortality" is a satisfactory and reasonable attempt to illumine our ignorance just in so far as it is Catholic in its application, and crowns the lives of all the great with immortal days; rewards with an unalloyed existence hereafter all those illustrious dead who have, according to their lights, fulfilled with untiring energy the constant promptings of their noblest thoughts. But it will be a hopeless "Slough of Despond" if it is intended to consign the pure genius of Socrates to everlasting darkness, while it properly raises the sweet spirit of Phillips Brooks to the highest heaven.

The present "Vanity Fair" of the social, intellectual, and religious world is aptly illustrated in a material way by Lord Macaulay's verbal etching of the condition of affairs in England after the Great Rebellion: "Boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market place; Fifth Monarchy men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing on the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag."

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. The old discoveries, and the time-honored theories, are unexpectedly shaken into view in the mental kaleidoscope. The longer they have been hidden away out of sight, the more attractive they naturally at once become as intellectual playthings.

The Reformer, or Iconoclast, swollen and puffed up with the importance of his divine mission, and relying upon the ability of his genius to recreate something better and more permanent out of the ashes of what he has burned down, addresses the Hermes of his message in much the same grandiose terms that Fletcher puts into the mouth of Arbaces:

> "He shall have chariots easier than air,
> Which I shall have invented; and thyself—
> Thou art the messenger shall ride before him
> On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
> That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
> I know not how yet."

The Evangelist of Hedonism (Greek *edoné*, pleasure) died just twenty-two hundred and fifty years ago—Aristippus of Cyrene, in Africa. He was, very naturally, a cosmopolite. Wandering about from place to place, he reached Athens, and found at once a magnet in Socrates, whose school he joined, and remained in attendance on the lectures until its founder's death in 399 B.C. His teachings differed in many respects from those of his famous master. He had also brought with him from his native city habits of luxury and ostentation which contrasted strangely with the homely and temperate career of Socrates.

The life of Aristippus is the best exemplification of his principles. True temperance, according to him, consists not in abstaining from pleasure, but in being able to enjoy it with moderation. He therefore indulged freely in good living, rich clothing, splendid dwellings, and the society of the accomplished *hetæræ*. But, while enjoying all these pleasures, he was thoroughly his own master, and never allowed them to destroy his equanimity or overleap his self-control. As he had attained to the condition of happiness under all circumstances he could relinquish pleasure at any moment. His principal efforts were directed towards enjoying the present moment, and driving dull care away. The object of life, according to Aristippus, is the attainment of pleasure, which must be positive and real; not merely the absence of pain. By pleasure, Aristippus meant immediate gratification—the pleasure of the moment—real happiness consisting in a succession of moments of intense pleasure. An action which gave rise to pleasure he regarded as good, irrespective of law of any kind. He was yet compelled to admit that some actions, which give immediate pleasure, entail more than their equivalent of pain. This ground he regarded as the conventional distinction between right and wrong. Man must not, however, give himself up to pleasure as a slave; he must be superior to it. True happiness can, therefore, only be attained by rational insight, prudence, or wisdom. Only through this prudence, which is in truth virtue, can man make a proper use of the good things in his power, and free himself from those superstitions and violent passions that stand in the way of happiness. Through this wisdom we are enabled to preserve the mastery of pleasure, to rise superior to past, future, or even present happiness, and make ourselves independent of circumstances. True freedom of soul, real self-sufficiency, is reached by the exercise of wisdom, and by mental cultivation.

The attainment of happiness by a wise choice of pleasures

and by moderation is not at all a bad rule of life, though far from comprehensive.

Although the new Hedonists are not "clothed in purple, and crowned with flowers, and fond of drink, and of female lute-players," they propose to have just as good a time intellectually. Mr. Grant Allen—*Fortnightly Review*, March, 1894—appears to be the Great High-Priest of the order, and one scarcely knows whether to be charmed and fascinated with the wealth of his illustrations and their amazing beauty, or surprised at the slim logical basis which they afford for his conclusions. In describing his theories I shall largely use Mr. Allen's own words.

According to this expounder, the new motto is not "Be virtuous and you will be happy," but "Be happy and you will be virtuous." The "pig-philosophy" of the ascete, and the "devil-philosophy" of Carlyle and his followers, are alike distasteful to him. He recognizes only two theories of human action—that pleasure or pain are the sole guides of all voluntary acts; or that one or more superior beings who hate pleasure and love pain created the world, and desire that all of their creatures shall suffer more or less abundantly.

Swinging to and fro by hooks drawn through the muscles of one's back at some East Indian festival, or casting one's self beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, or walking with sharp flints in one's shoes, or wearing a hair-shirt of penance in some Spanish monastery, are alike rejected by Mr. Allen as proper or necessary conditions for entering into glory hereafter, though Mr. Allen and Omar Kháyyam seem to be one in the belief that there is no such thing as glory, or anything else for that matter, in the hereafter. The omnipotent being who "sends yin to heaven and ten to hell a' for his glory" comes in, of course, for small praise.

This new Hedonist, indeed, considering the calm and emotionless way in which he sneers at the existence of a God, and misstates his attributes, resembles much the *sang froid* of that precocious child who is said to have amused the leisure hours of Sir Walter Scott:

> "She was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single damn."

The possibility of the doctrines of this new Utopia being in any way "less pure, less noble, less ideal, and less beautiful than Christian ethics," is dismissed as hardly worth consideration.

Mrs. Sarah Grand, one of the "Shrieking Sisters" of the sect of modern social *Revoltées*, proposes to raze the entire earthly mansion of man, whose moral corruption is so hopelessly pronounced as to have nothing in it worth saving—palaces and hovels, sanctuaries and dens of vice, are to be alike clean swept away. They were raised according to "Man's Idea," which has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The new social fabric is to be after "Woman's Idea" *par excellence*, and neither the "cow kind" nor the "scum kind" of woman is to have a hand in the work.

In the same way Mr. Allen seems ready to demolish our childhood's Heaven, and all that therein is. He intends to manipulate this new Hedonistic broom and, *à la* Mrs. Partington, sweep out every bit of the glory, all the angels, and the King himself, without a snivel.

M. de Puimorin, who could not read and was taunted by M. Chapelain with the fact, retorted: "Qu'il n'avoit que trop sû lire, depuis que Chapelain s'étoit avisé de faire imprimer." In much the same spirit we may exclaim that we have, with much difficulty, been able to see now that these new-fangled ideas have demolished all obstructions.

These are samples of the preachers "who will set forth the new Hedonism in all its beauty and purity, and will contrast it with the ugly and soul-starving features of existing morality."

Like the Red Cross Knight, they think they are doing battle for Fidessa and her injured beauty, instead of fighting for the false and loathsome sorceress, Duessa.

A "woman's right woman" suggested to Mr. Allen "Self-development is greater than self-sacrifice" as a proper motto for the new religion, and he is so much pleased with the oracle that he proceeds to do some very entertaining "sleight of hand" with it. "The ascetic greed implies a diabolical origin for the cosmos." "God so made us and put such instincts in us that to gratify them is wrong, and to crush them is right; to be happy is wicked, while to be miserable is righteousness." "If others could be happy without the need for our sacrificing ourselves, we should all be gainers."

In reading the tales of Jules Verne one never knows where science ends and romance begins, and *vice versa*. It has been found, I believe, that this shaking together of truth and falsehood produces a general appearance of truth. If any of my readers ever cross in a train a closed bridge over a river in which twenty feet of solid wood-work alternate with one foot

of opening, they will be surprised, if the train's speed is considerable, to find that the constant view of the river afforded to the eye is not appreciably interfered with, although the ratio of blank wall to really unobscured view be twenty to one. In much the same way it has been discovered by dialecticians, and Mr. Allen is scarcely less gifted than Plato in this respect, though far less candid, that a mixture of twenty parts of nonsense with one part of truth is a fair solution for the average individual. This solution is to be labelled "Truth: *to be well shaken before taken.*"

"Self-development" Mr. Allen believes to be an aim for all, and I think we fully agree with him that we should be constantly watching out how we may make ourselves stronger, saner, wiser, and better. That our limbs and wind be sound, that we create a *mens sana in corpore sano.* That we be well educated, and free, and beautiful. That each man be as tall, and supple, and well knit, and robust as possible, so that he may transmit the same very desirable physical perfections, untainted, to his descendants. That every woman be as thoroughly developed in physique, and as universally fitted as possible for the bearing of children. That it is good for the typical man to find and marry such a woman, and for the typical woman to find and marry such a man. That the best possible auspices under which a child can be born into the world is as the child of such parents. That each man and each woman hold their virility and femininity in trust for humanity, and that to play fast and loose with such a trust is fraught with danger for the state and for future generations.

Furthermore, there is just the same need for spiritual, intellectual, and æsthetic development. The highest possible point of human achievement should be reached in every direction. This includes getting rid of superstitions, dogmas, fears, vague terrors (shibboleths, in fact, of all descriptions). It includes a thorough knowledge of animal, plant, and human life; of the heavens, the earth, and the things that are under the earth; of institutions and laws. We should each arrive at a consistent theory of the universe for ourselves.

That we should struggle to diffuse a wider taste for poetry, music, art, and household decoration. That literature, poetry, painting, sculpture, and the beautifying of life by sound and form and word and color are among the most important tasks of civilization. So far so good. We should be in thorough accord with Mr. Allen in nearly all he says.

But now he substitutes the twenty feet of blank wall, through which he expects our eyes, filled with the great bright light of all the high and noble thoughts with which he has been filling us, to penetrate without any break—carrying along with them the same happy view.

Religion is the shadow of which Culture is the substance. The one pretends to be what the other is in reality.

I am not going to mark the lintel and door-posts of this statement with blood, for I am sure that Time, that Abaddon, or Destroying Angel, will not pass it by without destruction.

Mr. Allen does not believe that Christianity is the sole bar which prevents us from wallowing in the filth like swine, and that to be rid of Christianity would be fraught with some serious moral peril for the race. If we consent to do without religion he thinks that the new Hedonism will supply its place, and that we will be no more badly off than the Fijian without his cannibalism. The emancipated man is in need of naught to take the place of superstition.

And now Mr. Allen proceeds to show "how the germs of every thing which is best in humanity took their rise from the sexual instinct." And he supports this proposition by a wealth and beauty of illustration which is truly bewitching. The subject is considered from the different stand-points of the plumage of birds, the colors of flowers, the songs of birds, their lyric, poetic, and dramatic faculties, their sympathies and domestic affections, and finally he comes to love itself, and shows how man and woman are both most beautiful in the season of the plenitude of their powers of reproduction. How all social pleasures, sprightly conversation, gay wit, the conscious blush of youth, dancing and dining are all ministers of love.

How love animates all our poetry and literature and art—Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Heloise and Abelard, Faust and Marguerite. How the beauty of the female form divine has given us half our painting and three-quarters of our statuary.

"Filch away from external nature," Mr. Allen says, "what it owes to the sex instinct, and you will have lost every bright flower, every gay fruit, every song-bird, every butterfly, every wearer of brilliant plumage; filch away from human art what it owes to the sex-instinct, and you will have lost the best part of our poetry, the best part of our romance, the best part of our painting, and all but the whole of our sculpture."

Mr. Herbert Spencer has shown that music derives its origin

from the emotional tones of ordinary speech in moments of the profoundest sexual excitement. Darwin believes song to have been acquired by man for the purpose of charming and alluring his mate. The period of song decays with the period of reproductive power. Take away sex from a play and all the interest is gone.

The most of the "lowest" passions, so-called, has been made by the Dantes, Petrarchs, Shelleys, Keatses, Rosettis, De Mussets, George Eliots, Goethes, Rousseaus, Liszts, Brownings, Merediths, Hardys, Swinburnes. Milton wrote, "Whatever hypocrites austerely talk of purity, and place and innocence"; Walt Whitman proclaimed "the equal honor and dignity of all our members and all our functions."

> "Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
> But our destroyer, foe to God and man."

Asceticism surrounds sex with gross and vulgar images; Hedonism with all graceful and elevating associations.

This opens the way to Mr. Allen's final and main point, "The Marriage Question." Alas, alas! so this sacred rite is one of the good customs which is corrupting the world. We had hoped that, like the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," it had grown so old and well-established as to be able to exist in spite of abuses. Like Pierre de Rousard, we shall have nothing left but "wine, a soft bed, and a bright fire." They have not only changed the Hymnal in the Episcopal Church, and substituted new tunes for "Rock of Ages," "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" in place of those old airs "for ever echoing in the heart and present in the memory," but marriage too is to be changed, and some substitution made more suitable to the demands of the age!

Aristippus spent his leisure in the pleasing society of the prominent *hetæræ* of Cyrene, and Mr. Allen does not propose to sell himself for a night or for a lifetime into a loveless union. He proposes as the very ultimate and supreme tenet of his creed, "*The moral obligation to fatherhood and motherhood on the part of the Noblest, the Purest, the Sanest, the Healthiest, the Most Able among us.*"

Saint Felix writes: "Esprit humain, que tes ailes sont vives et audacieuses! Comme tu sais fendre les brouillards et les aquilons de la terre! il te faut la région sans borne. Quel aigle te suivrait dans ta course capricieuse. Il te plait de toucher le

sommet du Caucase, et tu poses à l'instant sur la plus haute aiguille de ses glaces éternelles . . . mais, plus souvent, avide d'avenir, tu visites les temps qui ne sont pas encore, et, dans ce loitain, tu fais l'univers à ta fantasie. . . . Esprit de l'homme ô malade en délire, telles sont ta puissance et ta faiblesse! tout embrasser, d'un désir et ne rein étreindre cependant! Voir l'impossible et ne toucher qu'à la misérable réalité! Ah, mieux vaudait mille fois la mort que cette vie d'impuissance, s'il ne te restait, pour refuge, la région haute et sereine; la région de la sagesse."

What will be the general verdict upon the new Hedonism as outlined by Grant Allen? Religious and moral considerations aside, it will be regarded as amazingly attractive, but as not practical for humanity in its present miscellaneous condition. Perhaps some of those who reach these generally inaccessible heights of thought have wondered that the beneficent Creator, whom Mr. Allen does not include in his cosmogony (possibly for this very reason among others equally as good), should have tolerated so many stupid, ugly, unromantic, and utterly cloddish and soulless inhabitants of his universe, if not as a fly-wheel to the marvellous machinery of the collective social mind and heart. How fortunate it is that we are not all set on fire by the possibilities of some magnificent painting whose essential thought sweeps through our blood like wind-swept flame, stirs the highest minds to their profoundest depths! How wise it is that there are some of us who do not demand the richest and rarest mental and emotional food as a *sine qua non* of conscious existence! How more than accidental it is that all men are not Raphaels, or Shaksperes, or Irvings, or Tennysons, or Cabanels, or Burkes, or Napoleons, or Aristotles! There can be no one *great* without its thousand *littles;* no one *soarer* in the infinities of the azure without his thousand *grovellers* in the dust and dirt and slime of more than hopeless mediocrity.

Mr. Allen has produced a masterpiece of dialectics, but his theories, if introduced into every-day life, would turn the whole herd of swine, whom he despises, but who form the bulk of humanity all the same, down some steep place into the sea.

Nor is his own personal achievement substantial:

> "The highest mounted mind," he said,
> "Still sees the sacred morning spread
> The silent summit overhead.

"Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lonely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?

"Or make that morn, from his cold crown
And crystal silence creeping down,
Flood with full daylight glebe and town?

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet millenniums hence be set
In midst of knowledge dreamed not yet.

"Thou hast not gained a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite."

A little child, whose parents and relatives had gone on Christmas day to attend a meeting and help along some charity or other, was heard to pray "that God would raise up a society to take care of 'philanthropists'' families." Have these formulators and evangelists of the new Hedonism in its fullest blood-red flower taken any steps to establish a society for the care of the children and households of the "Sisters and Brothers of Marriage Reform"?

Mr. Andrew Lang (referring to the English) says that "a hundred years ago we were a cruel but also a humorous people." Will a hundred years hence find us "despising all things, making use of all things, and in all things following pleasure only"?

In the midst of all this turmoil and destruction, this throwing down and undermining of dear old institutions without even granting the barest detail of what is to take their place, one yearns for the intellectual calm of Horace and the pastoral beatitudes of Virgil, who "numbers the glories of his land as a lover might count the perfections of his mistress."

"Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit Campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albaneæ resonantis
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et Uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

TÜBINGEN AND ITS CATHOLIC SCHOLARS.

BY GEORGE F. X. GRIFFITH.

TO many readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the title of this article may be in the nature of a surprise. For have we not been wont to associate the name of this little "nest" amid the Swabian Alps with a scholarship anything but Catholic? "The Tübingen School" has been a familiar acquaintance to every reader of Scriptural works, big or little, for the past fifty years; nevertheless the writer confesses to a lurking suspicion that many scholars who can talk learnedly of its "tendency-theories" and the rest have but little idea of the actual surroundings whence these have emanated for good or ill. There is a very general impression abroad that by the "Tübingen School" one means some sort of institution where scholars resort for the exclusive study of exegesis—something similar to our Johns-Hopkins or a university annex for specialists.

The mistake is most pardonable from any one not familiar with German universities and their conditions, differing as they do in so many points from anything we are acquainted with. But in this exclusive arrogation of the title "Tübingen" by the Protestant faculty of this ancient university there is an implied injustice to the older faculties of law, and medicine, and natural sciences, not to speak of the faculty of Catholic theology, one and all its fellows and peers at least, both before and since the period of the Evangelical faculty's rise to fame.

The university, whereof these various learned bodies are component and, it may well be added, harmonious parts, was founded a little more than ten years before Columbus made that record voyage of his. The thin pamphlet, which contains the names and residences of the present generation of dwellers in this quiet town, is prefaced by a chronological summary of "notable" happenings since the founding of their historic Stadt.

Let me imitate the chronographer of our city directory, and make a big leap over a period of some three hundred years.

LIBERALITY IN GERMAN EDUCATION.

Every German university is state-supported; its general policy is dictated by a royal commission, while the professors re-

ceive their final appointment from the crown. It is, therefore, all the more to the credit of those concerned that the Protestant ruler of Protestant Würtemberg should have been one of the first to reinstate a faculty of Catholic theology within the

THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITAETS STADT, TÜBINGEN.

university walls, and in such near neighborhood to what was even then the most famous of Protestant faculties, for Baur was already a power in the land at this date, and had had, of course, his predecessors, whose teachings had paved the way for the far-trumpeted achievements of the "Tübingen School." Our long leap has landed us at the threshold of the nineteenth century, a critical period for Catholic learning in Germany. Napoleon and revolution had been playing havoc with principalities and kingdoms all over Europe, and nowhere more than in Southern Germany. One result of these many changes in the olden maps had been King Frederick's acquisition of certain Catholic territories, thus extending the boundaries of little Würtemberg. (The reader is begged never to make the mistake which came under my notice the other day in a religious review; the writer and editor alluded to *Würtemberg* instead of *Wittenberg* University as Luther's Alma Mater. The kingdom has enough to answer for without this responsibility being added to her sins in those bad Reformation times, which we have

gladly skipped over.) In his zeal for the welfare of his new Catholic subjects and their fellow-believers among the old ones, good King Frederick had seen fit to found a brand-new "Catholic University" in Ellwangen. But these same changes of boundary lines had necessitated a reassignment of dioceses; an emissary had been despatched to Rome for this purpose, but before his arrival there Pope Pius VII. was a prisoner, and the necessary formalities had to be ordered by the nuntius in Stuttgart, who called upon the primate to act "by virtue of his plenipotentiary powers, *Sede pontificia impedita*" * This new order of things ecclesiastical left the infant "university," with its handful of scholars, too far from the centre. These were hard times, too, for the monarch and his people; and books were dear, hence the library suffered.

Even in these good old times your conservative grumbler did not fail to put himself in evidence. Rather let our priests perish in ignorance than fraternize with the foes of our faith!

THE CASTLE'S OUTER GATE.

And when they were assured that their bishop with his council had the entire regulation of studies, discipline, everything save the finances, in their hands, the answer came that all this was but a deep-laid scheme of the minister of state (who chanced to

* Funk: *Die katholische Landesuniversitaet in Ellwangen*, p. 6.

be a man of an agnostic turn of mind), his end being "to smooth away all confessional differences and bring about a sort of religio-political amalgama."* Happily neither the wishes nor the apprehensions of this party were attended to, and the new faculty of Catholic theology was a success from the very outset in its new quarters.

A DISHEARTENING OUTLOOK.

I have spoken of the opening of our century as marking a crisis in German ecclesiastical circles. The Rev. Dr. Schanz in his contribution to the work on German universities compiled for the World's Fair,† has described the low state of theological learning at that date; while a certain young student, then living and destined to become himself one of the founders of the new Catholic learning, has left us an even sadder picture of the several institutions he frequented in his travels in pursuit of solid Catholic wisdom. "Superficiality in the matter and methods of teaching, dogma a poor farce, church history devoid of solid foundations and made interesting only as a *histoire scandaleuse*, while the whole study and literary activity of the clergy was confined to the flimsiest liturgical, pastoral, and moral casuistry, without a thought for the defence of the fundamental truths of Christian faith and life."‡ Yes, it was among such surroundings that the gentle and revered author of the Catholic *Symbolik* laid the foundations of his own great knowledge; but all were not made of that sturdy stuff which enabled Moehler to rise superior to his intellectual environments. The philosophical idol of the times was Professor Hermes, of Münster, and "the great majority of Catholic teachers in Prussia were his disciples:"§ his semi-rationalistic principle *intelligo, ut credam*, with all that was peculiar to his teachings, met their fate at the hands of Gregory XVI. in 1835, but it was many a day before his adherents desisted from inculcating his errors. In this historic combat our Tübingen scholars proved stout soldiers in the service of the Holy See.

But this is not the darkest side of the picture. In the church, as well as in the world, when education is on the decline, the moral standing falls with the ebbing tide. "In Catholic Freiburg, the professor of moral theology, in his public lectures, contended against virginity and celibacy. Father Kuenzer, rector of Konstanz, in conjunction with Professor Fischer of Lu-

* *Ibid.*, p. 29. † *Die deutschen Universitaeten*, Asher & Co., Berlin, p. 256 *et seq.*
‡ *Moehler's gesammelte Schriften*, Doellinger, p. 178. § Schanz, *loco citato*, p. 258.

cerne, founded an 'Anti-celibacy Society.' . . . When, in 1819, the candidates for the priesthood in Rottenburg received the news that a bill had been brought before Baden's Chamber of Deputies to prohibit celibacy in the church, the report was greeted with ringing cheers." *

GREAT PIONEERS IN THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Remembering all this, what does Professor Schanz mean by telling us that the first thirty years of this century were a season of seed-sowing, destined by God's grace, to grow to a great harvest, and preparing us for the brave victories which stirred the Catholic world from '30 to '60? A cursory glance at the array of names, now each with a niche in Catholic literature, will be enough to satisfy us that his figure but barely states the truth. "Ah, those names!" I seem to hear the English reader sigh; "without a nearer knowledge of what they really stand for, how can one ever remember those foreign-sounding names." Well, let us at least make the effort, seeing that a trifling difficulty like this should not hinder us from knowing something of those who have done yeoman's duty for the cause of Christ. In a never-to-be-forgotten talk it was my privilege to have with Cardinal Manning, that practical and far-seeing saint urged that it was the Catholic student's bounden duty to avail himself of the stupendous labors of these giants of Catholic letters. "They stand for us as road-breakers," said his eminence; "if we fail to profit by their achievements, we shall deserve to fall."

BEGINNING OF "THE HIGHER CRITICISM."

The scouts and pathfinders were up and doing in those early days and Tübingen was training its own contingent. To Professor Drey, who came with his few students from Ellwangen, must be given the credit of endowing the new Catholic Faculty with that impulse which has made all its afterwork bear a peculiar individual stamp. His preference for the apologetic method has been justified in the event and, to my thinking, furnishes the reason for all future developments, as following naturally along the line. The Evangelicals and Radicals, then and there, were no more disposed to listen to scholastic theses and syllogisms than are our countrymen just now; they belonged to a "philological-historical"—or what is now

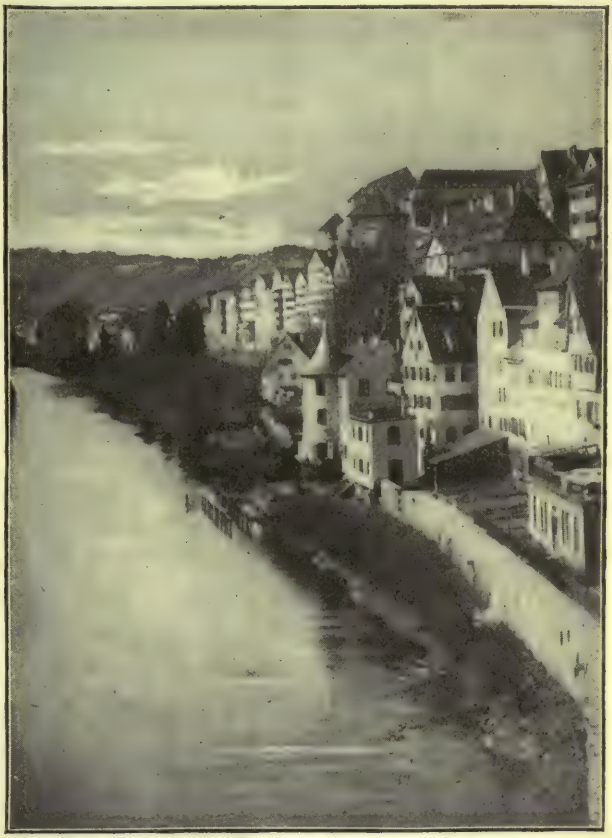
* Hergenroether's *Handbuch der allg. Kirchengeschichte*, ii. 849.—Wörner bei Gams, p. 11, and Moehler, *l. c.* p. 177.

called the "higher" School of Criticism, and they demanded mostly facts. "It is our shame, sons and priests of the church," says the Abbé Le Camus, "if we do not, in the name of Science and in every field, confound and crush these blustering braggarts. But to do this we must needs modify the programmes of our ecclesiastical studies, just as at certain intervals the military tactics of our armies are modified."* Just so, it was not the hope of finding the old arquebuses and flint-locks of their revered ancestors which prompted Dr. Drey and his colleagues to ransack the old castle (now become the University Library), but rather to polish and sharpen their more modern weapons in the armory of philological and patristic lore. That mental restlessness, which was one heritage of the French Revolution, was now showing itself in an eager desire on the part of Protestant scholars to reconstruct their edifice of beliefs; but the restoration of any earthly building necessitates a tearing down of certain parts, and when once your thorough-going German iconoclast starts in on this process he rarely knows when or where to stop. Thus it came about that before the rising light of his generation in Protestant Germany, Professor F. C. Baur of Tübingen, had gotten ready to rehabilitate, he had pretty well obliterated the very foundations of our documentary evidence for Christianity. Not alone the New Testament canon, but all patristic writings of the first centuries, were being examined by his "School," under the search-light of historical and philological criticism; the genuine was to be acknowledged, the doubtful rejected, and the position of all to be defined anew. The Protestant Professor Holtzmann, in his Introduction to the study of the New Testament,† the most popular work of its kind to-day in Germany, and, owing to its impartial spirit and admirable order, an invaluable hand-book for any student of Protestant "variations" in this field of criticism—this high authority tells us that inspiration and revelation are not so much as mentioned in the writings of these "pioneers" of Protestant Bible study. Baur's ground-principle of criticism for the Gospels and Epistles is "the presence or absence of any decided literary 'tendency' on the part of their respective authors." All writings displaying any such tendency must be regarded with suspicion by the impartial historian; and with this canon of criticism established to his satisfaction, Professor Baur proceeded to prove that St. Mark's alone of all the

* *La Vie de N.-S. J.-C.*, pref. to 2d ed. p. xiv.

† H. J. Holtzmann, *Lehrbuch der historisch-kritischen Einleitung*, 3d ed. p. 186.

Gospels could lay claim to be an unprejudiced narrative, while of the Epistles only four (Romans, the Corinthians, Galatians) could stand his fearsome test.* What, then, was this unfortunate "tendency" whose damaging presence bore so heavily against the integrity of Holy Scripture? Baur termed his system "The Positive Criticism," since it professed to "handle its subject-matter objectively, examining it with the sole idea of discovering what the author meant, not what his followers in after days have held to be his meaning." The "tendency" which he brought to light was "a party-spirit animating the adherents of Peter and Paul," and one is fain to smile now when recalling the sensation which his *positive* discovery created in its day; for this Columbus of early church history lived to see his positive results flouted by friends and foes alike, till in the race for fresh novelties Göttingen University won the day and the fame of the "Tübingen School" was a thing of the past. One of his best-known disciples (Volkmar of Zurich) pained the master by carrying his good work of "reconstruction" several steps further in the direction of infidelity, leaving us without even the incomparable Mark; since the Swiss professor felt assured that all four Gospels were "purely Tendenz-



FAIR AS THE FLOW OF NECKAR BENEATH THE CASTLED HEIGHTS.

* Holtzmann, *loco citato*, p. 163.

schriften," containing not a Life of our Lord, but rather four contradictory histories fabricated to suit the tastes of certain unfriendly communities, embodying merely an apology for the party-strifes and dogmatic developments of the various "sections" of the one Holy Catholic Church! The four above-mentioned Epistles of St. Paul, together with three letters of St. Justin, are, he held, the sole Christian documents which antedate the year 150 A.D.* Hilgenfeld, another of Baur's pupils, started out with the rebellious legend "Tendency no longer the one and only test!" and with his "literary-historical method" managed to replace three of the Epistles thrown out by his teacher (First Thessalonians, Philippians, and Philemon).† But it would be impossible here to barely enumerate the divagations of these learned men. One after another their theories appeared, only to be overturned by the latest newcomer. The leaders of Evangelicalism of to-day, like Ewald and Harnack, would be considered conservatives by the early Tübingen School of Theology. The first-named contended for the authenticity of the four Gospels, while the latter, probably the most popular Protestant professor of our day, declares that Baur's supposititious tendency—"Jewish Christianity versus Pagan Christianity"—is misleading and historically false.‡

CHRIST CRITICISED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

We all know what use Strauss and Rénan have made of all these "positive" results. Bruno Bauer (a very different man from F. C. Baur) created an even more startling sensation than had his homonym by his radical utterances, which caused him to be dubbed the critical Herostratus of our day.§ Both the humanity and divinity of our Blessed Lord are left in doubt by this critic of the very "highest" class, and thus the impulse of the Tübingen School continues to work out its legitimate results in Protestant Germany.

CATHOLIC DEFENDERS AT TÜBINGEN.

And yet, as has been stated, the general tendency to destructiveness and iconoclasm has been checked; and for this it must be owned by all sides that Catholic scholarship, however often overlooked and slighted, should be awarded the lion's share of praise, while the Catholic professors of Tübingen, past all doubt,

* Volkmar: *Religion Jesu* (1857) and *Geschichtstreue Theologie* (1858).
† Hilgenfeld: *Einleitung in das neue Testament.*
‡ Harnack: *Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte*, i. 250, 2d ed. § Holtzmann, p. 183.

deserve to be ranked among the foremost and first of these defenders of our Faith. The Tübingen *Quartalschrift*, a quarterly theological review founded in 1819, was the earliest to take advantage of the Apostolate of the Press, and its seventy-five volumes furnish a conclusive proof of its contributors' right to the position I have claimed for them. The lamented Moehler was one of the first writers for its pages, and in his genius we recognize the prototype and ideal of all his successors. In the field of speculative apologetics he brought forth every treasure from the storehouse of the church, and proved himself an opponent with whom the critics of the "Tübingen School" were forced to reckon. There is no more fascinating personality in the history of modern theology than that of this young man—alas! too early taken from us—so saintly, so deeply learned in widely different branches. Small wonder that his lectures were attended by students of all creeds, and that his ever-growing popularity awoke a storm of opposition from the intolerant. Nor is it to the credit of the mighty Baur that he should have lost his temper—and his cause—in the controversy which the publication of Moehler's *Symbolik* aroused. Scholars from all lands were proud to call the latter master; a mere list of their works in very various departments of learning would be enough to prove the catholicity of this ideal teacher's mind. Hefele, the church historian; Kuhn, the celebrated professor of dogma in Tübingen, with his fellow-laborer Staudenmaier of Freiburg University, all received their inspiration from Moehler's lectures; while in the field of exegesis we find such names as Haneberg, Reithmayr, Reischl, and Schegg in the list of his avowed disciples.*

VITAL IMPORTANCE OF LINGUISTIC STUDIES.

But what about the weapons Professors Drey and Welte, the famous Hebraist, and their successors were forging for this modern warfare? They are all implicitly contained in the definition Professor Schanz has given us of apologetics: "As dogmatic theology is the science of Dogma, so apologetics is the science of Apology; that is to say, it is the scientific vindication of divine Truth, and of the Rule of life that has been given for all ages and all nations."† Now, to vindicate the position of the Church and Bible in the twofold realms of reason and history, the theologian must needs dispute the grounds with

* Werner: *Gesch. der kath. Theologie seit dem Trienter Koncil, passim.*

† *A Christian Apology*, i. 10. Eng. ed.

these new foes foot by foot, fighting them with their own arms. Hence since the new school of critics had begun to weave their airy fortresses on philological bases, our champions were forced to look to their linguistic resources. Thus it came about that Tübingen students have always held such high place as authorities in Hebrew and Greek; none but the original texts have ever been used in the classes of Scripture or patrology, a practice which would be impossible were it not for the four years' thorough training in both languages which the ecclesiastical candidates receive in their preparatory course. In philosophy the student is made familiar, not only with Plato and Aristotle, but—what is more important for his future usefulness as a controversialist—with Kant and Hegel and their modern compeers. In moral theology either Linsenmann's or Hirscher's admirable work is typical of the Tübingen Catholic school from which they emanated; in dogma Professor Kuhn managed to preserve some of the same charm which had made his master, Moehler, famous, while at the same time displaying, in his lectures and printed works, a more orderly method and closer reasoning than any writer of his day. But, above all, their students were urged to look to the history of God's kingdom on earth, to begin at the beginning and study the first years of the Holy Catholic Church in the New Testament and the works of the first Fathers; then indeed they would have something tangible whereby to test the "tendency-theories" of their foes. In this field what prodigies of erudition have been accomplished by Monsignor Hefele and his sons in the Faith. The breadth of that beloved bishop's learning is fairly astonishing; not only in patrology did he extort praise from all parties by works dealing with the whole range of patristic subjects, from the Epistle of Barnabas to the sermons of Chrysostom, his activity covered the entire territory of ecclesiastical development, and in his masterpiece, *A History of the Councils*,* he accomplished a herculean task. Well may his successor assert that "hardly any work of recent times has left so deep an impress on the literature of its own class"† as did this monument to the memory of the departed scholar. Hefele's name is quoted in non-Catholic works with a respect which is tendered only to men of the very first rank. In his life the University

* The German edition of Hefele's *Konziliengeschichte* is in seven volumes, the French translation in twelve. Clark's English edition, unfortunately, was not continued beyond the second volume.

† Von Funk, *Theol. Quartalsch.* i. 1894, p. 11.

THE REV. PROFESSOR PAUL SCHANZ, D.D., AUTHOR OF "A CHRISTIAN APOLOGY."

THE REV. PROFESSOR VON FUNK, CHURCH HISTORIAN.

THE REV. PAUL KEPPLER, D.D., PROFESSOR OF MORAL THEOLOGY AND SACRED ELOQUENCE.

THE REV. PROFESSOR VON KOBER, D.D., DEAN OF THE FACULTY.

of Edinburgh made him one of the few foreigners to be honored by a degree from this Scotch Presbyterian school.

PROFESSOR SCHANZ'S POSITION.

Doubtless it will have occurred to the reader that in all this these Catholic professors had but anticipated the recommendations contained in the Holy Father's late Encyclical on Bible Study. But in one direction circumstances had obliged them to adopt a system the opposite of that recommended in Leo XIII.'s noble utterance. Instead of making dogma the foundation of their intellectual edifice, they were forced to regard it as the apex of a pyramid resting on the *terra firma* of natural science and philology and history. The career of one of Tübingen's most famous teachers will illustrate how this came to be the case. Dr. Paul Schanz began his professorial work in the Gymnasium (as the fitting schools are here called), where he speedily made a name for himself in botany and astronomy. His original work in these branches earned him a call to the national university, where he at once became prominent among the pupils of Dr. Aberle, the famous professor of exegesis, who entrusted him with the publication of his manuscript notes;* and hence the chair left vacant by the master's death reverted, naturally enough, to his most promising disciple. During those years of activity in his new work, Professor Schanz published his four-volume *Commentary on the Gospels*, which won for him high rank among German exegetical scholars, as well as the appointment to the chair of dogmatic theology and apologetics, a position which he now holds. He needs no introduction to the English reading public, since his greatest work, *A Christian Apology*, has been gladly welcomed in all quarters in its English dress. I have summarized the steps in his earlier career merely to demonstrate that whether or not the system here be the best, it has at least borne fine fruit. For without just that thorough grounding in the natural sciences our author could scarcely have produced this triumph of his riper years.

PROFESSOR FUNK AND HIS WORK.

Of the other scholars of the church, now living and actively working in Tübingen, Professor von Funk is perhaps the best known to readers in foreign lands, but before speaking of him and his work a prefatory word of caution seems to be in place; for there is something so striking and commanding in

* Aberle-Schanz, *Einleitung in d. neue Test.*

this scholar's individuality, that people seem prone to lose their cool-headedness in speaking for or against him. In this peculiarity he reminds me not a little of Matthew Arnold, a very different man truly, but in so far like our Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Patrology that he often excited very deep admiration or bitter opposition, even while himself pleading for a dispassionate consideration of his subject in hand. Some one has said that there is no writer so aggravating to his adversaries as the man who confines himself to hard facts, if only he know how to handle them. Indeed I am tempted to assert that all such as regard the Apostle of Sweetness and Light as "a prig and a dogmatizer," will in like manner misconceive Professor von Funk. This much is granted by all, that in his branch he has proved himself a worthy successor of his master, Hefele.* His edition of the Apostolic Fathers is now oftener quoted than those of older men. His vindication of the Ignatian Epistles, and kindred works, may fairly be termed epoch-making, while the hand of a typical German scholar is visible in his revision of the text of the "Apostolical Constitutions," a labor of love which has forced him to make many visits to the Vatican, Constantinople, and other libraries of the world, for the purpose of comparing ancient codices. This and his text of the *Teaching of the XII. Apostles* has received well-merited recognition from such men as Bishop Lightfoot, while the orders he has received from European sovereigns as well as Rome are a tangible proof of his position in the world of letters. Finally Dr. von Funk has been elected once President—or Rektor—and again as Prorektor of this university, a proof that a Catholic scholar is sometimes honored in his own country, even though that country be largely of another creed.

A BRACE OF WORTHIES.

It will be sad news to all Catholic alumni of Tübingen, of whatever faculty, when the report reaches them that Professor Keppler is to leave Würtemberg in obedience to a higher and most flattering summons from the national University of Baden. In all circles, from the royal court, where he has ever been a *persona grata* as confessor to the heir presumptive, down to the citizens' social club of Tübingen, his presence has always been felt as an honor to his hosts. As preacher and professor he

* His *Hand-book of Church History*, now in its second edition, is a work no German reading Catholic can afford to be without. For practical arrangement, as well as absolute reliability, I know of no short history comparable to it.

has the faculty of winning hearts, a characteristic which will be apparent to any reader of his works, notably his treatise on our Lord's last Prayer in St. John's Gospel *—for, like Dr. Schanz, this professor of moral theology is a many-sided man, and in Scripture studies, as well as in ecclesiastical art, has done work which I can only describe as *sui generis*. His latest book of travels in the East will be eagerly read by his admirers in America, as well as in Germany.†

Last but by no means least, in public estimation and private worth, comes the tall form and noble, white-crowned head of the Dean, the senior of Tübingen's Catholic faculty. Professor von Kober is a type of the robust and doughty Würtembergers who have done such great service for the church. He carries his seventy-three years so well that we may hope to keep him long with us before he receives that highest summons to the celestial court, where he has laid up unfading treasures, not alone by his profound work in the realms of canon law, but by the practical example of a Christian life.

Space will not permit of even a cursory notice of the work now being done by the younger generation of scholars, who, like Professors Belser and Vetter and Saegmueller, have already won their spurs in the literary arena, or, like Doctors Riech and Merkle and Koch, whose time is all absorbed in preparation for the responsible positions their talents have destined them for. But lest it appear that this short and uncritical record of men and books gives evidence, on the writer's part, of a too damaging "tendency" to superlative praise—thus robbing it of all right to credibility, according to the theories of the Tübingen School—let me point out certain existing weaknesses, not of the men but of the ecclesiastical system of education here in vogue.

DRAWBACKS AT TÜBINGEN.

I, at least, find here daily cause for thanksgiving to God that we American Catholics have no dealings with government—that the line of demarcation between church and state is likely to be ever more sharply drawn. This is not the place to enlarge upon the evils which here beset the path of the bishop and his aids in the administration, and especially in the ordering of the pecuniary affairs of the students for the priesthood. The resulting complications are truly distressing, and, from one point of view in particular, work the greatest harm to the whole

* Keppler: *Unseres Herrn Trost*, 1887.

† *Wanderfahrten und Wallfahrten im Orient*, Freiburg, 1894.

clergy. No wonder that kindly Bishop Hefele complained most bitterly of this, the worst hindrance in the way of procuring suitable, and *only* suitable, subjects for the priesthood.

Another desideratum, according to many—I am not sure myself whether the evil is so great, if indeed it exists at all—is a more coherent and complete philosophical training. Long before the Encyclical of 1879 we find Tübingen scholars who are past-masters in Thomistic methods. That the Würtemberger student of this day does not get the "simon-pure" article may perhaps be granted, for the admixture of a working knowledge of what modern thinkers are teaching cannot fail to be of use to him in his after-life. By their own candid and unpartisan exposition of whatever they touch upon, these Catholic philosophers of Tübingen have at least proven themselves in touch with what is best in the modern spirit—that love of honesty and that impatience of whatever bears the stamp of prejudice and *unfair* play which is, I repeat, the most encouraging symptom of our times.

CATHARINE SEYTON.

Legislative Library

BY ALBA.

"True," replied Catharine; "there is, indeed, no bar across the door. But there are the staples in which the bar should run; and into these I have thrust mine arm, like an actress of your own, when, better employed than the Douglasses of our day, she defended the bed-chamber of her sovereign."—*Vide* "*The Abbot*."

LADY, away! 'Tis in vain you declare
That the proud blood of Douglass will brook no denial.
If Black Archie himself, with his riders, stood there
And demanded admittance, I'd venture the trial.
Ye have robb'd our sweet Queen of her realms and her power,
And shut her up here in your desolate tower;
Yet her word to obey ev'ry Seyton is bound,
Though her prison-walls only may echo their sound.

When she sat in her glory in Holyrood gray,
They were traitors who guarded, and rebels who knelt;
And what save misfortune could wait on her way
While she trusted in hearts where no truth ever dwelt?
But now, though of kingdom and crown ye've bereft her,
One heart full of honor and faith ye have left her;
And while that heart beats, be she captive or free,
Obeyed and defended Queen Mary shall be.

AN UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

By Marion Ames Taggart.

LOW, broad hill, rising gently against a sky golden and shimmering in the splendor of the sun, which had sunk just to the hill-top. Waving shadows of trees, lengthening south-easterly down the hill-side, etched darkly on the billowy grass, flecked with the pink heads of the clover. This is what we saw as the train came to a standstill, and we looked out of the windows on the west, gathering up our belongings, preparatory to leaving the car. On the east the station, a two-story frame building painted brown, bearing a sign upon its front upon which the name "Silsby" shone in black letters on a white ground. The platform ran along the width of the station; upon it sat a long baggage truck, upon which again were seated long men, in various attitudes expressive of languid interest in arrivals.

As we descended upon the platform one of the longest of the men, he who had adorned the nearer handle of the truck, arose and came toward us. His features partook of his elongating tendency, and his hair was drab and sleek, hanging in little clumps, which looked as if they had both inherited and been environed by pomatum. A straw hat was firmly placed on the back of his head, showing no more idea of moving in our honor than its owner had of requesting it to rise.

"Boarders for Mis Ellis's?" he inquired, standing directly across our path.

We acknowledged our identity, feeling the acknowledgment rather superfluous, since we were the only persons quitting the train at Silsby.

"Thought so," he said, turning on his heel. "Follow me; the hosses is over here. The boy will bring up your trunks."

We walked across the platform around the corner of the station, followed by the gaze of all the loungers. "Pen," whispered Nan to me, "at last I know what it is to be before the public."

We found "the hosses" attached to a venerable vehicle, and our guide bade us "git in," as he walked to the animals' heads to unfasten them. Depositing our bags and umbrellas under

the seats, we obeyed, and, turning westward across the track, a few feet below the station, began slowly ascending the hill which had been our first glimpse of Silsby.

As we rose and looked down on either hand an exclamation of delight escaped us both. "Like it?" inquired our driver, gazing toward us over his left shoulder. "Most folks does. From New York, ain't ye?"

We did not deny our birthplace.

"I ain't never been to New York," continued the loquacious driver. "Been to Boston and Springfield, an' when I was a boy uster visit down to Bangor. Pretty hustlin' kinder place, I expect. Ain't much uster country, I s'pose?"

We explained that we spent our summers in the country.

"Yes?" he said; "queer how some folks does keep a-goin'! Well, most folks likes Silsby. I s'pose 'tis real pretty; but I kinder git uster it. There was a Universalist here one time; didn't b'lieve there was 'n hell, everybody went to heaven; now, he said he thought anybody 'd git uster anything. Said he guessed in a few thousand years he'd be uster hell; but I'd know. I think there's some things nobody gits uster. Now there's Mis Ellis, her you're goin' ter board with; she no need to keep *boarders!*"

He made an admiring pause for comment. "No?" we asked.

"No–o–o," he said, shaking the negative out in the long shake of his head. "She's got one of the nicest farms in Silsby. 'Tain't Silsby, though; it's North Silsby." Another pause.

"North Silsby?" we repeated interrogatively.

"Yes," our driver said. "That's Silsby where the deepo is, and Silsby Centre's back o' that. Our place's over to North Silsby. We don't generally say nothin' 'bout it to summer boarders when they write, 'cause it mixes 'em up; and Silsby's the post-office, so it's really all one thing. Silsby Four Corners, that's over on the other road, five miles from here; that's another place.

"Yes, Mis Ellis, she's got a mighty nice farm, an' she's enterprisin'—that's what Mis Ellis is, enterprisin'. She no need to take boarders, but she gits dreadful lonesome. Mr. Ellis he died; an' her daughter she died, but she wa'n't never very strong; an' then Sam, her only boy, he was a big, strong feller, an' he fell an' was killed—jest fell outer a cherry-tree an' broke his neck. Pickin' cherries he was. Jest called down, 'Ma, d'ye want a big branch?' when down he come. Mis Ellis she's

lonesome. She says that Universalist didn't know what he wus talkin' 'bout. Says she don't care so much 'bout brimstone; but lovin' somethin' and losin' it, an' wantin' it eternally, that's hell; an' she says she guesses we wouldn't git uster that. An' she's right!"

"Here we be," added the driver, as we turned into the yard of a spotlessly clean white house, the whole place eloquent of some one who was indeed "enterprisin'."

A tall, thin woman in black calico received us. Her face was heavily lined, and the grief of which we had heard was written there; but her aspect was kindly, and she showed us into a large room on the ground-floor, so shining in its painted set, yellow floor, and braided rugs that we exclaimed delightedly.

Mrs. Ellis had been watching us narrowly, and her face lighted up as she saw our pleasure. "Like it?" she asked, just as the driver had done. "If you're one mite lonesome or timid, an' would rather be upstairs, you can have the room above's well as not, but I like this better, an' I sleep right back of this myself; but, land sakes! there ain't a thing to be afraid of in Silsby. Here comes the boy with your trunks."

We assured her that we could not ask for anything better than the room she had selected, and turned to see "the boy," who, to our great amazement, proved to be nearly seventy years old, and was helped in his task by our whilom driver.

"Set them right down here, Lemuel," Mrs. Ellis said to the latter, who by telegraphy conveyed the order to the perfectly deaf "boy." "I presume you're surprised I should call him a boy," Mrs. Ellis remarked as they departed, "an' I guess it does sound ridic'lous; Miss Miranda she laughs about it, but he was a boy when my father took him, an' we got in the way —or rather they did; I wasn't born. Now you lay off your things, an' supper's ready when you are. I wonder if Mary Frances filled your pitcher?"

She crossed the room and looked to see. "Yes, she did; but, good land! there's a spider fell in. I'll get you fresh."

We stopped her, saying we did not in the least mind the spider's temporary misfortune. Mrs. Ellis fished him out on the leaf which she tore from the almanac, and deposited him, with his legs sadly drawn up, outside the window.

"Well, I'm glad you're not nervous," she said, turning approvingly toward us. "Of course he ain't hurt the water a

mite; now, spiders are clean, but flies! Well, 'f there's one thing I abominate it's flies." Her face flushed as she mentioned the offenders, and she walked toward the door rigidly. Here she turned and faced us. "You both Catholics?" she asked. Nan gave me a stealthy glance; we had felt before the penalty of this disclosure. It is not pleasant to shock people, nor to be regarded as abnormal, if not monstrous, even by one's landlady, and though the mistake be hers.

"Yes," we said together.

"Wanter know!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis. "As I wrote you, you'll have to drive over to Silsby Four Corners to church; that's the nearest. Miss Miranda she's the only Catholic round here, but there's some in Silsby Centre and the Corners. Miss Miranda she turned Catholic twenty years ago, when she wasn't much above twenty years old. I often asked her how she come to think of it, but she never exactly told me. She said a book set her on.

"If you'd applied for board to Mis Biscombe, an' asked 'bout the Catholic church, as you did me, I guess she'd a told you she hadn't any room. But, land o' mercy! Mis Biscombe's first husband was a minister, an' she kinder feels the welfare of the whole community on her shoulders; that's to say, the moral welfare—she ain't over an' above generous. But I don't feel to Catholics as she does, an' I don't see how any one can who knows Miss Miranda, for she's—well, I hardly know what Miss Miranda is in one way, nor what she isn't in another. I'll take you over to-morrow, 'f you're not too tired; she'll be delighted to see any of her persuasion, an' she don't have any too much pleasure, the blessed little soul. I told her I'd bring you. Well, come out when you're ready; I'll put supper on."

She closed the door, and Nan and I were left alone. Nan's eyes were big and her cheeks glowing. I always find a new reason for my love for Nan, and when she looks like that I am sure what I admire in her is her enthusiasm.

"Pen," she said, "it is all too good to be true."

"Wait for supper," I remarked, my *rôle* being that of balance-wheel. "If she cooks as she cleans we are fortunate indeed. But who is Miss Miranda?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Nan from the depth of the great wooden rocking-chair, "but she is evidently another treasure, and only think of the stories and poems you will write here in this beauty, and with such human material, and of the sketches I shall make! Who wants supper?"

But we were both hungry none the less, and soon found our way into the big dining-room, looking onto the sunset, and redolent with such a supper as left nothing to be desired; and we sank to sleep that night grateful to the good angel that led our feet to Silsby.

It was late in the forenoon of the next day that Mrs. Ellis asked us if we felt like driving over with her in the afternoon to see Miss Miranda.

"Mrs. Ellis," I cried, "do tell us who is Miss Miranda?"

Mrs. Ellis settled herself comfortably, rocking to and fro, and stroking her gingham apron. "Well," she began, "there's lots to know of her, but there's not much to tell. Mr. Maitland, her father, he was a minister here, an' her mother she was from Boston; real good family there, they say; he met her there, an' married her. Mr. Maitland he was an awful nice man, an' a great scholar, but he never could do much more'n get along; he had a real nice little place, but, dear me, I guess Mis Maitland she bought it with her money. Folks thought Mis Maitland was shiftless, but I guess she never knew what 'twas to feel well, an' she wa'n't brought up to work the way she had to. They had two children, Ferdinand an' Miranda."

"Oh!" we cried, as a light broke in on us.

"Yes, Shakspere, ain't they? I know folks was kinder scandalized at a minister naming his children out 'f a play, but he set everything by Shakspere, an' his books was more to him than the real world. Well, Ferdinand, they thought he was just wonderful, an' he did seem real bright and likely, but I never could see that his sister wa'n't full as bright. But Mr. Maitland he thought Ferdinand was a genius, an' he raised him according. He never did anything round, but his father kep' him at his books, an' taught him all kind 'f languages, an' Ferdinand began writin' poetry. Well, sometimes I think children *do* do that! I know my Sam he wrote a piece about the colt gettin' out 'f the pasture. How one *day*, the colt ran *away*, an' he ketched *holt*, an' somethin' 'bout the *colt*. I can't repeat 'em, but I've got 'em, an' they're real nice.

"Well, Ferdinand, he was a genius, so folks said, an' while he was bein' educated for that part, why his mother died, an' when the children were twenty an' sixteen Mr. Maitland he died too.

"Well, it took 'bout all the money they had to get Ferdinand through college. He couldn't get a scholarship for all he was so smart. I never could jest see why, but Miss Miranda says

it was because to get one you have to grind, an' geniuses can't grind. Well, that may be, but geniuses' sisters can. Miranda, she applied for the district school, an' got it, an' she supported herself while Ferdinand was at college, an' left their father's money for him. When he graduated he wrote the poem, an' you never see a girl so proud as Miranda. She was twenty then, an' a prettier girl you couldn't find in a day's journey.

"Well, Ferdinand came home an' settled down here, because he said he could write poetry here's well's anywhere, an' he was goin' to be a poet. So Miranda she taught school, an' he wrote poetry, an' someway or 'nother 'twant any of it published. Miss Miranda says it's because it's too fine for this coarse world, an' some day, when Ferdinand's dead, they'll wake up to recognize his genius, but it'll be too late; she says that's always the way. Be that's it may, she began writin' too, little stories an' verses, an' things for children, an' she sent 'em to the papers, an' they took 'em—paid for 'em too. I asked her once why she wasn't a genius jest's much's her brother, but I never see her so vexed. 'It's very different,' she says, 'Mis Ellis,' says she. 'Mine are jest nothin' 's mere rhymes; his 're poetry.' Then she read me some of his, an' I s'pose they were grand, 'cause I couldn't understand a word, but hers are real simple, an' some 'f 'em make me cry. Well, she wrote, an' she kep' school, an' then she gave up the school an' jest wrote, an' she's supported 'em both, an' kep' their little home over their heads. Ferdinand's her idol, an' he's got all he can do to be it, an' a genius. I guess he's even given up writin' now; says he's done enough for fame, an' an ungrateful world deserves no more. So that's all there is to tell 'bout Miss Miranda; you'll see more'n I can tell you.

"Sometimes her story makes me think of the stories my father used to tell. He was a sea captain, an' used to tell us children 'bout the mirage. Sometimes I think that's the way with Miss Miranda. Sailin' along down below's her real brother, lazy an' selfish, though I kinder hate to say it because I know how 'twould hurt her 'f she could hear. An' up in the clouds she sees the other brother, the one she think's she's got, a great poet, an' one she's glad to slave for. Well, I s'pose she's jest one 'f the lovin' kind that's got to cling to somethin', an' she's never had the time to think of the best kind 'f love, nor children, though how she does love 'em!

"Well, that's Miranda's story, an' 'tain't much to tell, but it

always seemed like a good deal to me. I'll take you over to see her to-day 'f so be's you're ready to go."

Nan's big gray eyes were luminous. "Oh," she said, "how we shall love her!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ellis turning back, stiffened by her excess of emotion—"yes, I guess you're her kind." And Nan and I felt breveted.

We drove that afternoon to see Miss Miranda. The road was beautiful, shaded all the way by big elms, oaks, and chestnuts, and bordered by blackberries and elderberries in full blossom, and little shimmering, applauding birches. The distance was not great; we found that driving there was unnecessary, the ceremonial only of a first call, and we many times walked over the same shady road through the varying tints of the happy summer in which we learned to know and love Miss Miranda. The house was pointed out to us before we reached it, a cozy little white nest, overhung by entirely disproportioned trees.

A slight, girlish figure in a white muslin, with moss-rose buds thrown over the ground-work, came out of the door, and ran with a peculiar lightness down the steps. "There's Miss Miranda," said Mrs. Ellis, turning to nod to her, and at once continuing to tie her horses.

We thought that she must be mistaken, for this little woman looked hardly twenty-five. She was not more than two inches over five feet in height; her abundant hair was a warm brown, shining in the sunlight, and was brushed softly back from a delicate, pale face, lighted by big eyes, and smiling, sensitive lips. But as she came down the path we saw the lines around the eyes and lips that showed that her girlhood had only been preserved by the innocence and sweetness of heart that made her father's choice of name rather prophetic and appropriate than droll, as it had struck us before we had seen her.

"Miss Miranda, I'll make you acquainted with Miss Penelope (she pronounced it Penny-lope) Huntington and Miss Anne Hovey," said Mrs. Ellis, doing the honors.

Miss Miranda took a hand of each in one of hers. "I am so glad you have come," she said, turning up the box-bordered path, still holding us like a floral link, such as we made when children. "I hoped you would be here this afternoon, but I told myself you would surely not come so soon." Her voice was soft, yet had a thrill in it to which one's pulse responded—indeed it was love at first sight for Nan and me.

"I hope you like Silsby," she went on, as we were seated on the big porch. After we had assented, she continued: "I am very glad. I think it lovely, but then I have almost never seen anything else. Sometimes I feel that I need not regret my humdrum life, for the soul of all beauty is in any beauty, and when I read of Italy and pictures and music, it is to our hills and sunsets and the birds I have to come for their interpretation; and if the meaning lies here, the beauty must too. Don't you think one only finds one's self repeated everywhere?"

"Yes," I said, of whom she had asked the question. "But the sibyl who can read the revelation of a leaf could surely be ravished if the scroll were unrolled."

Miss Miranda turned to me eyes that were wistful. "I am not always so contented," she said. "I only said sometimes I felt so. I am not satisfied—always."

"No one is always," broke in Mrs. Ellis, who had been listening in a stiff silence that I learned afterward meant content with the trend of talk. "There's nothin' satisfied on earth, I b'lieve, but a cow, an' she's got all she needs. But 'f anybody wants somethin' more'n a cud it's more'n likely to be out of reach."

Miss Miranda laughed a little sadly. "We are all reaching out, Mrs. Ellis," she said, "except your cow. I sometimes think 'the touch of nature' that makes us kin is the touch of pain. Here is Caliban," she added, as a big brindle, thoroughbred dog came swinging up onto the porch. "If you know me you must know Caliban. I hope you don't mind dogs?"

"I am very fond of them, and so is Pen," said Nan. "But Miss Maitland—*Caliban?*"

"Yes," said Miss Miranda blushing. "I named him to complete our trio—my brother is Ferdinand. It was the ugliest puppy eyes ever rested on, worse even than now, and so feeling it appropriate all round, I called him Caliban. But I have regretted it ever since, for my monster has developed into a monster with every noble quality; his only defects are physical, and calling him Caliban has forced me to live in an apologetic attitude toward him, and it is very trying to feel apologetic toward one's dog."

We made arrangements for driving to church together on the following Sunday, and left Miss Miranda standing under her big trees, the petals of syringas fallen on her dress, looking as young and lovely as the first Miranda decked with

shells. Big, kindly Caliban wagged his tail as we drove away from the first chapter of our summer idyl.

"Why, Mrs. Ellis, she is the loveliest thing I ever saw," I broke out as soon as we were beyond hearing.

"H'm!" ejaculated Mrs. Ellis, jerking the reins in stern satisfaction. "Don't talk yit."

It was late in July, and our acquaintance with Miss Miranda had grown into a friendship. Accompanied by Caliban we explored the dark, fern-grown woods and the whole smiling country side. Miss Miranda knew the note of every bird, the name of every leaf, and she poured forth to us the wealth of her poetic fancy, her humor, and her intimate knowledge of books and nature. She told us, too, of her brother—with tears in her eyes spoke of his unappreciated genius; but of herself she said little, "because," she told us, "there was nothing to say." Between the lines of her brother's story we read her own little pathetic life history, the negation hardest to bear, borne how gladly and cheerfully!

Of course by this time we knew the gifted Ferdinand. When we met, Miss Miranda told him that I wrote for the magazines and Nan illustrated my little verses and stories.

"Charmed, I assure you," he said, "to meet fellow-artists. My career has been unknown to the world, working like the river that tunnels below ground. You are fortunate in having your poems recognized by an obtuse world."

I hastened to assure him that my verses were not great poems, none too large for the world upon which they were launched.

"Ah, indeed!" he said. "Like my sister's, perhaps. She has really a pretty fancy, and a certain facility in rhyming; but she never mistakes her work for poetry. I sometimes think it was well that her gift was a little talent, and not the divine afflatus, for after all one must live, and the Muses reward not their votaries materially, while Miranda's little nothings are received." The air of superiority with which he uttered these words made my fingers tingle with a shrewish desire to pull his long locks, but Miss Miranda listened admiringly.

After he had gone she read us some of his poems: long, tedious effusions, polysyllabic, verbose, with vast suggestive titles having no connection with subsequent lines, though the thought of each poem was hard to determine, being hidden under a torrent of words, "rattling reverberatory," as he would have said,

for he dearly loved alliteration. Nan said the feeble idea of the verse was like a field-mouse squeaking on the battle-ground of Waterloo, quite drowned in the roar. And then Miss Miranda showed us her little sketches, and verses done for children, such dainty, exquisite verse that we were enchanted.

Nan and I discussed it going home. I was rigid with indignation at the lazy, selfish man for whom this gifted little woman had slaved all her life. "How could she, with her humor and taste, be imposed upon by such a bombast of words?" I asked. "She might have been called Titania as suitably as Miranda."

"But isn't it lucky she is deceived?" asked Nan. "Think how she would suffer if she saw the ears!"

"Well, it is wicked," I answered, "and I feel that for justice's sake I want to set it right." Nan stopped short.

"For kindness' sake, Pen," she cried, "never say that! I think where one is inspired to do anything for justice's sake, one would better put helm hard-a-lee, or whatever it is, and sail in the opposite direction."

"Don't be afraid; it's only a desire," I answered.

We agreed that Miss Miranda must have written other and different things, which she had never shown to any one, and we promised ourselves the discovery of them.

Very shyly the dear little woman admitted our conjecture, and finally we obtained the coveted sight of them. There they were, her hidden dreams and fancies; not for children, as her known work was; no, but tender little love stories, and verses as exquisite as her own fragrant life and personality.

"I never felt love," she said, blushing very much, "so I have no right to speak on such a subject."

"Ah, that doesn't matter," I said indifferently, fearing to betray much feeling lest she dimly guess the plot Nan and I had laid. "After all the talk of 'realism and idealism,' what we like is the ideal, and fortunately in love the ideal is the true. May we take these home to read quietly, if we promise to return them safely? They seem lovely, but I would rather talk to you now."

Miss Miranda did not object and we carried them off in triumph. Nan and I sat up all night copying the best of them, and then I accomplished my act of treachery. I sent them to the editor of *The Acropolis*, a friend of mine, telling him the history of our discovery. And I think even my first story was not committed to the mail with greater trepidation, nor the reply awaited more anxiously.

It came at last, filling me with delight. The praise of Miss Miranda's work was all we could desire; it was accepted, and more requested.

Nan and I did not sleep that night very much. We planned how to tell Miss Miranda in the morning, we wondered how she looked when she was very glad, and we talked about the winter, saying that she should come to us in the city, leaving her brother in Mrs. Ellis's care. We would introduce her to people who were, as Mrs. Ellis said, "her kind," and for once she should be thoroughly appreciated, and enjoy herself.

"Think of showing her the pictures and the big buildings!" said beauty-loving Nan.

"Oh, and think of taking her to hear Wagner! Just imagine her face as she listens to Lohengrin, and catches Elsa's story, or hears an orchestra; or do you think she will like Italian opera better?" I cried. "Oh, I hope they will sing everything this season! And just imagine that lovely soul, that became a Catholic, and stayed one, up here in the Silsby Four Corners church, and has managed by her poetic insight to get the beauty of the services with only her missal, and that unspeakable choir—imagine her in the New York churches!"

We rose early, in a tumult little calmed by our few hours' sleep, and betook ourselves early to Miss Miranda's tiny white house.

We had planned all sorts of ways of telling her the glad tidings, and imagined all sorts of things she would do and say, but as usual we none of us followed our programmes.

We handed the letter from the editor of *The Acropolis* to Miss Miranda, and bade her read it, and we watched her changing face in trembling silence. For a moment it was transfused with joy, and then, to our horror, she burst into violent weeping.

We knelt on each side of her, incoherently begging her pardon, until she grew calm enough to speak. "It's not that," she sobbed. "You were very good to do it, and it was no liberty; I am very grateful; but my poor Ferdinand! It is so unjust. He sent his poems to *The Acropolis* long ago, and they were refused there."

I was at my wits' end at this unexpected point of view, but Nan put her arms around her.

"Dear Miss Miranda, it is because of influence," she said. "You know your brother had none, and you know too that, though we think every word that the editor said is true of

your work, after all Pen is his personal friend, and of course that made him read what she sent attentively. If she had sent your brother's poems he would have read those too, but probably they were never read at all when they were sent by an unknown youth, so long ago. So it was perfectly just, after all, and you must be glad in this good fortune with all your might. We'll have your brother's work printed for private circulation this winter when you come to see us. That is the best way to manage with such work as his, for then no sordid consideration is mixed up in it, and you would like that better."

My pretty Nan! She coaxed Miss Miranda into her view of the matter, and we had a dinner of jubilation after all, to my intense relief, for I had begun to fear that I had broken Miss Miranda's unselfish heart.

The dear little princess walked about in a dream for a week, and then she wrote the loveliest little poem of all she had ever done, and we got her to send it to *The Acropolis* in her own name, which she did affrightedly, and her delight knew no bounds when that too was accepted.

It helped Miss Miranda greatly to enjoy her modest success that her brother did not mind at all, as she had feared he would. She exalted his unselfishness and nobility of soul, but Nan and I knew that even to his career he was indifferent; that his life was an epic called *Dolce far niente*.

We turned all our attention then to luring Miss Miranda into acquiescence to our plans for her pleasure in the winter. We should probably never have succeeded, though ably seconded by Mrs. Ellis, and having won Ferdinand's indolent consent to closing the house and boarding with that good soul, had it not been for Nan's happy thought of having her brother's poems printed for his friends, which we represented required her personal supervision and editing, only to be done on the spot.

So she promised to come to us in December for not less than two long months, and from the time that we won the promise we would sit under the strong pines, and build castles of such future delights that dear Miss Miranda would put her little hands over her ears and shake her head, declaring such happiness could never be for her. But we knew it was to be, and she looked so pretty as she listened to our enthusiastic pictures that when we were in our room again Nan would wonder if among all the congenial friends to whom we were to display her, the real Ferdinand, the princely lover, might not

present himself—tardily, 'tis true, but in time to bring joy to this maiden princess. But I shook my head over Nan's romance. To my mind she must be beloved by all, but live in her spiritual world of innocent sea-dreams, weaving beautiful fancies, Miss Miranda to the end.

And so came September, and the day of parting. We found that we could hardly have borne to leave North Silsby were it not that Miss Miranda was to follow us so soon, and that we had planned to return to Mrs. Ellis's spotless hospitality —spotless in every sense—when June should come again.

"Well, I'm dretful sorry to see you goin'," that kind woman said, as she pressed upon us knobby bags of apples, and unexplored hampers full of her famous cooking. "But 'twon't be so long till summer again, an' 's long 's you've got to go to get Miss Miranda to see you, an' hear all that music, an' everything you've been talkin' 'bout, why I declare I ain't sorry one mite you're goin'." So saying, she furtively wiped away a tear with her gingham apron, and waved it to us as we drove past the white-washed stones of the carriage-way.

We looked long and lingeringly back from the car-windows at the green hill, beginning to turn brown and red under the September tints of its blackberry vines and sumach, the yellow golden-rod waving on its crest, behind which we knew lay the farm, and the little Maitland house, in each of which we were followed by loving thoughts as the train whistled in the hollow. We fancied that we could see Lemuel driving slowly back over the hill, as he had driven us on our arrival, only now his honest heart was rent with the sorrow of parting, and we believed that Caliban, who had escorted us to the station, shared the feeling.

"It has been an idyllic summer," sighed Nan, turning from the last glimpse of Silsby, "and I am thankful for every moment of it. We are richer by a friend than when we came, and we have known an unrecognized genius. Only, Pen, which do you suppose it was?"

"Why, Ferdinand, of course," I answered promptly. "It can't be Miss Miranda, because, you know, *The Acropolis* has accepted her poems and stories, and she is to come to New York this winter to be petted and lionized. There's no doubt, Nan, at all that Ferdinand is the unrecognized genius."

THE PHARAOHS OF BRITISH RULE.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

FIFTEEN years ago the House of Lords, the non-representative branch of the British Legislature, fully aware of its responsibility for what it was doing, drove Ireland to the verge of civil war. By its refusal to pass the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, passed by the Lower House at the instance of the late Mr. Forster, then chief secretary for Ireland, it precipitated a crisis in that country whose developments were hardly less grave than those of a revolutionary outbreak. The strain of dealing with it proved too great for Mr. Forster, and certainly undermined his health and hastened his demise. Mr. Forster was an eminent man in many ways, a philanthropist and a great promoter of the cause of education. His loss to the Liberal party was momentous. Had he but exhibited the same firmness in dealing with the obstructive Lords as he did in his subsequent ineffectual struggle with the forces their obstinacy called into evil activity, he might have been the means of averting many miseries and preserving his own life to the full measure of its public usefulness.

It was to no purpose that the House of Lords then held out against the demands of the Liberal party. They were soon compelled by the irresistible logic of events to pass measures far more revolutionary in their character, for the relief of the suffering Irish agriculturists, than that which they rejected in 1879. By the agrarian legislation of subsequent years they were coerced to recognize for the first time the startling principle that the tenant cultivator of the soil was a partner with the landlord in the ownership of the soil, rendered so by the value of his labor expended on it and the value of the improvements he had made in his buildings and the condition of the cultivable land.

But the defeat of the landlord representatives did not stop there. Its consequences were not confined to the economic condition of Ireland merely. A formidable agitation sprang up amongst the Scotch cottier tenants, and it was not allayed until Parliament had passed what is known as the Crofters' Act, a

measure of relief far more effectual in its spirit and operation than anything enacted on behalf of Ireland. Under this act the commission created to settle vexed questions of rent and tenure was empowered to wipe out arrears of rent and fix the boundaries of commonage lands, which the landlords had been gradually filching from the tenants contrary to immemorial custom. Arrears in many cases amounting to five and six years' rent were swept away at a stroke of the pen, and reductions of a very substantial character in the rent were in every case decreed. The mountain pastures which had been taken from the tenants were restored, and the tranquillity of the country thereby placed on a permanent basis.

By what fatuous principle the ruling power in England is guided in discriminating between the cases of Ireland and Scotland it is hard, save on racial grounds, to divine. It is certainly remarkable that no violent opposition to the ultra-radical measure of land reform for Scotland was offered by the House of Lords, and hardly less so that it was passed by a Tory government. These facts point, by inductive reasoning, to the sinister intention of the dominant class in British politics to maintain tranquillity in Great Britain, even at a sacrifice of cherished privileges, in order that no internal difficulties may interfere with a settled policy of repression toward Ireland concurrently with the maintenance of a condition of political inequality.

A calm review of the recent transactions of the Upper House must strengthen the belief that this nefarious design underlies the policy of the territorial oligarchy, and that it has been deliberately adopted to frustrate the natural effects of the beneficent legislation of the Liberal party. When Mr. Gladstone abolished religious ascendency in Ireland, and conferred upon the people of that country the right of vote by ballot, he opened the flood-gates for a wave of reform which must follow its course as surely as the tides. Ireland was then a century behind England in the march of progress, but since that time she has sprung forward with leaps and bounds. The Home Rule Bill was the logical outcome of a condition which presented the anomaly of an apparent equality in political freedom between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain, which in its real working left the will of Ireland powerless to effect any amelioration in her hampered and humiliated position. Mr. Gladstone foresaw that, once he admitted the people of Ireland to this nominal equality, the practical barrenness of the change must soon become apparent, whenever the voice of

Ireland's parliamentary representation was drowned at St. Stephen's. It was no easy task to convert the people of England to his view that this anomaly must, in justice and in wisdom, come to an end.

Events have marched rapidly in that direction. The historic close of Mr. Gladstone's long public career by the passing of the Home Rule Bill forms a parliamentary episode more striking than anything presented by the British Legislature since O'Connell's rejection of the insulting Abjuration oath. If the aged statesman fulfilled the day-dream of a great career by this fitting epulotic to the scars of ages of wrong, the House of Lords proved true to its own hoary traditions. Only for the privileges of its own caste was it ever known to make a stand on principle; and, often as it has had to pass perforce the measure which it had before rejected, it is still undismayed in its self-imposed task of obstruction. It dismissed the Home Rule Bill in a burst of scornful laughter. In a similar homeric way it treated the measures of reform for England, notably the Employers' Liability Bill and the Registration Bill, passed by the present Parliament. And now it completes its task of frustrating the whole work of the Parliamentary year by rejecting, with greater scorn than it showered on the Home Rule Bill, the great measure which the ministry proposes for the ultimate pacification of agricultural Ireland, the Evicted Tenants' Bill.

It is curious to observe that while some of the leading English papers commented on the rejection of our Tariff Bill by the Senate as the act of a corrupt body legislating in the interests of its own members, not one of any note took heed of the enormity of the House of Lords' action. Here is a legislative body, every member of which is an owner of land, not only taking part in corrupt legislation, but actually defying the representatives of the people to legislate for the good of the state at large. Here is corruption on a gigantic scale, yet no journalist on the other side of the ocean can see anything in it to raise his ire on high constitutional grounds. If ever there was a clear illustration of overlooking the beam in one's own eye whilst crying out over the mote in a neighbor's, it is surely this.

One of the provisions of the Great Charter upon which the English Constitution rests is that "no man shall be a judge in his own cause." What is the difference between judging and legislating? Nothing more than between the minor and the major premises of a proposition. The one process is the off-

spring of the other. Parliament makes the laws upon which judges pronounce. Here, then, we behold a whole house of Parliament sitting in judgment in their own cause, and giving judgment, moreover, in their own favor!

Oliver Cromwell is said to have entertained a great contempt for Magna Charta. He could not trample it more effectually under foot than the House of Lords is now doing. Yet the English press is silent under the outrage, and can see no corruption anywhere but in the American Senate.

To form an intelligent idea of the situation now created in Ireland by the action of the House of Lords, it is useful to look at the salient facts. A recent Parliamentary return gives the number of farms from which tenants have been evicted since 1879 as 1,375. We may assume that each farm represents a family; and the average family in Ireland comprises five persons. This gives us a total of 6,875 persons dispossessed. Although a considerable proportion of these have either emigrated or got back somehow on their farms, the preponderance lies with those who are still under temporary shelter in the neighborhood of their old homes. Of the moral effect of the presence of so large a number of discontented persons, smarting under the sense of a cruel wrong, we may judge from the fact that so many as 119 of the farms made vacant by their eviction are untenanted and run to waste. These are described in the report as derelict farms. The dispossessed tenants cling together, for the most part, where their holdings are situated on large properties, such as the Massereene estate, the Lansdowne estate, the Clanricarde estate, and others of that class. It needs no great imagination to show how formidable an element of danger to the country lies latent in the aggregation of such a large number of incensed and outraged people —outraged in the fact that the Land Courts, by their repeated decisions in cognate cases since their eviction, have demonstrated that they only made a stand for bare justice. It is because the Evicted Tenants' Bill proposed that landlords must restore these tenants on the terms fixed by the Board of Arbitration that the House of Lords rejected the measure so ignominiously. They seem to forget that in clinging around the land from which they have been ejected these tenants are only stubbornly holding on to what they consider, and rightly consider, their own property. They have an equal stake with the landlord in the soil. This is the law of the land now, and they are manifestly within their right, although it may not have

been the law when they were turned out, in demanding that the landlord, under cover of the law, shall not be allowed to rob them of their just and equitable right.

In the speech delivered by the Marquis of Salisbury, when he moved the rejection of the measure, there was an additional aggravation. It is an unfortunate habit of that nobleman, from which his sense of responsibility as a former and possibly a future prime minister cannot restrain him, to indulge in bitter and biting remarks toward those whom he regards as political opponents. This unbecoming habit renders him at times as formidable to his friends, or rather those who are on his side in politics, as to his antagonists. The late Lord Beaconsfield and he could never agree, and their wordy rencontres often took a very acrimonious turn. It is only a few years since he described the people of Ireland as comparable only to a nation of Hottentots. It is a deplorable piece of fortune that a person with the tongue of a Thersites should at such a juncture be the leader of the opposition in the House of Peers and at the head of the Unionist party in Great Britain.

Only one large feature is lacking to make the historical parallel between the close of the session in 1879 and the present position complete. In the former year the shadow of coming famine was projected darkly over the country; the past couple of years in Ireland have been periods of comparative prosperity. But in 1879 there were no large bodies of evicted tenants in the country, as there are now. So that in point of potential danger to Ireland's peace the present state of the agrarian trouble there is much more minatory than the crisis which called the Land League into existence.

Of the merits of the case as between the evicted tenants and the landlords, the general public may not have more than a hazy idea. That the tenants have been evicted owing to their inability to meet excessive rents, to put the matter in a nutshell, the casual observer who has not studied the question, no doubt, believes. Whilst this broad proposition covers the question as a whole, the special circumstances of its application must be studied if a knowledge of the real iniquity of the case is desired. Such a knowledge is hardly to be got save by a study of the question on the ground and from the lips of the Irish tenant-farmers, but those to whom this course is not open may find some help in the current official literature of the subject. A Parliamentary Commission sat all last spring and summer inquiring into the *modus operandi* of the agricultural tribu-

nals in Ireland, and from the majority report we get a few leading facts which help to throw light on the subject luridly enough. The report declares that the rents fixed by the courts between 1881 and 1885 are excessive, in the light of existing conditions. It adds that the present system of determining a judicial rent is costly and tedious, and that tenants should not be compelled to pay extra rent on their own improvements. The reasons which led up to the latter recommendation are well illustrated in a case cited by Mr. Healy in the course of the debate on the second reading of the Evicted Tenants' Bill in the House of Commons. The report is worth preserving. Mr. Healy said:

"I take this case not from the files of any Nationalist newspaper. I take it from the files of the Irish Land Commission, produced by the head of that court, and I ask this house to say whether it is reasonable to expect Irish tenants, evicted or non-evicted, to remain patient under these circumstances. A man named Patrick Moore held eight acres under Mr. Villiers Stuart, formerly a member of this house—member for Waterford. Moore held eight acres on a mountain which, according to the report, was five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea and exposed to the sea. The rent he was paying was only twopence an acre. He was paying for his eight acres sixteen pence. He reclaimed this holding. He built on it a house, cow-house, a boiler-house, a piggery, and a stable, and he reclaimed seven acres of land from the original heath and furze. What was Patrick Moore's reward? The landlord first raised his rent to 18*s.* 9*d.*, although there is a clause in the Irish Land Act which says that no rent shall be allowed or made payable on tenants' improvements. He had expended, according to the evidence, on this holding a sum of £210. He and his predecessors in title had been working the land since 1826, and during that time not a copper of expenditure was made by the landlord. This clause which says that no rent is to be allowed or made payable on tenants' improvements is construed by the Irish Land Commission as if the word 'no' was omitted, so that it is made to read that rent shall be allowed and shall be made payable on the tenants' improvements. Accordingly, the landlord having raised the rent to 18*s.* 9*d.*, the tenant applied for the benefits of the Land Act."

Mr. Healy then proceeds to tell of Patrick Moore's case going from court to court until it was finally decided on. What the final decision was Mr. Healy tells as follows:

"On November 23, 1893, the sub-commissioners fixed on the holding a rent of 18*s.* 9*d.*, which before the land act had been 16*d.* Was the landlord satisfied with that? Nothing of the kind. Here is the sub-commissioners' official report:

"'The position of the farm is exposed to the sea. The entire holding was evidently a poor wild mountain, and will require continuous outlay in the shape of labor to prevent its going back to its normal state of furze and heath.'

"And with that statement before them the Chief Land Commission on appeal raised the rent from 18*s.* 9*d.* to 30*s.*, and ordered the tenant to pay the costs; that is, the landlord's costs."

It may be thought that the case here cited is an exceptional one. The very contrary is the fact. Wherever the process of reclamation and improvement went on upon the land, such action of the landlords was *the rule almost invariably.* The writer has gone over the estate of the landlord above referred to, and seen some of the patches for which such exorbitant rent is demanded. The hovels in which many of the wretched cultivators dwell are not good enough to shelter pigs.

In the ranks of the ministry there appears to be some hesitation as to the line of policy to be pursued in face of the rejection of the ministerial measure. Although Lord Roseberry's speech on the debate in the House of Lords conveyed an impressive warning to the peers on the dangers they were incurring, the subsequent conduct of Sir William Harcourt, when challenged in the Lower House to state the intentions of the government, showed plainly that there was a want of harmony on the ministerial benches. Mr. John Morley subsequently pacified Irish members somewhat by a more satisfactory declaration. But the feeling aroused in Ireland is intense; and herein lies the danger and delicacy of the situation. In playing the game of bluff which they are most unquestionably doing, the Lords, whilst they have many chances of losing, have at least one of success. If they can but provoke the Irish into a state of semi-rebellion, then the game is in their own hands without any question. The extreme party in Ireland will take the place of the party of constitutional methods, and all the old dreary tragedy of secret conspiracy, coercion, treachery, and wreck of noble lives be enacted over again.

This, then, is the hour of trial for the Liberal party. It is not easy to take a sanguine view of its adequacy to the strain. Bereft of the great name of Mr. Gladstone, it loses an influence

that in itself was victory-compelling. But even the loss of great leaders has not prevented the gain of many a glorious battle. If only those who take up the command keep cool, close up the ranks, and struggle still toward the goal, the disaster may be retrieved. But a ministry which is only half-hearted is not the ministry for such a crisis as that which has now arisen in the affairs of Great Britain and Ireland.

Perhaps the people—the democracy—of Great Britain have not as yet realized the full meaning of the issue which the Lords have raised. If they have, they exhibit a most extraordinary torpidity over the question. Only one public meeting, up to the time of writing, had been held in protest, and this by no means of the magnitude which such an occasion might have prescribed. They do not seem to understand that the whole system of representative government is at stake. Perhaps when they have grasped this important truth, they may act in such a way as to show they are not insensible to the value of constitutional rule.

All through the long Parliamentary session, the Irish National party in Parliament worked assiduously with the Liberal party in carrying measures of reform for Great Britain. Their support was unflagging. Without their aid not one great measure would have been got through. It is to their unprecedentedly close attendance that the British people are indebted for the most beneficial budget ever passed. To them, in fact, the Liberal party owes its existence. If that party and the people do not stand up loyally in defence of their faithful allies, they will disappoint all the believers in the better qualities of the Anglo-Saxon.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

By Ch. Chaillé-Long.

THE Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse is situated in the centre of a chain of the Alps known as La Grande Chartreuse; calcareous mountains the periphery of which is about one hundred miles, bounded north and east by Notre Dame de Myans from Chapareillan to Chambéry; north and west by the valley of the Giers-Mort from Echelles to Voreppe, and south and east by the valley of the Isère from Voreppe to Chapareillan. The principal summits of this huge mass, Chamchaude, Grand-Sure, Petit-Som, and Grand-Som, are covered with snow and ice during eight months of the year, and for the remainder are green with sombre forests of pines, among which grows a rare and luxuriant flora. Under the shadow of Grand-Som (2,033 metres altitude above the sea-level), in a valley (977 metres) studded with stately trees, stands the monastery, accessible to the world below and beyond by three routes: the Col de Porte, Col de Cucheron, and Saint-Laurent-du-Pont.

St. Bruno.

The monastery was founded by Saint Bruno in June, 1084. Saint Bruno, although born in Cologne (1035), was educated in Reims, and was considered as a Frenchman by his contemporaries, who named him Bruno-Gallicus. Chosen archbishop by reason of his great talents and learning by the pope, Hugues de Die, Bruno shortly

after resigned his high office, and having first distributed his entire fortune among the poor, he retired to the solitude of the cloister. Failing to find either at Molesme or Seche-Fontaine the absolute seclusion which he desired, he set out with several companions to seek the counsel of Saint Hugues at Grenoble.

THE DREAM OF ST. HUGUES.

"Now about this time," so says the tradition, "Saint Hugues had a dream in which he saw seven stars, which fell at his feet and rising crossed the mountain deserts and fixed themselves in a place called Chartreuse. Hugues then perceived seven angels who proceeded to erect a building in the solitudes, upon the roof of which appeared the seven mysterious stars. The bishop on awakening sought to learn the signification of his dream, when suddenly Bruno and his companions (seven in all) entered, and falling at the feet of Hugues, prayed that they might be directed to build a convent in some desert and secluded spot. 'I know the place. God has chosen it, and I will establish you there in his name,' cried Hugues; and accordingly he led Bruno and his companions to the desert of La Chartreuse, where, on the spot where now stands the chapel of Saint Bruno and that of Notre Dame de Casalibus, Hugues exclaimed: 'Here is the spot which I saw in my dream, here the angels built, here the seven stars which appeared upon the roof; those stars, they are you, Bruno, you and your companions; build here.'"

St. Hugues having arranged for the construction of a convent, blessed its founder and returned to Grenoble. It was thus, according to the legend, the Order of the Chartreuse was created and the first monastery constructed.

THE ORIGINAL CHARTER.

A fragment of the original charter reads as follows:

"The holy and indivisible Trinity having given us grace in his pity to think of our welfare, and reflecting upon our existence here below and how fragile is this life which escapes in spite of us, and is passed in offending God by our sins; we have resolved, poor slaves of sin that we are, to snatch ourselves from the hand of eternal death; to this end, and in order not to be crushed under the weight of bitter regrets in this world and the next, and also not to find in the miseries of the present life anything but the commencement of the pains and griefs of eternity, we exchange our perishable riches for

treasures which will never disappear, and we buy at small cost an eternal heritage. For this reason we concede to Maître Bruno and frères who accompany him, seeking a solitude to reside and execute the affairs of God: we concede, we say, to them and their successors for all time a vast desert whose limits are herewith marked. I, Humbert de Miribel, have made this donation conjointly with my brother Odon, and all the persons who may have rights therein."

DEATH OF ST. BRUNO.

Saint Hugues exacted as a condition to this donation and to recall the benefits conferred by the church of Grenoble upon the order, that each year the Chartreuse should contribute to the bishop and the cathedral fifteen small rolls of butter and one quintal (100 pounds) of cheese.

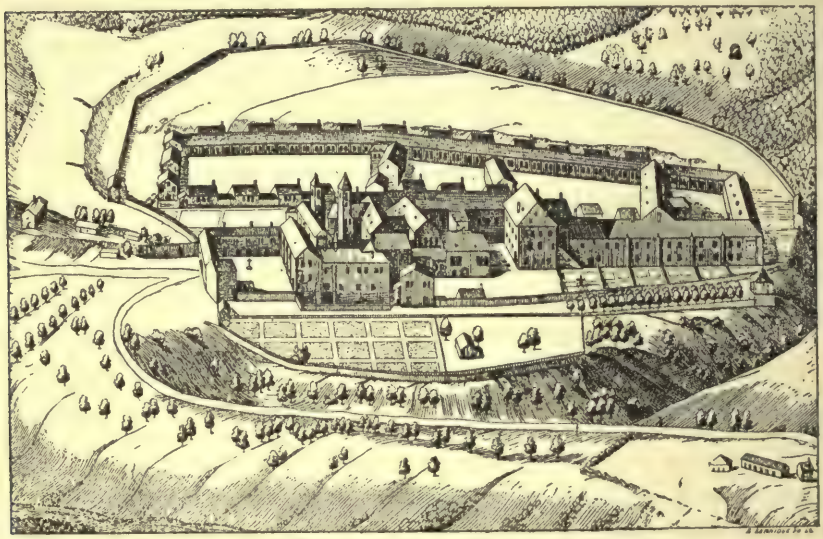
Saint Bruno was not left long in the enjoyment of his coveted repose. In the commencement of 1090 he was recalled to Rome by Pope Urbain, and charged with the foundation of the Order of Chartreux of Colubria, where he died on October 6, 1101. On the *Rotuli*, or death-roll, which according to custom is circulated among the orders, Saint Hugues caused to be written of Bruno as follows:

"Bruno, vir religione scientiâque famosus, honestatis et gravitatis ac totius maturitatis quasi quoddam speculum homo profundi cordis."

Seven times the faith and tenacity of purpose of the Chartreux were tested by fire and water. The first time on January 1, 1132, when the convent was crushed beneath an avalanche of snow which buried in their cells seven monks; an incident which confirmed indelibly in the monastic mind the legend of the ever mysterious seven stars and the seven angels in the dream of Saint Hugues. The chapels of Saint Bruno and Notre Dame de Casalibus, although adjacent to the convent, were untouched by the avalanche, and still remain as sanctuaries of prayer and pious pilgrimage. The arms of the order, composed by the Reverend Père General Dom Marten in 1233, affirms the perpetuity of the order, and a cross planted upon a globe surrounded by seven stars bears the device: *Stat Crux dum volvitur Orbis*—the stars recall the origin of the order, and the cross, the symbol of penitence, will stand while the globe exists.

MASSACRES BY THE HUGUENOTS.

In 1521 the Order of the Chartreux numbered 206 branches in Europe. During the religious wars of the sixteenth century 39 monasteries were suppressed and sacked or burned, and the monks driven from their cells or massacred. The Huguenots in 1562 burned La Grande Chartreuse, but, notwithstanding a long period of plagues by pestilence and by fire, the order was successfully maintained, and at the close of the seventeenth century numbered 200 monasteries, 2,500 monks, 1,300 converts, and several hundred nuns, the whole under the



The Monastery in 1676.

supreme direction of La Grande Chartreuse. From 1778 to 1784 the Emperor Joseph decreed the suppression of 24 monasteries. In 1790 the number had been reduced to 122.

DRIVEN OUT BY THE REVOLUTION.

A decree of the National Assembly of France dated September 13, 1792, obliged the Chartreux to quit La Grande Chartreuse, and seek asylum in the convents of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1816, after twenty-three years of exile, the surviving members of the order were permitted to return by the government of the Restoration, since when the monastery has become the property of the state, which grants certain privileges to the Order of the Chartreux.

The actual monastery was completed in 1686, under the

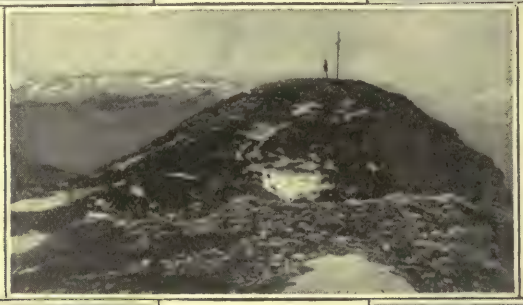
régime of the Reverend Père Dom Innocent Le Masson. The architecture is simple, massive, and majestic, and its gray and stately outlines seem clothed in a sort of solemn grandeur which accords with the severe and austere life within.

The best route from Chambéry to La Grande Chartreuse runs by rail to Saint-Béron (forty-five minutes), and thence by diligence a ride of four hours to the monastery by reason of the steep ascent. From Saint-Béron the road enters a deep gorge and climbs the precipitous mountain-side, under whose overhanging ledges, in the abyss below, flows the river Giers, which, strangled within its narrow limits, breaks in noisy cascades over the boulders which obstruct its course. The road passes through the famous Gorges des Chailles; the quaint village of Les Echelles, and finally Saint-Laurent-du-Pont, with a population of two thousand souls, but which in 1367, during the black pest which ravaged all Europe, acquired the pseudonym of Némos, from the fact that not one soul was left alive in the village. Saint-Laurent-du-Pont is the key to the Grand Chartreuse, and is situated on the left bank of the Giers-Mort and at the foot of the steep mountain which we are to ascend. A road on the right leads to Currière, the ancient Chartreuse monastery, which now serves as an institution for the deaf and dumb under the direction of the frères Gabriel.

Fourvoirie, on our left, stands at the entrance of what is known as the Desert, and consists of a number of buildings, saw-mills, and the laboratory and depot of the celebrated Chartreuse liqueurs, the importance of which may be determined by the amount of production, one million three hundred thousand litres having been sold in the year 1890. The proceeds are applied to the expense of maintenance of the order and its almost unlimited charities.

The *entrée* of the Desert, through which one must pass to reach the monastery, is grand and impressive. Near the ruins of a primitive fortress, known as the *Porte de la Jarrette*, a magnificent waterfall, called the "Cascade du Logis," marks the point from which the road was constructed as far as the Pont Saint-Bruno in 1715 by the Chartreux road. The road is hewn from the mountain-side, often out of the solid rock which projects in many places over the brawling river below, which may be faintly heard from the depths as it breaks and foams into countless cascades of unsurpassed beauty. The Pont Saint-Bruno, which traverses the Giers, is a model of symmetry and elegance, and was constructed in 1495 by Jean Ode, a Chartreux monk.

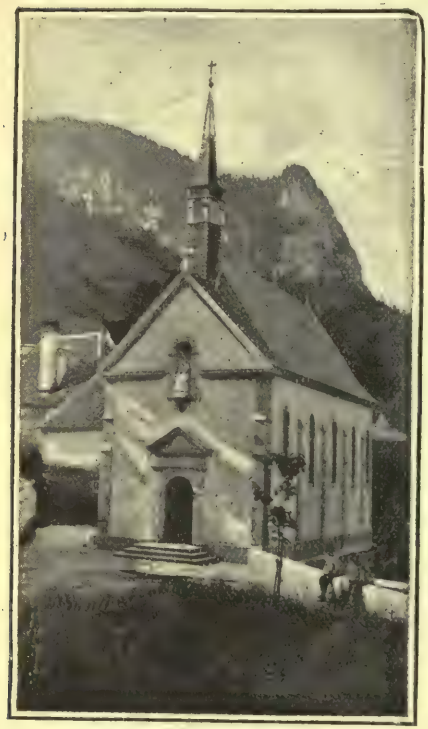
Twenty minutes distant from the bridge stands a curiously



(1.) Old Mill on the Giers. (2.) The River Giers. (3.) Entrance to Desert.
(4.) Cloisters. (5.) The Chapel of St. Bruno.

(1.) GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHARTREUSE. (2.) THE PIC D'AIGUILLE.
(3.) FRONT VIEW OF THE CHARTREUSE.

shaped rock named *Pic d'Aiguille*, forty metres high, on the summit of which an iron cross has been erected. The road passes through several tunnels bored through the solid granite, and over the entrance of one of these an inscription declares that from that point to the convent the construction (1854–56) is due to M. Eugène Viaud, sub-inspector of forests for works of public art. Still skirting the mountain-side the road curves finally to the left and dividing, the left arm ascending by a precipitous way practicable only to pedestrians, the right describes a half-circle, crosses a small bridge, and suddenly, as if by magic, we find ourselves in full view of the convent, dominated by the snow-clad summits of Grand-Som. On the right of the entrance to the monastery stands the Chapelle-des-Dames, where a daily service is recited by a Chartreux père and where ladies have the privilege of attending. The Hôtellerie-des-Dames is situated a hundred yards distant, where ladies receive hospitality, the hostelry being under the direction of nuns from Grenoble, who remain during the summer season. The Chapelle-des-Dames and the hostelry mark the limits of lady visitors, the privilege of entering the monastery being absolutely denied to the fair sex by the rules and regulations of the order.



The Ladies' Chapel.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon in August, 1892, that we arrived —my friend and myself—at the convent, and having knocked at the gate we were received by a Chartreux frère, who conducted us across the court, in which were two large basins which contain the water brought by pipes from the fountains of Saint-Bruno near by. At the door of the monastery the frère confided us to the care of a servant, who, conducting us into the office, a large, low-ceilinged room, demanded our names; inquiring if we

desired to remain for the night. Such being our intention, we were informed that the père prior would assign us cells after the customary visit at four o'clock.

Formerly visitors were required to register their names in an album kept for this purpose, and curious indeed it would be if one could glance at the long list of distinguished men who have made pilgrimages to La Grande Chartreuse. Here came Petrarch, the illustrious poet, to visit his brother, a Chartreux monk, in 1352; St. François de Sales, in 1618; Jean Jacques Rousseau, in 1695; and Châteaubriand, in 1805.

The government of the Chartreux is monarchical rather than communistic. The general-chapter is supposed to be the supreme power to which the reverend père general is subject, but inasmuch as this officer is the head of the chapter, he in fact, and not the chapter, is the *lex suprema.*

The office of reverend père general is elective, as well as a number of inferior offices: the père superior, père prior, etc., all of whom are elected by the chapter, in which all members of proper age or service in the order are electors. The order is divided into priests and laymen, pères and frères, monks and converts (or novices). Besides these there is a class known as donnés, who are not bound by the usual vows, but who give themselves to the order on a simple contract. They perform the necessary labor or secular business of the order, wear a costume of brown color, shave their beards but not their heads, and inhabit the lodges on the right of the entrance to the convent.

Latin is the official language of the order, and this fact alone creates an aristocratic community. The greater number of converts are young men who, having completed their education, know little or nothing of the world.

The costume of the monk is of white wool, cut somewhat after the model of the *tunica talaris* of the Romans, bound at the waist by a belt of white leather, from which hangs a chaplet. Over the tunic the cuculle, or scapulaire, is worn, surmounted by the capuchon, the coiffure of the ancient Gauls. Thus clothed the prostrate monk kisses the altar, and places thereon his cedule of profession, signed only with the cross, for henceforth he has no name, and, though living, he is now for ever dead to the world.

We were now conducted to the Salle du Chapitre, where, as its name implies, are held the meetings of the general chapter, the object of which is to pass rules and regulations and main-

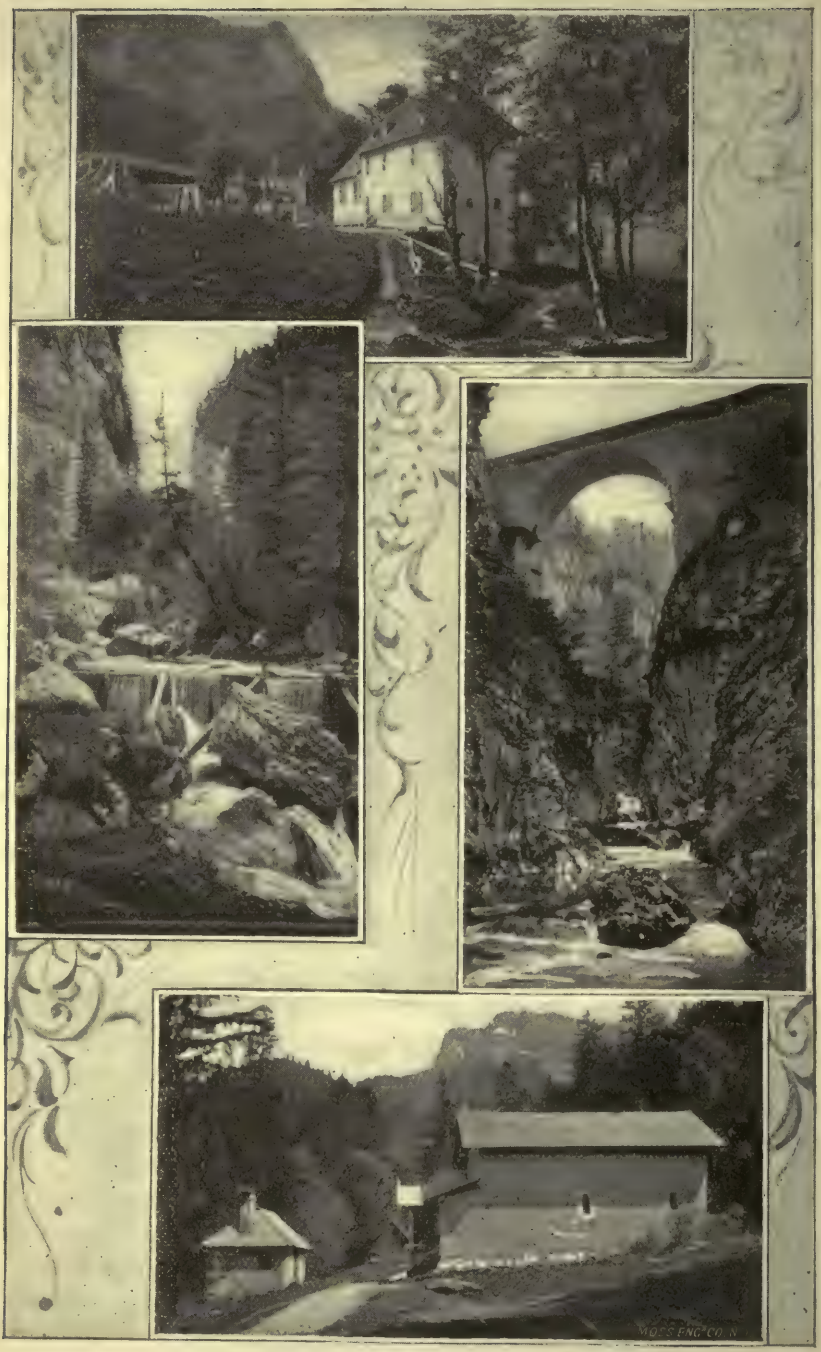
(1.) The Refectory. (2.) The Chapter Hall. (3.) Library.
(4.) The Chapel of St. Louis.

tain the order in its ancient usages. The salle is ornamented with forty-nine portraits of the generals of the order, and at the extreme end stands a statue of Saint Bruno executed by the sculptor Foyatie, and in the adjoining room a tableau by Lesueur, representing the death of Saint Bruno.

From the general chapter we passed into the Chapelle de St. Louis, so-called in honor of Louis XIV., who, following the initiative of Charles V. of France, in 1370 founded at the Grand Chartreuse a chapel upon condition that a daily Mass should be recited for himself and the queen; subscribing to this object four thousand florins. Charles VI., 1413; Louis XI., 1469; Henri III., 1576; Louis XIII., 1630; and Louis XIV., 1682, each confirmed by letters-patent the foundation of Charles V., and donated considerable sums for the maintenance of the chapel and its ornaments.

Our guide now conducted us to the library, which contains twenty thousand volumes. In the early days the principal occupation of the occupants of the cloister was the copying and correcting the text of manuscripts; but the invention of Gutenberg changed this, and the monks have since turned their attention to printing of books as well as writing them. The library not only contains ecclesiastical works, but the classics of Plato, Cicero, Socrates, and Aristotle may be found side by side with Pascal, Bossuet, and Montaigne. Quitting the library we passed into the cloister, a colossal gallery 215 metres in length by 23 metres in width, and which receives the light of day from 113 windows. On the east side of the cloister 36 doors lead to the cells of the monks, on the sides of which, piercing the massive walls, are small windows or doors, through which servants pass food to the hermit whose solitude is not to be broken.

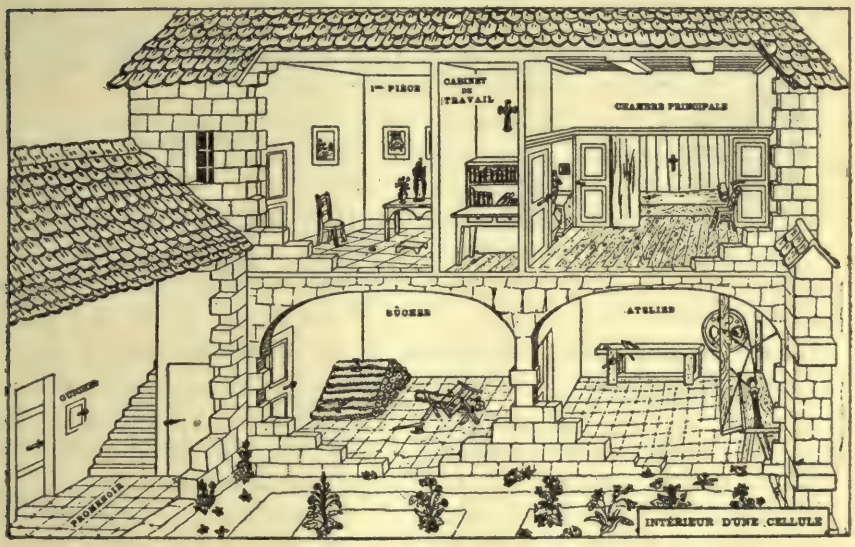
Our guide opened the door of an unoccupied cell with a pass key, inviting our attention to the curious lock, or *vertevelle*, being an exact copy of the lock used in the original construction of the monastery. Within we found ourselves in a narrow gallery, which we were told serves the monk as a promenade when the cold of winter prevents his exercise in the garden attached to each cell. Ascending a stairway, on which there is planted an iron cross, we entered the cell, the first part of which formerly served the monk as a kitchen, but which is now unused, the chapter having concluded to cause the hermits' food to be prepared in the general kitchen, that more time might thus be devoted to meditation and solitude. Next to this piece



Views on the Giers and Bridge of St. Bruno.

is a small division which contains a table and chair and is used as a study, and next is the sleeping-room, the bed or berth being enclosed in a sort of cupboard, a mattress filled with straw and covered with coarse linen.

Descending a narrow stairway we found ourselves in a cell where the monk saws the wood necessary to heat his cell in winter, and as well a carpenter's bench with tools, which serve him both for physical exercise and mental relaxation. The cells in the middle ages were founded by the charitable or the peni-



A MONK'S CELL AND HERMITAGE.

tent, upon condition that the inmate should recite prayers each day for his benefactor, and it is thus they are maintained at the present time. From the cloister we were taken to the cemetery, where nameless crosses of wood or stone marked the narrow graves of the monks.

The Chartreux, if asked if solitude, which is the cardinal point of their order, is not contrary to human nature, will reply in the words of Montalembert in *Les Moines d'Occident:* "Who has not understood that it is good to reserve at least some corner of the world, away from the revolutions, agitations, and jealousies of ordinary life, to bless and venerate the Creator? Who has not dreamed of a future where, for one day at least, he may say to himself with the prophet: '*Sedebit solitarius et tacebit?*'"

THE COLISEUM.

RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING.

COLISEUM! ruin vast and strong,
Defiant still, spite power of time and fate,
Thou holdest well thy solitary state
Amid new worlds that idly round thee throng:

And through the centuries thou dost prolong
The majesty of Rome, her mighty weight
Of will, upraised above the little great,
And quick to punish all who did her wrong.

But I behold, cold and indifferent,
Unmoved by awful sternness of thy face,
Heedless of all the memories which have lent
To thy unyielding form a tender grace:
For thou art but the shameless monument
Of the fierce strength of an unloving race.

THE LESSON OF "THE WHITE CITY."

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

SECOND PART.

THE First Part of this article left off with the question: What is there in Modern Civilization which brings it into conflict with the great movement of Liberty? This movement was explained as a struggle of the people to become free to possess those earthly goods which make life worth living. The principle was laid down that the true welfare of a nation is the welfare of the whole number of its individual members. Also, that this welfare consists in the aggregate of the virtue and happiness of this multitude. That civilization which was represented by the "White City" was accused not of essential evil in its elements but of a short-coming, on account of which a certain warfare is waged against it in the name of liberty, a warfare which some foreboding prophets of evil to come predict must become internecine and irreconcilable.

I left my readers to find an answer to the question proposed, for themselves. I have concluded, however, to attempt to give them the answer which I did not promise.

In a word, the whole answer is summed up in this statement: The Modern Secular and Material Civilization which I have in view, lacks that moral and religious element, force, and vital principle, which alone can give it power to dominate and direct the great popular movement of the age in the civilized world. The civilization of Christendom is the creation of the Catholic Church. The popular movement against slavery and every form of servitude under despotism and oppression originated in the Catholic Church. But a fatal schism has separated the Church and the World, Civilization and Christianity; has divorced science, literature, politics, secular progress, from faith and religion. All have become, not indeed absolutely and totally, but in a large measure tending toward increase, un-Christian, even anti-Christian, except in so far as the great lump still remains leavened with what it has formerly absorbed and still retains of the elements thrown into it at the beginning. That disastrous cataclysm miscalled the Reformation, though not

the beginning or the completion of this deplorable schism, was the principal explosion which rent Christendom and interrupted the development of the grand work of human redemption through the Catholic Church. The catastrophe of the French Revolution was its logical sequel, followed by the devastating career of Napoleon, the degeneracy of Continental Protestantism, the rise and progress of infidelity, the atrocious invasion of Rome, the anti-Catholic, anti-Christian crusade in all its monstrous shapes; the hideous social maladies and miseries of modern states; and that dreadful portent of anarchism which is now threatening the destruction of both liberty and civilization.

The governing powers in France and Italy are the responsible authors of that anarchism which has raised its venomous head and is striving to wind its deadly coils around them. They have sown the wind and are reaping the whirlwind by their war upon religion. They are more worthy of execration and punishment than the wretched assassins upon whom just vengeance has fallen. I do not mean by this, that M. Carnot is to be classed with Cesario Santo. Nor will I single out among historical characters of the past three centuries, any names of sovereigns, statesmen, ecclesiastics, or authors in philosophy and literature as worthy of special reprobation, though I could easily do so without any violation of historical justice.

The schism is no mere disruption of ecclesiastical order, like the Greek schism. It is a violent separation, leaving a chasm between the church and the world. In the original Christian civilization, Church, State and Society, were closely united as parts of one whole. One theory, one idea, one principle dominated over all. Modern civilization has abandoned this architectural idea for another, totally opposite. This modern idea recognizes nothing beyond material and secular good as the object of all political, social, and individual striving, as the chief end of man and all human development. If this material and secular good which governments aim at were the welfare of all the people, there would not be so much reason to complain. But it is otherwise. What is aimed at chiefly, is national aggrandizement. Thus the interests and aims of the distinct nations of Christendom are made to clash with each other. They are brought into conflict. Instead of a happy family of allied peoples, bound together in Christian fellowship and brotherhood, there are hostile and warring powers, and all Europe is turned into a collection of armed camps, the trade of every citizen is to be a soldier. The greatness of each nation

is principally in its army and navy, and upon these its resources are lavished. Thus the welfare and happiness of the people are sacrificed. Italy presents just now the most signal example of the ruin which is brought upon a people by the effort to keep up a large army and navy. It has not even brought to the Italian kingdom that imaginary good which is called glory. The army was defeated at Custozza, and the iron-clad fleet was annihilated by a squadron of Austrian wooden frigates at Lissa; and these disgraces have not been counterbalanced by equal successes elsewhere. The people have been impoverished and brought to misery, and the nation to the verge of bankruptcy.

The modern battle-ship is one of the master-pieces of modern science and art. The *Indiana*, for instance, is one of the proudest boasts of our national achievement. We must regard it with wonder and admiration, as a trophy of human skill. It is a wise and necessary policy to create a navy composed of battle-ships, cruisers, and other vessels of the best quality; to perfect our coast-defences; and to put our army on such a footing that the government may have an adequate military force at its disposal. But this very necessity of defending ourselves against destructive violence and preparing engines of destruction for our enemies, is a proof of our defective civilization.

All the great national efforts to extend civilization among the half-civilized and barbarous nations have for their motive to increase the political and commercial power of the several Christian nations, and to open new avenues of wealth to their traders and manufacturers. Their enterprises are good and useful, and to a certain extent philanthropic. They have done a good work in breaking down the barriers which shut these peoples in, in protecting Christians from violence and murder, and in beginning a crusade against the horrible and cruel slave-trade, which we may hope to see carried on until Africa is entirely delivered from it. Indirectly, this movement of civilization serves the cause of Christianity. It opens the way to apostolic missionaries. It is not, however, a Christian movement, although many of its agents are personally governed by Christian motives and principles. There is much zeal and generosity in Christian nations, but it is not national, and the nations, as such, do not aim at propagating the gospel. It is much if they are merely indifferent and not actively hostile to missionary operations. At home, some governments have done all in their power to enslave or destroy the church, and to

uproot Christianity from the minds of the people. Everywhere, there is a party which outruns the governing policy in its hostility to religion, and to this party belong all extreme radicals and anarchists.

It is a plain and palpable fact that the union between church and state which existed throughout Latin Christendom in the Middle Ages has passed away. There have been in the modern period relations between the two powers, and concordats; and these have been to a great extent prejudicial to the church. Now, however Christian the people may be, there is no state which is, as a state, strictly and properly Christian, notwithstanding the fact that many Christian principles, especially in ethics, are embedded in the laws and traditions by which the political and social order is regulated. The church and the state are in their nature distinct, and each one is autonomous. Their union in the Christendom of the Middle Ages, under the spiritual sovereignty and temporal presidency of the Popes, grew up naturally, and was not merely advantageous but necessary to the development of the new civilization which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and the conversion of the barbarians. The temporal dominion of the Pope grew naturally around his spiritual sovereignty, as the human environment of a divine institution, resting for its legitimacy, in so far as it was a direct power, on the concessions and the consent of sovereigns and states. It is not surprising that when the two orders, the spiritual and the temporal, were so intimately blended, they should be confused in the dominant Catholic idea and public opinion. The events which preceded, accompanied, and followed the Reformation, causing the schism in Christendom, generated a vast cloud of smoke which overhung the battle-field of contending parties. Only very gradually has the new position and policy of the Roman See and the Catholic Church in face of the modern state and modern civilization become clear, apparent, and well defined. Naturally, there was a powerful instinct of conservatism, and an effort to bring back the old state of things, which was manifested in the policy of St. Pius V. toward England. Even now there are, perhaps, some theorizers of the closet, who look back regretfully to the mediæval period, and dream of a retrograde movement in that direction, as the only alternative of a headlong downward course toward the abyss of final ruin. Nevertheless, we may affirm positively, that in the sphere of doctrinal teaching and of practical policy, the dominant Catholic authority has

no disposition or intention to assert the dependence of the state upon the church, or any divine right of ecclesiastical dominion over it. Less than anywhere, is there any such disposition in the hierarchy and the intelligent leading laity of the Catholic Church in America. We are content with the total separation of church and state, and with the freedom enjoyed by citizens and associations, leaving us at liberty to propagate our religion, and to educate our youth. We are content that all Christian sects; Jews, and in general all associations which do not conspire against the laws, should enjoy equal liberty. Precisely on this ground of our American principles, we denounce and condemn the effort to make our government discriminate in favor of infidels, rationalists, and secularists, and show itself hostile to all other sects. The state is incompetent in spirituals. It has no right or power to decide which is the true church or what is the true Christian doctrine. It is not the mission of the state to teach philosophy and theology, to preach the gospel, to convert sinners and unbelievers. But it is within the mission of the state to suppress crime, to promote the political, civic and social virtues, to ameliorate the condition of the suffering classes, and to watch over the education of the youth who are to be entrusted with the right of suffrage, so far as that is necessary to secure their receiving the instruction needful to make them fit for the position of citizens in the republic. All these things fall within the general scope of the right and duty of the state to provide for the common weal in temporal things, to protect the rights of all individual subjects of the state, and to punish those who invade them.

Now, all churches which teach the great truths of natural religion, inculcate good morals, insist on honesty, obedience to the laws, fidelity to the conjugal, parental and filial obligations, patriotism, industry, temperance, etc., are powerful aids to the state in its proper office. All colleges and schools which train up men and women for their various and useful occupations are likewise serviceable to the commonwealth. Hospitals, orphanages, asylums, and other charitable institutions are of vast benefit to the country. Because these are conducted by ministers or members of a religious society, because the special doctrines and practices of some particular church are also taught, this is no reason why the state should withhold any kind of protection, support, or aid which can be lawfully and wisely granted to any similar institutions, which are purely secular and are called non-sectarian.

Our great republic must find its vital force and strength in

morality. The only sufficient basis of morality is in religion, the only possible religion for America is Christianity, and the only pure and perfect embodiment of Christianity is the Catholic Church. I do not deny the existence of virtue in many who are not professing Christians. I do not deny or wish to belittle the good which is in the Protestant churches. I am convinced that only the Catholic religion can supply what is wanting to our civilization. But its work can only be done by convincing and persuading the minds of our people of its truth, and by infusing into them principles of faith, piety, and virtue.

What is true for us is substantially true for all other civilized nations. And as for the heathen, they are not to be converted by governments, soldiers, or traders, but by missionaries. Happily, our missionaries in Africa and elsewhere, of whom Cardinal Lavigerie is an example, are equal to the apostolic heroes of ancient times who adorn the annals of the church. They want nothing from the governments except the protection and countenance which is given to other subjects engaged in the work of civilization and in carrying on their legitimate business. Formerly it was the Pope and the Emperor, in England the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, yoked together in theory though not always in fact, to draw the great wain of the state. Hereafter it must be the Pope and the People, but the Pope in a purely spiritual capacity without any temporal sovereignty,* as the Universal and Infallible Teacher of faith and morals; the People as the source of the legislative and executive authority lodged in the hands of their representatives and delegates. If the nations are to become Christian, it must be by the regeneration and reformation of the people, through the doctrine and law of Christ proclaimed by the church. If they are imbued with Christian principles, they will make the laws conform to Christian morality, of their own free will, under no ecclesiastical coercion. Let all become good Christians, and conscience reign supreme in all human affairs, and Church and State will still remain distinct, each confined to its own proper sphere, but both in harmony, and the result a complete Christian civilization. The Catholic Church, alone, can, if not hindered by some insurmountable obstacles, accomplish this result. If it does not at least make a sufficient approximation to this result to save society from utter ruin, the alternative is a rush of the popular movement, undirected and uncontrolled, into the chaos of anarchy.

* There is no reference here to the political principality of the Pope in Rome, which is entirely another question.

In that civilized world which has been rent from the church by the great schism, there are other obstacles to a reconciliation besides those already mentioned.

A great number who profess to be Christian teachers and advocates look on a return to the Catholic Church as a return to a prison and to enslavement. They boast of their reformation as an emancipation of the human mind from the fetters of dogma and law.

A greater crowd of philosophers have broken all the fetters which Protestant Orthodoxy and even Protestant Latitudinarianism has endeavored to fasten by human authority upon those who have broken the bonds of divine authority.

A much more formidable band of sophists have erected a structure of infidelity and atheism on the basis of the physical sciences.

Polite literature has been perverted into another potent and destructive instrument of warfare against Christian faith and morals.

The nations have been widely and deeply corrupted by irreligion and immorality, and the eighteenth century was perhaps the most degenerate age which the world has seen since the advent of Christianity. We have inherited the legacy of misery bequeathed to us by the foregoing centuries, and the worst part of it is that disorganization of the whole social order which has produced pauperism; the moral and physical filth of the great cities; the precarious condition of a great mass of workingmen; and an alienation between the higher and lower classes which threatens to become a state of permanent hostility.

If we seek for the causes of all the disasters and dangers damaging and imperilling civilization, the chief one must be found in the neglect of duty and the abuse of power and privilege by those who have borne rule and been possessed of the largest share of wealth, the aristocracy of the nations. Justice requires the confession that the ecclesiastical aristocracy has a share in this responsibility, much more by neglect of duty and worldliness of life, than by any positive abuse of spiritual and temporal power.

The evil principle which has been at work in all classes and departments of Christian civilization, is a practical estimate of the value of earthly life, which, reduced to theory, is a false and fatal doctrine. It is materialism and secularism. It looks on the possession of material and worldly goods as the chief and only end of life and effort. It ignores the immortal soul of man, the future life, and God. Reduced to a metaphysical and logical theory it is atheism. The small number who possess a large share of this worldly good worship it as a god:

they strive to seize on the greatest amount of wealth attainable, disregarding and even oppressing the majority who are poor.

The spread of knowledge among the people, the awakening of their minds, their increased share in government, the general democratic movement, have naturally aroused them to reflect on the vast disparities in social conditions. Alienation from religion, still more the spread of positive infidelity, leaves them nothing to hope for and to strive for except the goods of this present life. Naturally, they are discontented with their unequal partition and the possession of much the largest share by a small number, many of whom pass all their lives in pleasure without doing any good to the commonwealth or to their fellowmen. Whenever their opportunity to earn the necessaries and common comforts of life is rendered precarious and their condition even becomes miserable, they are easily roused to indignation against the wealthier classes. The effect of materialistic and secularist doctrines is to excite them to a rivalry and a struggle with those whom they regard as enemies and oppressors, for the prizes of life. Here is the actual and the impending strife.

Now, the equal distribution of wealth is a vain dream. Poverty cannot be abolished, the earth cannot be made an Eden, in which all can enjoy an easy life and possess a genteel competence. It is true that destitution, misery, the squalor and filth of the human sewers and cesspools which are the disgrace and the curse of our modern civilization, are abnormal and intolerable evils which ought to be abolished. A remedy ought to be found for the depression of the laboring class below their just level, and for their precarious condition. All who wish to lead a decent, honorable, virtuous life, with a secure enjoyment of all that is necessary to make them happy and self-respecting, ought to be enabled to do so. All the helpless ought to be amply provided for. The worthless and vicious ought to be put under the restraints of strict and well-administered laws. All who have power and influence, intelligence, education, and wealth, ought to do all in their power to promote the welfare of the commonwealth and the people. All classes ought to place the fulfilment of their duties before the claiming of their rights and the advancement of their interests. The rich have much more need to learn this lesson than the poor. If they will not learn it, they have reason to fear that they will be forced to do so, by a discipline more severe than agreeable.

It is a religious and moral reformation which is first of all necessary, in order that economic and philanthropic efforts for

ameliorating the condition of the working classes may be successful. The Catholic Church can accomplish this reformation.

It may be asked why did not the Catholic Church prevent the evils which call for this reformation? Did it not prove to be a failure? It is often said that Christianity is a failure. With just as much reason it may be said that the Redeemer has failed and that the Creator has failed. In order to judge this case of impeachment, it is necessary to determine what God undertook to accomplish by the creation, what Jesus Christ undertook to do by the redemption, what the Catholic Church undertook, or rather what the Holy Spirit undertook to accomplish through her instrumentality. In the creation of man, Almighty God chiefly intended to glorify himself by bringing a multitude of men to supernatural beatitude, including in the number of those for whom the attainment of this end was made possible on conditions, all the offspring of Adam. By the redemption, the Son of God undertook to restore to all men the forfeited opportunity of gaining their supernatural destination, on different conditions. It was no part of the divine intention in creation or redemption to fulfil the ultimate purpose of bringing a multitude of men to beatitude, independently of their voluntary and free concurrence and co-operation with divine grace. The Creator did not fail in his work, when Adam fell; it was Adam who failed to do his part. The Redeemer has not failed in his work, because a multitude of the redeemed have failed to comply with the conditions of salvation. The Holy Spirit, in making the Catholic Church his instrument for the sanctification and salvation of men, did not intend to institute a mechanical and magical agency, efficacious without respect to the free concurrence of men. A multitude have been and will be sanctified and saved through the church, which has existed in various forms, as the patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Church, during all ages. The work of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit has not failed, but will be fully consummated in the kingdom of the heavens. The divine ideal has never been fully realized in the ecclesiastical and civil history of Christendom. The failure has been in men, whether ecclesiastical or civil rulers, or the people. Notwithstanding this failure, the promises of God have been fulfilled, are now being fulfilled, and will be fulfilled in the future. It must be remembered that we have been looking at the dark side of civilization, and that there is a bright side which might be presented. All the good there is in Christendom, higher than that which is merely ma-

terial and secular, has come from the Catholic Church, even though existing in a state of external schism from Catholic communion. All baptized Christians who have the divine virtue of faith belong to us by virtue of a bond which has not been broken, and if their faith is informed by the love of God they are spiritually united to the soul of the church, from which all those members of the body of the church who are living in mortal sin are separated.

M. de Champagny, in his *Cæsars of the Third Century* (vol. iii. p. 485, *et seq.*), has said: "More and more decidedly will two things confront each other, leaving in obscurity all that lies between them. On one side atheism the most cynical and radical; on the other Christianity the most practical. To make a decision and take part with one or the other will be a matter of necessity, no middle position will any longer be tenable."

All who conscientiously and cordially take the side of Christianity, notwithstanding imperfect conceptions of its doctrines, un-Catholic prejudices, and their state of ecclesiastical separation from Catholic unity, may be regarded as co-operators with us in one common and sacred cause. The Parliament of Religions was a signal exhibition of the approach toward more amicable relations among all those who, although separated from each other by dogmatic differences which admit of no compromise, are nevertheless united in one great principle, that a morality based on religion is the only palladium of a nation. So, also, all honorable, patriotic, and philanthropic men, who sincerely desire and endeavor to promote the welfare of the people, to remedy social miseries, to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the working and the poorer classes, are our coadjutors, and deserve our sympathy and co-operation. It is our firm and unchangeable conviction that the Catholic religion is alone adequate to the great work of regeneration and reformation, of improvement and elevation which is needful to make modern civilization truly Christian. The only power which the Catholic Church can exercise on the nations in bringing about this result, is spiritual, intellectual, and moral. The degree and extent of its actual success in the future depends on the free-will of men, co-operating with the grace of God. They can have the reign of Christ if they choose. Otherwise, there is nothing to be awaited but the triumph of Antichrist and the final conflagration, of which the burning of "The White City" is a type. The church is immortal and will never be conquered. The only question is, What will become of the world, between the present day and the Last Day?

AN IRISHWOMAN'S ROSARY.

By Magdalen Rock.

HERE is the story of Lady R——'s conversion, just as Father Conway, a missionary of twenty-five years' experience, tells it:

I had just returned to London after ten years' experience of colonial life, and while giving a mission there I met Father H——. He was a convert, young and of noble family, yet he and I became remarkably good friends in a short time.

We were walking together one spring morning in the direction of Kensington when Father H—— said:

"I have to call on Lady R——. Will you come with me?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the family; but I will wait here for your return."

"No, no," the young priest said. "Lady R—— is a convert, and she is never so delighted as when a missionary calls on her. So come along."

I went with him, and in a few minutes I was introduced to a stately, pleasant-voiced lady, who greeted me very kindly.

"Now," and Father Conway smiled a little, "I am not in the habit of staring at ladies, but I suppose I did so then, for after a few minutes Lady R—— remarked with a smile:

"Father, you seem to be admiring some of my jewels."

"No, indeed, your ladyship," I responded, "but I am wondering very much why you wear an Irish bog-oak Rosary among your gems."

"Oh!" the lady cried eagerly, "that's the missionary that converted me and many others."

I looked my surprise.

"Yes; may I tell you the story? It is not very long."

"It will give me great pleasure to hear it," I replied, and Lady R—— commenced:

"You must know that the R—— family were among the most bigoted known, and my ideas concerning Catholics were certainly vague. Ignorance and idolatry were among their failings I had been taught, and both my husband and myself were

careful not to allow a Catholic into our service or about our children. This, I suppose, became known, and many stories false and mischievous found their way to our ears. One day my maid entered in some excitement the room where I was.

"Oh! your ladyship, look what I have found."

"What is it?"

"It is one of those horrible Popish idols"; and she held forth these very beads you see.

"Really; and where did you find it?"

"At the lodge gate, and Mrs. Parr says it belongs to an old Irishwoman who comes each day to sell water-cresses."

"I carried the Rosary to the drawing-room, where Lord R—— and his youngest sister were, and while we were laughing over the superstitions and practices of Rome some callers were announced. The Rosary was duly inspected, and at last my young sister-in-law exclaimed:

"Let us have the old woman up to-morrow, Letty; it will be such fun."

"I assented readily to Clara's whim, and after some slight demur my husband gave his consent. The two ladies were invited to witness the scene we expected to enjoy, and one of the servants was instructed to bring the old woman to the house from the lodge in the morning.

"Well, at an unusually early hour we were all again assembled. Harry had entered completely into the spirit of the fun, but I was in my heart thinking how easily we might convert the poor, ignorant creature.

"Here she comes," my husband cried, and we crowded to the window to see a small, tidy-looking old woman walking beside our tall footman, and evidently talking and protesting vigorously.

"An' what does the lady want wid me?" we heard her exclaim; and a giggle went round the hall where the servants were collected.

The footman opened the door. He had brought the old woman so far, but further she would not come.

"Go in there to that grand place wid my muddy boots, is it? Bedad! I won't then. Sure the lady can come here, and say whatever she has to say."

"No, no, my good woman; come in," I said, advancing to the door. "We don't wish to harm you."

She made an old-fashioned courtesy.

"Harm me! Sure what would any one harm me for?"

"Certainly not; but come in?"

With some persuasion she did so, and then I said:

"My good woman, you have lost something."

"Troth, then, an' 'tis little Molly Feenan has to lose, ma'am."

"Oh! but you have. You have lost your god."

"Lost my God! The good God Almighty forbid! An' what do you mane at all?"

"Don't be excited, Mrs. Feenan. You have lost an idol, one of the things you Papists worship; this, in fact," and I held out the Rosary.

"Och! did ye find my bades? Well, God reward you, ma'am; that's all I can say. An' 'tis greatly obliged I am to ye for thim."

"Stop, pray. Don't you know it is sinful and wrong to worship idols, my good woman?"

"But I don't worship idols"; and Mrs. Feenan drew herself up. "It was Father Mahoney—God give him the light of heaven this day!—that taught me to say my Rosary, and taught me the manin' of it, too."

I smiled pityingly, and said:

"You should read your Bible, my poor creature, and not be tyrannized over and befooled by your priests."

Mrs. Feenan had forgotten her timidity, for she laughed.

"An' sure I can't read at all, ma'am, but I know as much of my religion as many that can."

"Pray tell us."

She had been drawing the big black beads through her fingers.

"I know right well that 'tis laughin' at me ye are; but here's what the bades teach, here's what I read from them"; and with uplifted voice and brightening eye she began:

"Ye see that crucifex. Well, when I look at that I think how Jesus died for me on Calvary; I think of all his wounds an' sufferin's, an' I say: 'Sweet Jesus! keep me from vexin' you!' Och, ma'am! sure if ye had the likeness of a some one ye loved —of a dead child maybe—wouldn't ye love it as I love this?" and she kissed the cross.

"Then ye see that one big bade an' the three small ones. These tell me there is one only God, an' in that one God there are three Persons. An' ye see there are six big bades in all and one medal, that minds me of a tabernacle. (Maybe ye don't know what a tabernacle is. It is a place in our church where the Blessed Sacrament is kept.) Well, the six bades an'

one medal mind me that there are seven sacraments, an' one of these is greater than them all. That's the Holy Eucharist."

A deep stillness had fallen on us, and Clara had drawn near the old woman.

"An' these six bades mind me, too, that there's six commands beside those of God that I must keep"; and she sang them out, and paused to gain her breath.

"An' then the Rosary itself consists of fifteen mysteries in honor of the Mother of God: five Joyful," and she repeated them; "five Sorrowful," and she repeated them; "and five Glorious," and her voice rose in these last.

"An' when I am goin' about tryin' to earn my livin' in honesty, I say the Joyful mysteries; and on a bad day, when I'm wonderin' maybe how I'll get my supper, I just repeat the Sorrowful mysteries, and say to myself: 'Mary Feenan, what signifies your bit of trouble? Sure one day it will all end, and God give ye grace to end well.' An' when I've done bravely 'tis as little as I can do to keep sayin' the Glorious mysteries over an' over in honor of her who is the Mother of us all. An' there's the way I pass my days."

This was not as we had arranged. My friends were listening respectfully and attentively, and I was inclined to follow the example of my sister-in-law, who was crying softly.

"There, we've had enough of this," whispered my husband. "Give the woman her beads and some money, and let her go."

None of us cared to speak of what we had listened to, but I wondered if that was the religion I had been taught to despise. I saw Mary frequently afterwards, and she gladly gave me her cherished Rosary when I asked her for it; and at last there came a day when I begged Father —— to instruct me for baptism.

When I was received into the church I told my husband. He was angry—more angry than ever I saw him—but I waited and prayed, and after a few weeks he said:

"Go to your church, if you must, and the children and I will go to ours"; and thus the time passed, till one Sunday I said to him:

"Come with me to-day, Harry"; and he yielded, and before a year ended I had the unspeakable happiness of seeing my seven children and their father received into the one true church.

"So you always wear the Irishwoman's Rosary?" I asked after a few moments.

"Always, father; and frequently at ball or levee some lady of my acquaintance will come to examine my jewels.

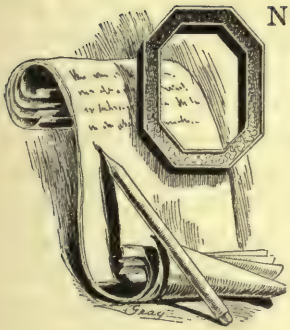
"O Lady R——, such strange stones! Do they come from India?"

"No, not from India."

"And are they very valuable?"

"Oh, very valuable! They have been worth millions to me." And when I have her curiosity fully aroused, I tell this story as I have told it to you; and so you see the Irishwoman's Rosary still works good.

TO W. S. LILLY, ESQ.



ONE sultry, sleepy summer day,
When even soothing zephyrs slept
And bees in shining droves held sway
O'er sweating maple-trees, while crept
From crackling clay the insect throng
In diverse form and rainbow hue
The gnarl'd roots of trees among,
To quaff the lurking drop of dew;
Upon the burning yellow grass
I lay, when she of auburn tress
Thy volumes brought and said, "You'll pass
A pleasant hour, nor love the less
Lilly, who can all shams deride,
To show that fools the age may guide."

WALTER LECKY.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

Further Missionary Aspirations.—"Crazy Richmond."—Tyng's Lecture.—Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church."—Meditation.—Private Retreats.—Parish Missions.

THE reader of this series of reminiscences will already have seen that the missionary question opened a large field of hope, doubt, and anxiety to myself and to other Anglican students within the seminary and outside. The attraction to such work was especially strong in minds progressing towards Catholic faith. During my second year's course at the seminary I made acquaintance with a very peculiar sort of person, an Episcopalian minister of the diocese of Rhode Island, whom I frequently met at a house near the seminary where I boarded. It was the Rev. James C. Richmond. He was distinguished by the sobriquet of "Crazy Richmond" from his brother, who was, if I remember right, an officiating clergyman at Manhattanville. This James Richmond had a sort of roving commission in Rhode Island, and loved to carry the title of missionary. On learning that I was president of the missionary society at the seminary and much interested in missionary enterprises of every kind, he urged me to join with him in doing something with the neglected poor in New York City. On Sundays, when going to a Sunday-school attached to Nativity Church, near the East River, I frequently passed through Tompkins Square, where a large number of poor people loved to gather on all Sundays and holidays of leisure to find fresh air and amusement. Richmond had heard me speak of this. To his quick intelligence and eager activity it suggested an opportunity to labor among the poor. He would conduct the services of the church and preach in the open square, while my part would be to lead in the singing. I would very willingly have engaged in an enterprise of this kind if I had felt more confidence in Mr. Richmond's prudence, and had not feared that our movements might come to clash with the authority of Bishop Onderdonk. Upon this he offered to apply to the

bishop for permission, although he did not seem to think it necessary.

This application and its result is incidentally recorded in a pamphlet published in 1845, during a *mêlée* of pamphleteers who rushed into print after the memorable trial of Bishop Onderdonk. This pamphlet is entitled *Richmond's Reply to "Richmond in Ruins."* In this publication Mr. Richmond had occasion to refer to two visits made by him to Bishop Onderdonk, and says:

"He [the bishop] has also mingled my call upon him July 4 with another call in August or September, which I made after a conference with Clarence Walworth in reference to my duty of preaching in the German language to the churchless and almost Godless Germans that assemble around Tompkins Square. On the last visit I said not a word that could be tortured into an implication of a shade of a wish to 'return to his diocese.' On the contrary, after saying that I was desirous of preaching to the Germans, and felt that I was bound to do so by my ordination vow, 'to seek for Christ's sheep that are scattered in this naughty world,' and that it was not through duty, as I previously told C. W., but for courtesy that I waited on him, having already not only a privilege but an obligation thus to officiate, with the consent of the nearest rector or rectors; he asked, on my reference to the *Catholic Oak*, what was there accomplished. 'My friend, if you are doing so much good in Rhode Island, why not remain there?' I replied: 'I intend to do so; but having one spare Sunday, I thought it would be best to help you and begin here; then the people who wish to talk can spend as much of the winter as they like in discussing the merits of the movement, and the question of my sanity, pro and con, and by next summer they will be tired of the talk, and when I come again it will be an old story, and the ice will have been effectually broken, and the way prepared for others.' He wittily replied, 'I am afraid, my friend, it would freeze over again this winter.' I waited a moment, weighing and appreciating the *bon mot*, and then replied nearly thus, in my stupid way: 'Bishop, the ice is of long standing; the neglect of the poor is old and crusty, and do you not think by breaking it up once now, the new ice would break more easily next summer?'"

My recollections accord very well with those of Mr. Richmond above given, except in two or three particulars. The Germans in the vicinity of Tompkins Square were not at this

time destitute of church privileges. There was a Catholic Church near by the square, on Third Street, with preaching in German. Those who frequented the square were by no means all Germans. To many English was their native tongue, and I think that nearly all the crowd could speak it, and were embraced in our intentions. I think, also, it was not intended to confine ourselves to one Sunday. This, of course, could do but little good. The bishop refusing permission, of course our project failed.

It is not really necessary to the purpose of these reminiscences to say anything more here of Mr. Richmond. Nevertheless, having been once introduced, it may not be too much of a digression to add one passage more from this same pamphlet. It develops still more the peculiar character of the man. It shows somewhat his idea of himself and his consciousness of the light in which he stood in the eyes of many others. It shows also the light by which he surveyed his critics and estimated the value of their opinions:

"My 'erratic peculiarities' I gratefully admit, and thank my stars that I am not so *humdrum* as most other people, who walk with pious care in their forefathers' steps, just as some farmers always plant their potatoes in the old way because it was good enough for their grandfathers."

I have never since this occasion, so far as I remember, been called upon to take part in any religious services conducted in the open air, except at the laying of some corner-stone or monument; or when in some parish, at the beginning of a mission, it was thought necessary to speak to a crowd in the street and invite them to services in the church; or when at its close a memorial cross was erected in the open air; or when soldiers on their way to war were gathered in camp to hear Mass, make their Communion, and listen to preaching. I have dwelt, perhaps, a little too much on this Tompkins Square project, and on the figure of this peculiar man. I have, however, an excuse for it. It will be necessary for him to appear again in the course of these reminiscences in matters of deep import to the Chelsea Seminary, to the New York diocese, and to Anglicanism generally.

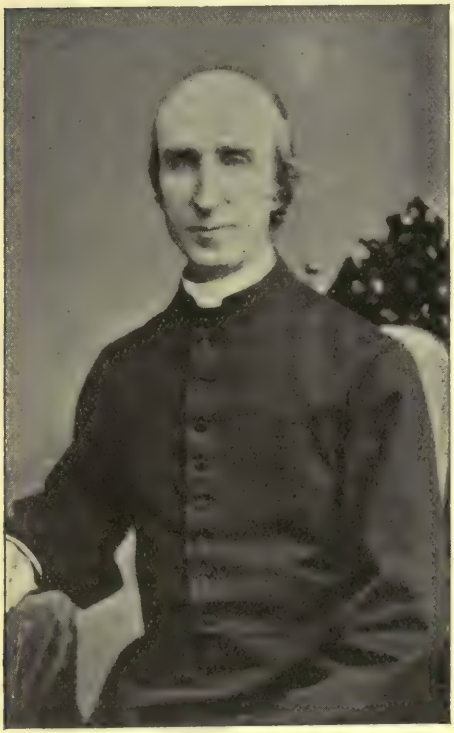
The agitation which pervaded the air at the time of my seminary course, and which was at its highest height at that time, was fed from many sources, and reached to every Anglican circle. It was fed by every new tract which issued from Oxford; by the *British Critic*, which was the principal

organ of the Tractarian movement; by the Lives of the Early English Saints, and by other volumes of books and published sermons for and against the movement; by every attempt to engraft some Catholic practice into Anglican worship; and by every attempt on the part of authority, either civil or ecclesiastical, to stifle the movement. All these things reached the seminary and became subjects of eager discussion. It was a contest between old sleep and new life. It could not be kept out of any society instituted at the seminary. I recall to mind an instance where our society for the encouragement of foreign missions divided itself into high and low church partisans, the question being whether a certain sermon or lecture delivered in the Church of the Ascension, before the society, should be published by it or not. The lecturer had been the Rev. Dr. Tyng, a prominent clergyman of that day. A motion had been made and carried at one of the regular meetings of the society, that the reverend doctor should be asked to furnish the manuscript of his lecture for publication. Some of the members who had been absent were dissatisfied with this, and a new meeting was called to reconsider the matter. A few words will suffice to explain the cause of dissatisfaction, and of the contest which ensued.

Dr. Tyng was a very prominent and talented low-churchman. This alone would not have been enough to constitute a difficulty in publishing his lecture. It happened, however, that there was a vacancy at this time in the bishopric of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Tyng was known to be a candidate for the office. His lecture had been quite free from anything that savored distinctly of evangelical low-churchmanship. Considering the peculiar atmosphere which prevailed at the seminary this was not to be wondered at, but a thing which excited much remark was that the reverend doctor had assumed a certain high-church tone in some parts of his lecture. This was looked upon by many as an insincere bid for support in his pretensions to the mitre, and the majority of our students, who were either Tractarians or at least high-churchmen, were not willing that the seminary should seem to lend any endorsement to the man.

At the second and special meeting of the missionary society, called as above stated, the attendance was unusually large. A motion was offered, if I remember right by Dr. Everett, to rescind the action of the regular meeting. An eager contest ensued. The low-churchmen were in the minority, but, led by

Harwood, they showed a great skill in endeavoring to protract the debate, which was very animated, and to prevent any decisive vote being taken before adjournment. The high-churchmen were equally determined, equally skilful, and equally watchful. I have reason to remember this contest very well. I was president of the society at the time, and it was my first experience in ruling troublesome points of order in a sharp contest. It seemed to me as if all the discordant elements that are combined in Anglicanism had broken their compromise and had gathered into that one room where our meeting was held, while it had become my duty to bring the confusion back to order. The Rev. Dr. Everett, however, now rector of the Church of the Nativity on Second Avenue, was the spirit which really presided at the meeting. He managed the forces of the majority, pressed his motion to a decisive vote, and so the matter ended. The lecture was not printed.



REV. WILLIAM EVERETT.

A few of the members of this society not only felt strongly interested in foreign missions, but actually looked forward to a missionary life for themselves. This interest, however, had not been originated by anything going on in the Anglican Church, nor did it find there any serious encouragement. I do not know of any seminarians of my time that ever entered into the missionary field. All the life that existed in Episcopalianism was concentrated in a struggle to keep itself alive. All really earnest hearts anxious to be engaged in gathering abandoned or neglected souls into Christ's fold were driven about wearily from hope to hope, not willing to sink back into despair, and yet not knowing where to settle. Surely, they argued, that great church to which we belong must

somewhere have a heart corresponding to the pulsations which we feel.

It was such a time as this and such a juncture of circumstances that saw the appearance of Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church.*

The book itself did not appear until the close of my second year at the seminary, namely, in June, 1844, but much of the substance of the volume had been published during that year in the *British Critic*, of which both Ward and Dr. Newman had been editors.

The numbers of the *British Critic* had always been eagerly welcomed by Tractarian students at the seminary, until the violent opposition excited by it in England brought it to a sudden stop.

REV. ARTHUR CAREY.

We did not all of us find time or means amidst our studies to read these numbers of the *British Critic*, but McMaster, Everett, and a few others of the higher classes did. I have already given in my Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams a letter of Arthur Carey's, written from his lodgings in Charlton Street, a few lines of which I will repeat here. Carey says to his friend in the Adirondacks:

"McMaster is now sitting by my side; he has just come down from the seminary, and is now reading to me out of the October number of the *British Critic.*"

In my mind's eye I seem to see him now, with those large young eyes beaming with intelligent interest at Ward's disclosures in regard to Catholic meditation and Catholic mission work, with a smile on his lips at McMaster's more emphatic ebullitions of delight.

It is well known that Ward's *Ideal* not only led to its

author's public condemnation by the authorities at Oxford, but was the culmination point at which Tractarianism broke down, and after which a crowd of converts, both in England and America, came fluttering into the ark. This makes it necessary for me to revive the memory of this book and give some idea of its contents.

The principal significance of Ward's *Ideal*, and that which made it so intolerable to its adversaries, was that it was so pointedly practical. It represented the Roman Catholic Church as full of practical piety, and, on the other hand, represented the English Church as lost in a lifeless formality. For brevity's sake I shall confine myself to such parts of this remarkable work as touch upon the care due from the Christian Church to her candidates for orders; how such a church must train them to piety, virtue, and Christian perfection, and how she needs must hold them to their daily duties as ministers of religious worship, instruct and animate them in the work of saving souls, and particularly the souls of those who are the most destitute and abandoned.

With abundant quotations from recognized works, this aspect of the Roman Catholic Church is exhibited by Ward, and the absence of similar provisions in the English Church is pointed out: Meditation, to make the truths of religion more vivid; constant examination of conscience, that sin may not be passed over or forgotten; occasional retreats, as a fresh start after neglect; the literature of ascetic theology and hagiology to stimulate in the service of God by example and precept; the confessional for pardon and direction; moral theology to save priests from caprice, and give them the benefit in advising their penitents of the experience of the Corporate Church,—here, says Ward, are the spiritual weapons of the Church of Rome; and where, he asks, can we find their counterpart in England?—(*William George Ward and the Oxford Movement*, by Wilfred Ward, pp. 279 and 289.)

Mr. Ward does not content himself with general declarations in favor of such practical work among Roman Catholics. He gives an account of the actual Rule of Life carried out in a French Ecclesiastical Seminary, as furnished him by the rector. Such a rule of life will be nothing new to Catholic readers. They may find it interesting, however, as showing how plainly this fearless Anglican divine shook the red scarf before the eyes of John Bull. John, of course, received it as a bitter taunt, but not a few of John's children were pained to the heart by it,

and grieved over it as those grieve who gaze upon graces forfeited.

The French rector divides this rule of life adopted in his seminary into eighteen points of practice. For brevity's sake I will content myself with merely naming the most of these points. These are: vocal prayer at half-past five in the morning, followed by meditation; after this the holy sacrifice of the Mass; visiting the altar where the Holy Eucharist is kept, and praying before it for a quarter of an hour each day; a spiritual reading each day from some book of piety; reciting the chaplet—that is, a third part of the rosary; a religious discourse spoken every evening by the superior to the whole community, called the Spiritual Conference. The day is finished by evening prayer said in common. The prayers then recited are the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, the Apostles' Creed. Confession of sinfulness is made by a prayer called the Confiteor; then acts of faith, hope, and charity, and of contrition, are made. Prayers are then offered up for the dead. In conclusion, the superior gives out the subject for next day's meditation. The rule advises the students to fix their thoughts upon it just before going to sleep, and as soon as they awake.

Twice in the course of the day, when assembled in the chapel, during a pause in the prayers a private examination of conscience is made by each one. The first is made at noon, just before meal-time, and is called the particular examination—this means an examination as to the progress made in some virtue specially proposed by each for his own acquisition, or in conquering some vice proposed in the same way for correction. A more general review of conscience for the day is made in the evening.

Each student is required to read a chapter in the Holy Scriptures twice in the day. It would be a departure from the object intended by the rule to spend this time in reading to improve one's self in learning, or to satisfy one's curiosity. The motive here proposed is the quickening of the heart.

It is scarcely necessary to mention prayers at rising and getting into bed, before and after meals, at the ringing of the Angelus, at the beginning and ending of classes, pious aspirations at the sound of the clock, etc., which are common not only to ecclesiastical seminaries but to all Catholic colleges and convent schools.

Mr. Ward quotes his French informant as stating that the superior of a seminary must keep his door open to the students

at all times. He must "cease to be a man of study. He must give up the notion of being a learned man, otherwise he will not be able to do the good which the diocese expects of him."

I also pass over what the good rector says in regard to the confessions and communions of the students and their selection of a spiritual director. Our Tractarian students at Chelsea, particularly those belonging to the missionary society, were more specially interested at this crisis in what the good French rector said to Mr. Ward about the practice of meditation and spiritual retreats, as used at the seminary. These naturally lead up to that great surprise which the *Ideal of a Christian Church* brought to us, in its account of the "giving of missions."

The most important spiritual exercise noted by the French rector in the list furnished by him to Mr. Ward, as inculcated upon the students by rule, is mental prayer or meditation. This, indeed, is found in all Catholic seminaries. The rector speaks of it in the following terms:

"Mental prayer, or a meditation; in which the student first bows down in adoration before God, acknowledging himself unworthy of keeping himself fixed in his divine presence, and calling upon the Holy Spirit to help him in his meditation. He then enters on the consideration of the subject proposed for meditation, all the while frequently entering into himself, by acts of humiliation, by making good resolutions, and one special good resolve for that very day."

These meditations, with some vocal prayers before and after, are made in the chapel and last half an hour. At the seminaries of St. Sulpice they continue for an hour. This matter of meditation requires some further explanation. Protestants are not easily made to understand what Catholics mean by meditation. And Catholics who have never been Protestants do not know what Protestants mean when they use that word. Among Catholics prayer is generally distinguished into two kinds, oral and mental; but oral prayer is not always uttered according to a prescribed form of words. As a general rule Protestants, whether in public or private prayer, do not follow any set form of words, except when they repeat the Lord's Prayer. Anglicans, indeed, follow a ritual in public worship, and the Common Prayer Book contains a form of prayer for family worship. The general rule, however, is to follow the lead of their own thoughts when praying. Their prayers, indeed, are not meditations. A good memory for thoughts and phrases, coupled with a certain degree of pious excitement, is all that is necessary to

furnish a facility for vocal prayer. Nay, more than this, prayer may be purely mental in the sense of being inarticulate, and yet not constitute meditation considered as prayer. When a Protestant minister is said to pray *extempore*, it simply means that he is preaching to his hearers over the divine shoulders. Whatever claim it may have to be called mental prayer, it is by no means meditation. At best, it is only fervent oratory. No doubt private and silent prayer among Protestants does often reach to true prayer of mind and heart. I am not aware, however, that it ever takes that form of systematic study during a set time which is called meditation in the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius, and can be taught to students in a seminary or a convent, or to novices in a religious order.

When, during my course at the seminary in Chelsea, I read Mr. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and what the French rector wrote to him concerning mental prayer, I was unable to understand how it could be systematized and taught. I understood it better when, a little later, on my way to the Adirondacks with Bishop Wadhams, then a deacon of the Episcopalian sect, we had for fellow-traveller on the Champlain Canal a young Catholic priest recently ordained in Ireland. We questioned him very closely upon this subject, and, although not apparently a man much given to seclusion or meditation, he was able to give us a very satisfactory account of what he had been taught in regard to the nature of meditation and the means of practising it profitably. The substance of what he told us may be found thoughtfully and beautifully presented in Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary*, now a familiar book among Catholic Americans:

"Meditation in its narrower and technical sense may be defined as the application of the three powers of the soul to prayer—the memory proposing a religious or moral truth, the understanding considering this truth in its application to the individual who meditates, while the will forms practical resolutions and desires grace to keep them." . . . "The method given by St. Ignatius in his exercise is that generally recommended and used, at least till the person who meditates forms a method of his own."

In truth it may be said that the more thoroughly the habit of mental prayer is acquired the less necessity for the use of method. The "points" selected for meditation become shorter; a single verse of Scripture, a single stanza of a familiar hymn, or indeed a single line or expressive word, furnishes to the soul

all the matter needed to start with. A thousand cumulative thoughts cluster around it, the fruit is soon ready to be gathered, holy affections of the heart are sooner reached; holy purposes and resolutions grow up so spontaneously that all thought of method is cast away. The hour or half-hour ceases to be long, until meditation is abandoned for other duties with regret.

I do not stop here to introduce the idea of contemplation, where all process of reasoning ceases and is lost in a sort of passive beholding, a high grade of prayer to which only a few Christians reach.

The French seminary rector quoted in Ward's *Ideal* supposes the nature and purpose of meditation to be well understood, and gives us only the methods to be adopted in order to make it successful and fruitful. A habit of spiritual reading is necessary as the more remote preparation for it. This furnishes the mind with material for thought. To bow down in silence, to call to mind the presence of God, and to invoke the Holy Ghost, are the immediate steps to be taken when beginning this kind of prayer. St. Ignatius intensified its power and extended its influence over souls by introducing his system of spiritual retreats, in which an entire month was given to solitude and meditation. This time is now often shortened to a week, or even three days. These meditations, moreover, were systematized into an admirable series, so arranged that each meditation should naturally lead up to another. The soul is made to consider by turns and progressively the object of its being, its destiny, its sins, the punishment due to sin, the remedies provided through the mercy of God, the means of sanctification through his grace, until at last in this sacred solitude the soul is brought forward to the highest desires for union with its Maker, to the strongest resolves to live for the glory of God alone.

The Catholic Church is furnished with a large number of priests who have trained themselves by long study and careful experience to guide others through these spiritual exercises, as St. Ignatius trained his first companions in the order which he founded.

Finally St. Vincent de Paul began his work of popular missions in country parishes for the benefit of the poor, and especially those most destitute of instruction and spiritual succor. This new form of domestic missionary work has now grown to be almost universal in the Catholic Church, carrying everywhere

into the bosom of her fold in a rational way, and with a deeper and fuller power, a reformation of morals and a quickening of spiritual life which the wild emotional efforts of Wesley and Whitefield could not bring about. These missions, regarded in the light of the means and methods employed and the effects produced, may be considered as the natural outgrowth of spiritual retreats. The large audiences gathered cannot be brought to the same solitude and silence, but much of retirement from the world is practically involved in their constant attendance at the church. They cannot meditate as in more private retreats, but an unusual amount of reflection is involved in listening to so many daily sermons and instructions, and taking so much part in prayer. Skilful missionaries consult together upon the order of subjects to be introduced. The confessional shows how far the good seed sown has produced good results and what is still most wanting, and both the order of preaching and the special way of treating each sermon may be varied accordingly. In fine, the method of "giving missions" has grown to be a peculiar science and holy art unknown outside of the Catholic Church.

All the above is introduced in this place as belonging to these reminiscences of a Protestant seminary at a most momentous period. We seminarians at Chelsea were all of us more or less interested in a great attempt to galvanize Anglicanism. Ward's new book introduced us to Romanism, so called, as furnishing the best practical ideal of a true Christian Church. One prominent sign of its vitality lay in its wonder-working custom and method of giving missions. His book gave a description of a mission furnished to him by a prominent Roman Catholic, with most interesting details of its purpose, plan, and effects. It was a new light. Mr. Ward's book is not accessible to me at this moment, and perhaps it is not necessary at this time to introduce any extracts from it. Suffice it to say that for the most part the conduct of these missions is left to missionaries reared in convents. To this circumstance is due in some degree the fact that many of us students, when looking forward to our own career in the ministry, were led to associate monasticism with our aspirations to a life of missionary labor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM NORMANDY.

By V. A. C. I.

SHOUT to the horses, a crack of the whip, and we are off!

Dieppe, with its busy quays, hotels, and villas, is soon left behind, and before us stretches the unwavering line of the grand route along the cliff.

Although so near, the Channel is lost to sight, excepting now and then when an occasional valley crosses our path and grants a glimpse of waves dashing on the shore. For a moment the road abandons its direction and zigzags down to the village nestling under the protecting hillside, then mounts again by like easy degrees upon the further slope.

Once more it seems to extend without end over the level country, through miles of cultivated fields where the colza has just been harvested.

Already new ground has been made ready for the next year's crop, and men, women, and children are engaged in transplanting young shoots, thrusting their wilted stalks into the soil with but a single touch, and leaving them apparently dead. Knowing that upon their survival depends the harvest of the following year, we anxiously ask if they do not water the plants. With surprise and a shadow of reproof in her tone one of the women replies: "C'est le bon Dieu qui les arrose!"

Far away upon the horizon lie irregular bands of blue, which lose their atmospheric color as we draw near, and gradually assume the proportions of groups of tall, slender beech-trees, sheltering beneath their lofty canopies old châteaux and peasants' cottages.

Large flocks of sheep, guarded by faithful dogs, graze upon the plain, while the old shepherds patiently knit their time away, resigned to the monotony of their lot.

Again the grating of the brakes upon the wheels, the swaying of the carriage from side to side as we turn sharp corners, tell us that we have begun the descent into another valley. This time we stop to change horses, entering the courtyard of

FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW, THEY ARE ADMIRABLE.

the inn with a louder cracking of whip, and a noisier rattling of wheels over the rough pavement.

Confusion reigns. Men and women, waiters and maids, run hither and thither gesticulating and wrangling in shrill, loud voices, and not until a wedding party, the cause and object of their excitement, emerges from the house and merrily moves away is quiet restored.

We see their gala dresses swing around the corner of the narrow street, and later catch another glimpse as they dance across the meadows and ploughed fields, where the bride's white satin slippers may become quite soiled and worn, thus insuring her great good luck in life.

The scenery becomes more varied. Picturesque ravines break the monotony. We pass through hamlets where the cottages are protected by high banks of earth, hiding all but their thatched roofs. Beech-trees robbed of their lower branches bear their crests proudly aloft, and hold fast between their naked stems great heaps of rape. The empty pods are sere, and rustle mysteriously in the breeze.

On the broad acres where the wheat has just been harvested a crowd of women, boys, and girls is assembled. They dispose themselves at regular intervals, and at the signal "Allez! glanez!" fall to work with a will, pouncing upon every spear of grain like a hawk upon its prey. The sparrows must look elsewhere for food, for scarcely a kernel is left upon the ground when the gleaners have done their work. But the thank-offerings placed by the peasants upon the many Calvaries along the roadsides make partial amends to the birds, who do not hesitate to profit by them. The offering of these bunches of grain is the last act of the service which takes place early in the season. Then the curé, preceded by a long procession of children, little girls decked with flowers, boys and priests, bears before him, beneath the tarnished dais upheld by white-robed acolytes, the Sacred Host, invoking the divine blessing upon the lands of his little flock.

Now a wider valley spreads before us, and descending to the level of the water, we follow the sea wall between the massive portals formed by the chalky cliffs that rise on either side. Midway between them is the "falaisette," and in the narrower vale thus formed lie the châlets and the cottages of X——.

The châlets are perched about the hillside in capricious fashion, wherever a pretty view of sea or country offered, leaving the retired and sheltered nooks for the peasants' homes.

Their thatched roofs border the road that winds its way from the shore back to the more inland villages.

The hamlets are small, a few poor, dingy little cottages, generally overgrown with a charming confusion of ferns, moss, and vines, while here and there a climbing rose has braved the thickness of the mildewed straw, and dared to peep into a dormer window. Gaily-colored flowers grow about the doorways, but fail to carry their sunshine inside, and the damp earthen floors and scanty furniture afford but meagre comfort.

The peasants seem to have few ideas beyond those of gaining their daily portion of coarse bread, but from an artist's stand-point they are admirable as we see them gathering seaweed on the shore, launching a fishing-boat, casting a seine, or working in the fields.

Quite above the village, on the cliff, stands a tiny group of cottages clustered about a château. Another village two or three kilometres away boasts its château too, a grand one, with a Renaissance portico, and—more than that—a ghost! Every village has its château; X—— alone in that respect is incomplete. It has no château, no titled patron, and no ghost. But yet, though wanting these, it has an object of pride and reverence, the centre of converging paths worn smooth and hard by feet of admirers and of worshippers—the church.

The centuries of consecration to God's service seem to have left their impress upon the building itself, until it reflects something of the divine character.

Standing in the village below, it towers above us like a solemn warning, and we bow before the unwavering Judge of mankind. From the height of the cliff we look down where it rests confidingly in the heart of the hillside, and we know it is the type of the loving Friend and Brother of humanity; while the sweet peace borne away in the souls of those who have worshipped within its walls bears witness to the truth of the Spirit.

Old Time has laid a loving hand upon the crumbling masonry, and the mildewed stone and plaster make music for the eye, their color blending with harmonies of form in clustered pillar and in Norman arch. The heart is softened and breathes forth a warmer, deeper prayer. Here come the faithful, at mid-day or at even, and, kneeling a moment in the sweet peace of God's presence, lay aside their burdens and refresh their souls. Near by stands the "presbytère," which in the peasants' eyes must seem a grand house, for its roof is of slate. Not a vine conceals its uncompromising squareness, and

not a bit of lichen or of moss relieves the monotony of its newness. Here the curé leads his peaceful life, attended by a doting sister, whose happiness consists in serving him. Whatever aspirations his parish work cannot meet are satisfied by the flowers he loves to paint, for at heart he is an artist.

The curé is always glad to show his work, the old bell-ringer tells us; and he adds, in an undertone, even more glad to part with it for a consideration.

We enter the garden by the tiny gate in the high stone wall, thereby disturbing a flock of sedate hens and turkeys enjoying a siesta upon an old well-curb. Their angry cackling gradually subsides as we pass on between the peach and pear trees to the house.

That the curé loves the flowers we know without asking, for a profusion of roses frames the doorway, shedding their perfume throughout the little parlor. The sister patters across the painted brick floor in her noisy wooden sabots and disappears, bidding us ere she leaves be seated upon the straight-backed, comfortless chairs. Spotless cleanliness prevails. The pervading quiet is oppressive. At last the silence is broken by the entrance of the curé, whose broad smile beams a welcome upon us.

With simple pride and undisguised pleasure he brings forth his pictures and displays them one by one. Here some common field flowers, there a cluster of regal roses, and again a study of humbler vegetable life.

They are admirably painted, and we wonder why he has been content to remain thus unknown to the world in this far-away corner.

We are about to ask the reason, but something in his reserved manner forbids. Then we recall the church, the beauty of its interior, and remember that to him is due all praise for saving it from the desecrating whitewash that has ruined many neighboring churches.

Doubtless his ambition is satisfied by this deed accomplished.

There is yet one picture to show. Hesitatingly, timidly, he uncovers it to our gaze as something almost too dear for vulgar eyes. With tenderest care he turns it that the light may fall to its best advantage. We see but a careless bunch of luxuriant asters. A moment passes. The expected word of admiration is spoken. Then the curé adds in a voice full of emotion, as if speaking of a dearly beloved child: "This was exhibited at the Salon, my 'Queen Margarets.'" His eyes seem to caress the canvas as they fondly trace the outline of

the petals through light and shade across the whole surface; "this one I cannot sell."

We venture no questions, and, thanking him for his courtesy, take our leave.

The old bell-ringer is impatiently awaiting us. He is more than ready to satisfy our curiosity. Yes, he has known the curé since boyhood, and a useless boy they thought him too, dreaming his time away instead of studying; but to study he was forced, for his father had destined him for the church.

Into the church he accordingly went, but that step could not banish the dreams, quench the thirst for fame, nor keep his fingers from the brushes.

Ere his college days were over the hours of recreation were spent in painting, and in secret he tried to work out by patience and experience the lessons he could not gain through a master's help.

The budding hopes of greatness began to swell in his heart—the heart that should have been fixed on theological problems. The little flaw grew apace, becoming more ominous when the "Queen Margarets" hung upon the Salon walls.

His zeal for the church began to wane, while the fire of ambition burned fiercer. Often he was reproved for his lack of fervor, but penance failed to remedy the evil.

A year passed. The season for exhibitions had again opened in Paris. Diligently, in solitude and in secrecy, had he worked during that twelvemonth; but he had worked fruitlessly, hoped madly: the jury of admission found the painting unworthy a place upon those famous walls.

Deep down behind the grand stairway in the Palace of Industry, among heaps of rubbish and other rejected pictures, it was waiting, dishonored and unnoticed, until such time as its owner should take it away.

The tide was stemmed. Once again his life was consecrated to the interests of Holy Church.

With renewed and redoubled zeal, and truly penitent, he strove to atone for his fault. Among the poor and needy he became the ready helper and friend, entering into his work with an earnestness undreamed of before.

When quite free from all duties and obligations of his little parish, only then would he retire to the quiet of his atelier for an hour among his dearly beloved brushes. Never again did he vie with the world's criticism nor seek for worldly honor, but to those who wished them he gladly sold his paintings, that

their earnings might go to lessen the sufferings of the poor. One cherished canvas alone he could not part with—the "Queen Margarets."

Only by continuous plying of questions do we glean the whole story from the old man. For his part, he says, he sees no great beauty in the curé's pictures; neither does he think he has done well in removing all the gay tinsel hangings, plaster ornaments, and many-colored paper flowers that enlivened the church; but—"chacun à son gout"—it matters little to him, and he can pull the old bell-rope as well, day in and day out, as he has done, and, please God, will do for many a year to come.

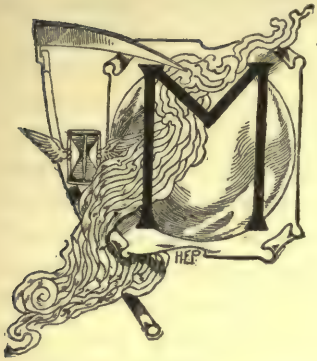
With an abrupt adieu he leaves us at the gate, for the sun is setting and he must hasten to the church.

As our faltering footsteps turn away amid the deepening shadows the voice of the Angelus resounds through the still twilight, descending upon us like a benediction. Our hearts respond: "Let those who will have their châteaux and their glory, but to this village leave its curé and its church."

ALONE.

By Charlotte Grace O'Brien.

"Ami encore aveugle et brisant ma prison."—*V. Hugo.*



Y God! how shall I speak to Thee
Of that which is, and is to be?
Of that which is gone by?
Of hopes that lived and grew and fell?
Of love and its unnamèd spell?
Of life that lives to die?

Thou seest my life what it is now—
Cut off from men, a leafless bough—
No child, no love, no strength.
What hope is there on which to rest?
What love to turn to and be blest?
Only the grave at length.

Only! O God! that "only" may
Mean life and love and glorious day.
God! what a tale is there!
Hid in that foul, forbidding cloud
What ecstasy of life may shroud
Its outlines brave and fair.

I barely hope, I stand at gaze,
Bewildered by the unshaped maze
Of life and death and thought.
I know that life is sad: is death
But the cessation of our breath?
Is it all things or naught?

Is it God's light? or is it rest?
Proves it our Christ, or the mad jest
Of brute life-bearing man?
Man who might be brute and die
When weary of brutality,
But now nor dares nor can.

Silence! My heart holds hope still safe,
Tossed though my life may be—a waif,
Flotsam and jetsam on a shore
All bare and wild and bruised with storm,
Worn out it lies a worthless form,
Haply a prison door.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH OF VIRGINIA.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE actual, real church cannot be disestablished. It was founded upon Peter, with the declaration of its Divine Architect, "On this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But simulated churches which men establish they can also disestablish. "I made you," said the virago Elizabeth to an Anglican bishop of her establishment, "and by G— I will unmake you."

The church of Virginia was a man-made church. No martyr's blood had made the soil fruitful for the Master. No old men like Father Jogues had lifted there to heaven hands mutilated for Christ. No young man like René Goupil had pressed into the wilderness to die for the cross.

Civil power established the Virginia church. In the March session of the General Assembly of 1624 its foundations were laid. It was enacted

"That there shall be in every plantation where the people use to meete for the worship of God a house or room sequestered for that purpose, and not to be for any temporal use whatsoever, and a place empayled in, and sequestered only for the buryal of the dead.

"That there be a uniformity in our church, as neere as may be to the canons of England, both in substance and circumstance, and that all persons yeild readie obedience unto them under paine of censure."

Under the same enactment absence from church on any Sunday was to be punished by a forfeiture of a pound of tobacco; it was ordered that no man dispose of any of his tobacco before the tithes of the minister be satisfied, and that one man in every plantation collect the tithes out of the first and best tobacco and corn; that whoever should disparage a minister without proof should "not only pay 500 lb. waight of tobacco, but also aske the minister so wronged forgiveness publically in the congregation." The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Assembly was also exercised in the making of a canon

"that the 22d of March be yearly solemized as a holliday"; and the suspension of all other holydays of obligation "betwixt the annuntiation of the blessed Virgin and St. Michael the Archangell."

The Assembly had before this, at its first session in 1719, directed that all ministers in the colony should preach and catechise every Sunday, and that all persons should attend church, and that such as bore arms should bring their pieces, swords, powder, and shot, but no church-making was then attempted. The Virginia church was established by the legislation of the General Assembly of 1724. From that time until 1776 parishes were established by act of Assembly, lands were provided as glebes for the residence of the ministers, churches were built by public assessments in tobacco notes, and vestries elected who supervised the parson, as well as poor.

All this had been done by laymen, under clerical influence certainly, but in it the clergy, as such, took no direct part. Clergymen when they came over brought with them generally faculties or licenses from the Bishop of London, and were appointed to parishes by lay officials. The Bishop of London had designed at first Rev. Mr. Temple, and afterwards Rev. James Blair, to be a sort of vicar-apostolic, who took the unepiscopal name of commissary.

There were thirty-seven Anglican clergymen in Virginia, when in the spring of 1719 Mr. Commissary Blair attempted an organization by calling them in convention at Williamsburg on the 8th day of April of that year. The convention was attended by twenty-five clerics, and proved, indeed, a Comedy of Convocation; for the first question which Commissary Blair, in the name of the Bishop of London, proposed to the Assembly was, whether any of the members present knew of any minister that officiated in the colony without episcopal ordination? Whereat twelve of the clergymen present said that in their opinion it was doubtful whether Commissary Blair, himself, had episcopal ordination or not. Eleven thought his ordination was valid, and one, Mr. Sclater, suspended his judgment. It appears that Mr. Blair had been ordained in Scotland. Reverend Hugh Jones objected that Mr. Blair's certificate, although signed "Jo. Edinburgen," a Scottish bishop, certified "that Mr. Blair had been ordained presbyter, and that it should have been priest" (*sic*).

The convention, however, proceeded to reply to all the bishop's inquiries and to draft a letter to him. All were agreed

upon one paragraph, viz.: "The people in general are averse to the *induction* of the clergy—the want of which exposes us to the great oppression of the vestries, who act often arbitrarily, lessening and denying us our lawful salaries."

Says Campbell, writing in his *History of Virginia* of this time, "It was an age when the state of religion was low in England, and of those ministers sent over to Virginia not a few were incompetent, some openly profligate; and religion slumbered in the languor of moral lectures, the maxims of Socrates and Seneca, and the stereotyped routine of accustomed forms. Altercations between minister and people were not unfrequent; the parson was a favorite butt for aristocratic ridicule. Sometimes a pastor more exemplary than the rest was removed from mercenary motives or on account of a faithful discharge of his duties. More frequently the unfit were retained by popular indifference. The clergy, in effect, did not enjoy that permanent independency of the people which properly belongs to a hierarchy. The vestry, a self-perpetuated body of twelve gentlemen, thought themselves 'the parson's master,' and the clergy, in vain, deplored the precarious tenure of their livings. The commissary's powers were few, limited, and disputed; he was but the shadow of a bishop; he could neither confirm nor ordain; he could not even depose a minister. Yet the people, jealous of prelatical tyranny, watched his feeble movements with a vigilant and suspicious eye."

So the church of Virginia continued. It was composed of the General Assembly and the vestries, who employed clergymen that had licenses from the Bishop of London. Its visible head was the governor, and its invisible head a king or a queen beyond the sea.*

In this condition of affairs the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and other Dissenters who exercised their religion under the toleration laws, began "New Light" revivals that, continued from time to time, carried off, not only all the most emotional but many of the most pious, to the non-conforming churches. The vestries in many parishes were parsimonious in providing

* The mandament of one of the prefects of the English curia to the chief of the Virginia church would hardly be considered orthodox now, even by the broadest churchman. Benjamin Franklin tells that when Mr. Commissary Blair was arguing at the English court in favor of an appropriation for the founding of William and Mary College, "he represented that it was intended to educate young men to be ministers of the gospel, and he begged Mr. Attorney-General Seymour to consider that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. 'Souls!' exclaimed the imperious Seymour; 'd—— your souls! Make tobacco.'"

for the church services, and the ministers careless and sometimes rude. A combination of these evils afflicted a parish in Prince William County, whose church was near Haymarket, not far from Bull Run. It is related that at that church there was but one book of common prayer in the chancel. The custom was for the minister to read the versicle, then hand the book over the pulpit-top to the clerk below, who would read the response and hand the book back to the parson; and so continue this exchange until the service closed, parson and clerk doing the work of battledores with the book, as a shuttlecock, between them. It happened during the "New Light stir" that a large number of the people became Anabaptists. On Sunday, when the minister as usual began service, read his part, and stretching his hand down from the pulpit suspended the book below, no one took it. "Whar's the clark?" said he. "Jined the Baptists," cried a voice in the scant congregation. "The h— he has," responded the minister drawing up the book. "Then I'll be parson and clark like a double-potato"; and he completed the service according to law.*

Amid scenes of which this incident is a striking, though fortunately an unusual illustration, the church of Virginia proceeded on towards its fall. The Dissenters supported their own ministers, and besides paid tithes to the clergy of the Establishment; but, as the tithe was largely in tobacco, they made a quiet boycott by making as little tobacco as possible; so that Beverly says: "'Tis observed those counties where the Presbyterian meetings are produce very mean tobacco, and for that reason can't get an orthodox minister to stay among them."

The church of Virginia lived by tobacco; and the failure of the crop of 1756 came very near to putting an end to the church. Each parson was entitled to a tithe of sixteen thousand pounds of the best tobacco, which was ordinarily rated at 2*d.* per pound. In 1756–8 the scarcity of tobacco raised its price to 6*d.* and even to 8*d.* per pound. The Assembly in 1758 made a "readjustment," and declared that tobacco taxes might be commuted in moneys at the rate of 2*d.* the pound. The

* The New England Congregationalist must think twice before he smiles at the old Virginia clergy. Lyman Beecher's biography tells that "just after his settlement at Litchfield, Conn., there was an ordination in a neighboring town. The Consociation found at the house of the new pastor a sideboard set out with decanters with all the liquors then in vogue, with water, sugar, and pipes. The reverend gentlemen took a drink all round as soon as they came in," and continued drinking until the ordination, and after it was concluded. The sideboard, with its spillings of water and sugar and liquor, looked and smelled like the bar of a very active groggery. Then they smoked and were hilarious. The Consociation, if not drunk, was clearly fuddled. The society or church paid for the treat.

clergy held a riotous convention, and appealed to the king. Sherlock, Bishop of London, wrote denouncing the act of 1758 as "manifestly tending to draw the people of the plantations from their allegiance to the king." The king disallowed the act. In the year the act had been passed thousands of colonists had not raised one pound of tobacco; ruin stared the country in the face, and "the legislature was obliged to issue money from the public funds to keep the people from starving." Amid this destitution some of the clergy sued for their tobacco, or its value at 8*d.* per pound. At Hanover Court-House Rev. Mr. Maury was about to get judgment for his tithes, when Patrick Henry, then scarcely more than a beardless boy, made his first speech against the parsons, carried the jury with him, and the jury overruled the king. William Wirt has told the story with classic elegance. That Hanover jury began the disestablishment of the Virginia church. The parson's case was decided in 1763. Very soon church matters were dwarfed by the exigencies of the questions which grew out of the relations of the colony to Great Britain. The stamp act, the tax on tea, and the like, took all the attention of the community. The church of Virginia had never had a firm hold on the people, and its grasp weakened year by year, until at last the Assembly, which had in 1624 established the church by the enactment "that there be uniformity in our church, as neere as may, to the canons of England," disestablished in 1776 by the enactment "that all laws which render criminal the maintaining any opinions in matters of religion, forbearing to repair to church, or the exercising of any mode of worship, or which prescribe punishments for the same, shall henceforth be of no force or validity in this commonwealth," and that all Dissenters should be free of all levies for supporting the church.

Singularly enough the Assembly did not, for some years, seem to recognize what it had done. It evidently had in view the continuance of tithes to be paid by others than Dissenters towards maintaining some sort of church, "as it now is or may be established." The ministers and vestries in possession were allowed to keep their churches, glebes, books, plate, and ornaments, and to tithe those who did not choose to declare themselves Nonconformists; but in 1779 all laws granting salaries to ministers or authorizing the vestries to levy tithes were repealed. This cleared away every vestige of the state-church, but left the ministry and vestries in possession of the glebes, etc., which had belonged to the church of Virginia. These gentlemen were

still in possession of this public property when in 1784 they, clergy and vestrymen, on their own petition, were made corporations, each under the title of "the ministry and vestry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the parish of ——." At the same time all acts as to fasts, festivals, catechisms, etc., were repealed. It had been expected that the Baptists, Presbyterians, Quakers, etc., would also become incorporated in the same way, and take the power from the state to tithe their own members. A bill had been carried to its second reading in the Assembly of 1784 which provided for "the establishing of a provision for teachers of the Christian religion." A tax was to be laid on all persons subject to tax, and the money raised was to be appropriated by the vestries, elders, or directors of each religious society, for a provision for a minister or teacher of the Gospel of their denomination; or the erection of church buildings. Quakers and Mennonites were also provided for.

While this plan was under consideration Washington wrote to George Mason as follows: "Although no man's sentiments are more opposed to restraint upon religious principles than mine are, yet I must confess that I am not among the number of those who are so much alarmed at the thought of making people pay for the support of that which they profess if of the denomination of Christians, or declare themselves Jews, Mahometans, or otherwise, and thereby obtain proper relief. As it is, I wish the bill had never been introduced, and could die an easy death."

And it did die an easy death, still-born. The Presbyterians and Baptists had no thought of allowing the Episcopalians to succeed the state church and retain the precedence, property, and position that the old law had created for the Established Church. They bided their time and attacked the right of the new Protestant Episcopal Church to own the glebe lands, which had been bought by taxes levied on the whole community.

Meanwhile those Catholic principles of public law, which Calvert had exemplified in Maryland, came to possess the public mind, and Thomas Jefferson gave them, in the "Act for Establishing Religious Freedom," their first authoritative utterance in Virginia. They were not new. They are as old as free will. Fénelon had laid them down years before as guides for the reign of Bonnie Prince Charlie when "the king should come to his own" in England. The similarity of the utterances of the Archbishop of Cambray and of the Governor of Virginia is so remarkable that I give them in parallel columns:

FÉNELON, 1745.

"No human power can reach the impenetrable recess of the free will of the heart. Violence can never persuade; it serves only to make hypocrites. Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men with mild persuasion;" therefore, etc.

JEFFERSON, 1785.

"Whereas Almighty God hath created the mind free; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy, and are a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion, who, being Lord of both body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in his almighty power to do;" therefore, etc.

The established church of Virginia was dead. Administration on its effects alone remained. The new Protestant Episcopal Church corporation claimed to be its heir. Born of a free father and a slave mother, it seemed willing to accept the maxim of the slave code, "The child takes the mother's condition," and most of the effects of its mother became its inheritance. The Baptists did not want her baptismal fonts, the Quakers had no use for her surplices, nor the Presbyterians for her books of common prayer; so these were left with the Episcopal corporation without controversy. The Dissenters were attached to their own meeting-houses, consecrated by persecution. Besides, the churches of the Establishment were, in most cases, in a ruinous condition, and often not worth the cost of repair. So Dissent made no claim to the churches, but the Dissenters were not willing that the Episcopal corporation should take the glebes. They demanded that land bought with public money should be held for the use of the public. For twenty years this claim was denied by the civil government. Catholics took no part in these contests. A few families at Alexandria, Norfolk, and elsewhere were all who held, in the rising commonwealth, to Peter's faith. The contest over the glebes continued at every session of the General Assembly during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century.

"The crisis," writes Rev. Dr. Hawks, endorsed by Bishop Meade, "came at last, and on the 12th of January, 1802, the legislature passed the law by virtue of which the glebes of Vir-

ginia were ordered to be sold for the benefit of the public. The warfare begun by the Baptists seven-and-twenty years before was now finished. The church was in ruins and the triumph of her enemies was complete."

Yes, the king's church was in ruins. Had, indeed, the gates of hell prevailed against the church? Not so. The choirs of the little Catholic congregations which had sprung up at Alexandria and at Norfolk were already chanting at Vespers: "Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ reges. Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas."

THE BIRTH OF FRIENDSHIP.

By James Buckham.

S when the soft-reminding touch of morn
Lights on the lids of rosy boyhood, sealed
By sweet and dreamless slumber all night long;
He stirs at last, and lifts his happy arms
To clasp the sun, and sky, and air, and all
Restored delights in passionate embrace:

As when a mountain-climber, all aglow
With hot midsummer thirst, seeks out a spring,
And plunging lips and forehead in the cold,
Unstinted crystal, drinks, till hands relax
That grip the mossy rock, and all his veins
Are soft and cool with the unfevered blood:

As when before some biting icy blast
A poor wayfarer, tost on trackless mere,
Benumbed, despairing, sees a sudden light
Flash o'er the waste, and hears the low of kine,
And warms for joy of cozy ingle nigh;—

Such, unto me, the rapture long reserved
Of heart's communion with a noble friend!

CATHOLIC CHARITIES UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

HATEVER the motives which have really animated the gentlemen who lately led the assault upon the system of Catholic charities in New York, all who are interested in those noble institutions have much reason for thankfulness for their action. The spirit of Persecution often proves to be a blessing in disguise. In this particular case it has been conjured up only to slink back into its dark abode abashed and humiliated before the shining wand of the spirit of Truth.

The plague of our free government is the ever upspringing crop of doctrinaires who think they can make a good system still better. The theorists who would hand us over bodily and mentally to the care of the state are not less an evil than the individualists who want the whole field of human action, untrammelled by any governmental check whatever, for their energies of acquisition. To what class belong the sticklers for rigid principle who have been moving in this matter of charities, it is not necessary to inquire. Their motives may be unselfish; the rigid spirit of Brutus, ready to sacrifice even their own flesh and blood on the altar of strict constitutional justice, may have animated them. But the fact that the lictor's axe must fall heaviest on the homes which Catholic charity has provided for the outcast and the unfortunate, remains to testify trumpet-tongued against them. Seemingly their intention was that of the anarchist—anxious only to destroy, caring nothing what was to take the place of that which had been cast down.

The practical strain in the American character runs through it like a coal-bed in a mass of rock. It was inevitable that the pick of the explorer should strike this vein when he had got deep enough. The American Constitution is nothing if not practical, for it is the reflex of the American mind. And when the representatives of the leading State were asked to give a bias to the Constitution by cutting off the support heretofore given to those homes wherein the ministering angels of Catholic charity tend, it was the practical view which at once presented itself to the minds of those charged with the responsibility of recommending changes. They gave no decision until they had satisfied themselves of the soundness of their advice. They went

and saw for themselves; they looked closely into the working of the obnoxious charities; they studied the tables of receipts and expenditure, and compared them with those of institutions maintained by the State alone. Many of them went, like the prophet Balaam, briefed, as it were, to curse, but compelled by the power of conscience and truth to bless instead. In all the history of enterprises whose currents were turned awry by the logic of events, there is nothing to compare with the outcome of this investigation. The turning of the tables is, in fact, dramatic in its completeness.

The crisis was grave. Men eminent in standing had been got to sanction the movement against the charities by a straining of arguments. A supersensitive regard for the principle of impartiality and non-favoritism had been led into the mistake of looking at dereliction of duty and the cruelty of abandonment as the only solution of a painful difficulty. A religious test was sought to be enforced as a condition of State aid, where the Constitution is distinct in the disavowal of religious discrimination. It was sought to make the Charities Commission of New York an inquisitorial tribunal with formidable punitive powers. And this startling innovation was to be effected under the pretext of respect for the sacredness of the principle of neutrality. Blindfold Justice was asked to fling her sword into her own scales, like the Gaul of old, while successful Bigotry croaked out "Væ victis!"

All that eloquence and earnestness could do to make the worse appear the better reason was done. No one can deny that the case for injustice was well presented. If specious argument and spurious constitutionalism could have won the cause, the fires of the Catholic charities might soon burn low. The Rev. Mr. King earned his fee by his zeal and address in sophistry. If white could be argued into black, he and the other gentlemen who appeared for black would have turned alabaster into ebony. But the eloquence was not all on that side. The case made for the charities by Messrs. Coudert and Bliss was impregnable in its logic. As a citizen of the Republic not brought up in, but won over by, the Catholic faith, Mr. Bliss took his stand upon the constitutional right of those who by misfortune were rendered dependent on charitable aid to be protected from the application of any religious test as a condition precedent to the gaining of relief.

There was very little of Solomon's experimental method about the judgment of the committee. Nothing was taken on

hearsay; circumstantial evidence was by no means necessary. Its members had eyes to see, and ears to hear, and tongues to question withal; and they determined to use them. A delegation started out to investigate the whole system of Catholic charities, in their actual every-day operation. Some of them started out prejudiced against the charities, but all started out with the honest determination to give fair play and acknowledge the truth, whatever it was. The exhaustive nature of the inquiry and the painstaking and conscientious manner in which it was conducted showed that, in electing Mr. Edward Lauterbach as the chairman of the delegation, the committee made sure of the best service at its command. The report which appears over his signature is a businesslike document. Its findings are of a remarkable character. After recapitulating briefly the heads of indictment, the report goes on to point out that

"No demand of the character referred to, for a change in the methods which have prevailed in regard to the poor and needy, seems to have come from any of the great host of men and women in this State whose devotion to charitable work and whose familiarity with all the details have been the greatest."

Having recited the holding of the inquiry the report goes on to say:

"As a result of these investigations, the committee is of the opinion that the public has received adequate return for all moneys paid to private charitable institutions; that the expenditures made have been, in most instances, far less than if the institutions had been conducted by the public; that the religious training which is insured for the young by the methods now pursued is of incalculable benefit; that *the care of those in private institutions is better, in most instances, than that received in those under control of public local officers, and is, at least, as good and fully on a par with the institutions, fewer in number, directly under the control of the State itself;** that the public moneys expended under the prevailing methods are supplemented by the expenditure of enormous sums from private sources; that to a large extent the buildings and accessories of these organizations have been supplied at private cost, and that the method, upon the whole, is certainly the most economical that can be devised, and will be still more economical when some comparatively trifling abuses, such as the too long retention of inmates or laxity in their admission, shall have been remedied.

* This passage is not italicized in the original.—ED.

"If the amendments proposed by the earnest people who submitted them were carried out to their legitimate conclusion, and if the partial support from public sources to orphan asylums, foundling asylums, and kindred institutions which are necessarily under denominational control, were withdrawn, it is to be feared the State itself, or its civil divisions, would be called upon, at infinitely greater cost, to endeavor to perform a service which it could never adequately render, and which would tend to deprive the orphan, the foundling, the sick, and other unfortunate dependents upon charity of the advantages afforded through the aid of thousands of volunteers, many of whom now devote their lives, without compensation, to co-operation with the State in this, its noblest work, inspired thereto by praiseworthy religious impulses, and which bring to these institutions, not the perfunctory service which would be rendered by paid public officials, many of them qualified only by political service, but a sincere devotion of officers, directors, managers, and subordinates engaged in their work as a labor of love and not for emolument."

Total disseverance between the State and all sectarian institutions sound well, but have those who raised the cry looked into the possibility of maintaining the change in every contingency? What have they suggested as a substitute for the obnoxious institutions in case of widespread calamity and public danger? Nothing. On this point the report goes on:

"Probably the noblest sectarian charities in the world are hospitals in the city of New York. They are supported entirely by private sectarian contributions and endowments, but they extend their benefits without regard to race, creed, color, or religion. In former years they occasionally required and received local assistance, which, however, at present they do not require or receive, but the occasion might arise, at any moment, calling for the use of these hospitals by the city for public purposes, and the establishment of contractual relations between the city and some one or more of these institutions. If the prohibitory amendments were adopted such arrangements would become impossible, and the city would be deprived of what might be an indispensable facility in its charitable work.

"The proponents of the amendments against which your committee reports in substance, point to the constitutions of other States as establishing precedents in their favor. But the situation of the Empire State, and especially the Empire City,

is unique. They are called upon to render charitable work not only for those born within the boundaries of the State, but for hundreds of thousands coming to us from every nation, from every clime, and from every other State. Should the ability to continue the methods heretofore employed be terminated, it would be impossible for us to cope with these burdens.

"These conclusions have been arrived at by your committee not hurriedly, but only after the most patient examination of the whole subject, both generally and in its details; an examination which, while it served in the case of some few of the members of the committee to strengthen existing impressions, in the case of the majority of the committee cause the adoption of these opinions despite contrary views which had been entertained before investigation." (*Official Document No. 59.*)

Besides the public institutions of the State and city, a number of orphan asylums are supported by local funds, and to these, as well as to private families of different denominations, the local authorities send a large number of helpless children, to be maintained and educated in their own faith out of the local funds. Were the proposed amendment on sectarian charities adopted, it would be unlawful for the local authorities to continue this salutary practice. The orphans sent to these institutions thereafter would then be somewhat in the position of prisoners—held in places of confinement, in which, while they would be fed and clothed, they would be deprived of all chance of religious training; in other words, compulsorily brought up as pagans. Would this be in accord with the spirit of American liberty and the American Constitution?

Liberal-minded people of all shades of belief will be gratified by the finding of the Committee on Charities; had the Committee on Education only taken similar pains to inform themselves on the subject of their inquiry they could hardly, supposing them all to be equally conscientious and fair-minded as the Committee on Charities, have arrived at the recommendation which stands in their name. They propose to cut off from State aid all schools connected with denominational institutions; thus placing the Constitutional Convention in a self-stultificatory position. If the recommendations of the convention be scheduled and codified before presentation to the public, this anomaly must stand out strikingly. No constitutional body can afford to make itself ridiculous by trying to pull in opposite directions like the teams in a tug of war. They must pull all together, or not pull at all.

THE GOBHAN SAER.

BY REV. GEORGE MCDERMOT.

[IN Irish legendary lore this personage has the place, to some extent, that Mercury holds in the oldest Hellenic myths. But the Gobhan is a Prometheus as well as a Mercury. Even to this day structures of extreme antiquity are ascribed by the Irish peasants to the Gobhan Saer. In these verses I make him one of the Tuatha de Danaans, the most illustrious and civilized of the Irish races, and who, the old chroniclers tell us, possessed almost unlimited magical powers. By means of their incantations they sent a storm on the Milesian fleet as it approached the Isle of Destiny, but some more potent spirit guarded the fortunes of those whose descendants were to bear a part so wonderful and touching in the history of European civilization. The Danaans next wrapped the island in Egyptian darkness, and it took "our great forefathers," as Moore calls them in the most exquisite of the melodies, three days to find the shore. In the battle that followed the Danaans moved all the elements to fight for them, but nothing, of course, could resist the valor and fortune of their enemies. In their despair the kings and magi changed themselves into fairies, in which shape they have had the satisfaction of employing a capricious, but not always an unamiable, hostility to their conquerors for the last four thousand years. I suppose it was only the common people that were slaughtered or enslaved.]

INDUCTION.

I saw the greatest Danaan king, and last,
'Mid rocks that travail'd nature bore in pain:
He stood a phantom from the ages past,
With eye and hand uplifted o'er the main
That far below its angry surges cast,
And claimed as his that desolation's reign.
It must have been a dream, that solitude
And phantom standing 'mid the rocks so rude.

But clear as light I saw the witness-scars
Which knowledge writes on faces of the wise;
And clear against the moon the mountain-bars,
And clear the lustre of his musing eyes;
As though he knew all things beneath the stars
And changes endless of the circling skies.
I knew him then; and now I'll tell his tale,
An echo from old time—a sigh, a wail.

LEGEND OF THE LAST DANAAN.

In Erin once there lived a wizard old
Into whose heart, 'twas said, the gods had sent

Profoundest wisdom; so he could behold
All thoughts, all times, as through a curtain rent.
His beard like a white torrent downward roll'd;
His form, as one bends o'er a lyre, was bent
By age, and shaken, as by wind or flame,
With purposes like waves that on him came.

Each glen and hill is of his life a page;
Unknown his race, though in the city long
He'd lived—a seer from a forgotten age—
Amid the wrecks strewn by the seasons strong
In their triumphant course—an archimage,
Who wonders wrought undreamt in poet's song.
He rais'd the city-walls and towers on high;
He laid the bridge where the swift waters fly.
He led the blanching torrent from the height
A captive serving at the city's heart;
He fix'd the rod that draws the lightning's flight,
Else winged with ruin, from the cloud apart;
The pillar tow'r he built, to watch at night*
The firmament above him like a chart;
And read the destinies of kingly men,
In trancèd stars that circled o'er him then.

He was from forth the mighty Danaan kings,
Those magians deep whose spells had pow'r on all
On land and sea, and on the inmost things
Which the great mother hides within her pall:
And hence they sent the wind upon its wings
To sink th' invaders and their galleys tall.
But all in vain. Next raising up a cloud,
They covered all the land as with a shroud.

In vain; for the invaders gain'd the shore.
Next on them fell fierce arrow-flights of rain;
The thunder mingled with the ocean's roar,
And lightning, earth-created, flash'd amain.
But the Milesians, fortunate still, bore
All down, and piled up pyramids of slain.
Yet on the Danaan Kings they had no pow'r,
For these to fairies changed in that sad hour:

* One of the theories about the round towers is that they were sun-dials (gnomons) and astronomical observatories. It is quite needless to say that this theory has been completely refuted by Dr. Petrie.

Save him who stands in the eclipse of time—
  Half light, half shadow—called the Gobhan Saer.
And forty centuries have struck their chime
  Since his strong spirit cast its spell in Eire,
And made her rise, amid the lands, sublime,
  With glory's radiant crown upon her hair;
For, led by love's transforming alchemy,
He taught his foes the arts that keep men free.

By knowledge all a nation's power is bought,
  While ignorance precedes it to its doom;
Thus why he show'd the arts his fathers brought
  From Tyre*—the dyes, the cunning of the loom;
And how the secret of the arch he'd caught †
  From the bow radiant o'er the morning's gloom;
How on a frame of wood he stretched the strings
That ravish when the summer sea-wind sings.

And kindness is a greater king than fate,
  And stronger love than the all-conquering bier;
Still on good deeds the deathless ages wait,
  So thus lives still the memory of the seer
In whom was love a greater power than hate.
  And when night drives the chariot of the year
His deeds by peasant firesides still are told,
As once in halls in Erin's age of gold.

And sometimes when the earth is in a swoon,
  When stars wink in the spaces of the sky,
And hangs like a white lamp the midnight moon,
  Making men dream that something weird is nigh:
From haunted rath a wild, melodious tune
  Comes sobbing, throbbing, like a banshee's cry.
Then all may know the Gobhan Saer's at hand,
Lamenting o'er the well-belovèd land.

* The Danaans were supposed by some to be Phœnicians, but they were men of "fair hair and large size" according to others. They were, perhaps, Celts of another period.

† Strangely enough, the arch seems to have been used in Ireland before it was known anywhere else in north-western Europe. The arched stone fort is of very great antiquity—certainly long before the Danish invasions, which only began in the eighth century. Those who ignorantly attributed such works to the Danes, did so from confounding the Danaans with those barbarians. No antiquarian now makes such a mistake. The Danes were, however, in the opinion of Laeing, greatly superior to their Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic conquerors in knowledge of the arts of life in the Viking times. But Laeing seems to go too far on account of his contempt for the swinish propensities of the English and Germans. But England undoubtedly owes an inestimable debt to her Norman-French conquerors. In connection with this it is right to add that the Normans in Ireland always called themselves Norman-Irish, never Anglo-Irish, and that in England, before the reign of Edward I., the Normans never called themselves Anglo-Normans, but Frenchmen or Normans simply.

As a writer of short tales Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg has hitherto been known to the public; she now challenges its verdict in a different *rôle*. The more ambitious attempt is in reality the easier of the two; for every one who has trod the weary road of literature knows that the real art of the novelist is shown in the quality of the work which is concentrated because circumscribed. The writer who can produce one of those literary cameos which catch the interest and sway the imagination despite of itself performs a feat, and the ability to do so ought to be equal to the task of writing a more leisurely and beaten-out story of equal brilliancy. Miss Bugg has an excellent outfit for the literary road. She possesses the two useful qualities of wit and sympathy; power of observation and ability to convey her analysis clearly she also reckons as part of her kit. Yet many will prefer to read her, we venture to say, in her briefer efforts than in the novel *Orchids*,* which she has just published.

For purposes of general classification, novels may be roughly divided into two kinds—those which aim at presenting an artistic picture of life, and those which give us its tragedy or its comedy just as it occurs, without any harmonious "equities," to use a legal metaphor. There are many gradations and subdivisions in these two orders, of course; but every novel dealing with mundane life comes under either heading. *Orchids* belongs to the former class, and its shortcomings are in the "equities" of the story, its excellences in the detailed treatment.

The central figure in the tale is a woman. The conception is well worked out; in the flesh and in the spirit the model of womanhood is faithfully copied, with those weaknesses of worldliness and those elevations of heroism of which some are capable. A character to whom such loftiness as she is made to show was possible should not be unequally matched. It is certainly as true as anything we know that this is one of the para-

* *Orchids*. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. St. Louis: B. Herder.

doxes of life. Women of such a type are frequently met with, bestowing the priceless treasures of an unselfish love and sacrificing everything in life upon and for very worthless objects. But the dramatist will not select such ridiculous and inexplicable opposites for dramatic purposes. The personality to engage a woman's soul to the point of renunciation of everything for his sake must have some transcendent qualities of mind if not of person—a man of noble parts or magnificent ambitions. There is no adequate reason visible in this novel why Margaret Clayton, the American heiress, should have fallen in love with the English nobleman, Lord Parkhurst. There is, on the contrary, the strongest reason why she should, if she were a high-minded woman, scorn him, since his original motives in seeking her affections were mercenary and his real love for her only incidental. The lord's pecuniary embarrassments prevent him from marrying, save for the purpose of preserving the family acres, and when Margaret Clayton gives up her fortune to save her dead father's memory from disgrace, he takes leave of Margaret, instead of having the manliness to renounce the acres which were now in reality the Jews', and saying "Love against the world; I shall go and work for our living." That Margaret should seek consolation in a convent is not too preposterous a consummation, considering that she figures as a Catholic; but it is not the climax of the modern American love-story of real life. But Margaret Clayton is not of the *fin de siècle* type of American girl by any means.

The chord of the romance is the tragic lesson of the inevitableness of the Nemesis of evil deeds. It is the fraud by which Margaret Clayton's father became rich which bears the train of consequences that involves her heart's ruin, besides inflicting direful miseries upon others. This is sure ground, and much can be made of it by any writer of ordinary skill. The author of *Orchids* has not transcended the limits of every-day experience in her application of the time-worn principle. The only thing novel is the voluntary sacrifice by the heroine of all her money in satisfaction of a very nice scruple of conscience. It is only when she has done this, and in consequence been discarded by her lover, that she becomes religious. Up to this point she shines as a society butterfly merely. In the case of a young lady who had not been trained in a Catholic convent, this might not be startling; but as Margaret Clayton is pictured as having had that advantage, her worldliness is inconsistent and unnatural.

It is ill-judged of Miss Bugg, in fine, to anticipate the criticism of her work which her publishers specially invite and at which she becomes sarcastic. It is the duty of the press to criticise books proffered to the public, and it is good for an author to know what the critics think. The public who read are, after all, the tribunal of public resort, and they will judge between the critic and the author. This fact, any reflecting author ought to know, is a wholesome deterrent upon malevolent criticism. And, furthermore, were it not for the criticism which a work receives, favorable or otherwise, it would have very little chance of ever reaching the tribunal of public appeal, to any remunerative extent.

In a recent magazine article Mr. J. A. Froude announces the discovery that it is only great people who make any impression on history, and the mass of men and women who lead commonplace lives pass away and nobody minds. Perhaps a more useful function for such writers as he would be to correct this tendency of an unjust eclecticism, by searching out the work of the commonplace people and leaving the Alexanders and the Hannibals rest content with the glory they already enjoy. The world is beginning to read history upon a new scheme. It has discovered that commonplace people have had quite as much to do with the making of history as the heroes whom Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle worshipped, only somehow nobody ever thought it worth while to chronicle their doings. The currents of the ocean are never seen; it is only the vast billows which splash against heaven that excite our awe and admiration.

From time to time Mr. Froude has written a good deal about Ireland, yet it never struck him to write about the commonplace priests and obscure friars who furtively lived there during the long winter of the penal days. And yet he might with advantage to his own chances of post-mortem fame have done so, for these commonplace persons influenced the fortunes of the country and the course of British affairs there not a whit less forcibly than the sword of Cromwell or the policy of Pitt. There are other hands, fortunately, quite as capable of performing the work, willing and eager to rescue from oblivion the memory of the heroic men who fed the flame of religion and patriotism in those abysmal days. The Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., has begun the work,* and, since it is too vast a

* *Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century.* By the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, Royal Irish Academy, Todd Professor of the Celtic Languages.

one by far for any one pen, it may be hoped that others may be found in time to imitate so worthy an example.

It is chiefly with members of the Jesuit Order who ministered in Ireland during the Elizabethan period that this first of a series of books deals. In time, no doubt, the learned author will take up the story of other priests, and distinguished laymen, too, perhaps, who co-operated with them in the maintenance of the old religion in Ireland. He has had the advantage of studying the personal correspondence of the subjects of his memoirs, and the value of these documents as authentic historical material will be readily recognized. In truth the letters quoted throw a wonderfully vivid light on the political and social condition of Ireland in Elizabeth's time, such as cannot easily be found in any other sources. It is a singular circumstance that whilst the Catholic clergy were being hunted to death by the government, they were in many places actively engaged in the good work of restoring public order and converting many men driven to outlawry by the measures of the government into the ways of honesty and moral living. The picture of active persecution of the Catholic population at the same time gives a vivid idea of the ordeal through which the country passed, and the indomitable spirit in which the priests and their flocks faced the bitter situation. It is a stirring record, and one without any parallel since the days of the Roman Empire.

There are sixteen sketches embraced in this volume, fifteen of the subjects of which were members of the Society of Jesus—namely: Fathers David Woulfe, Edmund O'Donnell, Robert Rochfort, Charles Lea, Edmund Tanner, Richard Fleming, John Howling, Thomas White, Nicholas Comerford, Walter Talbot, Florence O'More, Thomas Filde, Richard de la Field, Henry Fitzsimon, James Archer, William Bathe, and Christopher Hollywood; also Brother Dominick Collins of the same order. The latter was one of those who were in the Castle of Dunboy when it was seized by Carew; he fell into the hands of the English, and was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

There is no work we are aware of which gives so startling a picture of the horrors of the Elizabethan period in Ireland as the letters contained in these biographical sketches. The perils of privation, of imprisonment, and torture which the Irish priests faced, too often to succumb to, recall the Church of the Catacombs.

The perfidy of the foe who lay in wait for them was not the least conspicuous of his savage characteristics. It was quite

habitual to invite the Irish chieftains to friendly conferences and banquets, on the pretext of amity, and whilst they were feasting to cause them and their retainers to be massacred. At one time it was announced that any priests disposed to leave the country would be provided with ships to sail away to whatever place they wished to go. Forty Cistercians and two Dominicans thought to avail of this favor to get over to France, and they were taken *on board a man-of-war*. When out at sea they were all thrown overboard. The captain and crew were imprisoned for a while for the crime, but were shortly afterwards rewarded; and for a similar act of atrocity committed in 1644 an English captain received the thanks of Parliament.

It is not alone upon the troubled affairs of Ireland that these absorbing records throw light. Some of the priests mentioned were engaged in military chaplain duty with armies of the Catholic powers, and they give descriptions and details of many events, in the course of their correspondence, which have no small historic value. A thrilling sketch of the battle of Prague, for instance, is found in the letters of Father Henry Fitzsimon, and it is accompanied by a graphic sketch of the distinguished soldier the Duke of Bucquoi, who commanded the Catholic forces in the campaign in Bohemia in 1620.

The learned author and compiler of these memoirs has laid the justice-loving portion of the world under a deep obligation in rescuing the memory of those sublimely heroic men from the haze of ignorance regarding them which the studied neglect of prejudiced historians had flung over the theme. It is not alone the style in which the work is done, but its thoroughness, so far as materials were accessible anywhere, that renders it an invaluable addition to a Catholic library.

A very serviceable book for photographers is that of Professor Wilson.* The publisher is a recognized authority on everything connected with the art, and the diagrams and explanations with which his dictionary abounds leave no point in all its range, down to the very latest discovery, untouched.

A great enterprise carried to a successful completion finds a fitting record in the *Final Report on the Catholic Educational Exhibit* at the World's Columbian Exposition.† Now that the great Exposition is a thing of the past and a memory merely, it is consoling to know that we have at hand for practical pur-

* *Wilson's Cyclopœdic Photography.* New York: Edward L. Wilson, 853 Broadway.

† *Final Report on the Catholic Educational Exhibit, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago*, 1893. Chicago: Rokker-O'Donnell Printing Company.

poses the substantial record of the work done by our great educational establishments and the triumphs won by their apt pupils. The report which finally closes this important chapter in education is a comprehensive document. It deals with details no less than principles, and carefully classifies and categorizes the work done by every diocese. It gives a minute and consecutive history of the movement, from its inception to its close; and the impression which a study of it leaves on the mind of the reader is that of wonder at the conscientious manner in which all the details are carried out.

The report is addressed by Rev. Brother Maurelian, F.S.C., the secretary and manager of the exhibit, to the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, in his capacity as President of the Board of Directors, and it opens with an introduction by the bishop, acknowledging the document and containing at the same time a remarkable tribute to its value and importance. We know that Brother Maurelian modestly disclaims the credit to which he is entitled for his herculean labor in connection with the exhibit. The Bishop of Peoria, who has borne the chief burden of the direction of the work, knows how much of its success was really owing to the painstaking zeal of the secretary and manager, and he bears frank testimony to what he and many others have recognized. The Holy Father, under whose cheering auspices the exhibition was begun, has had photographs of the whole presented to him and a statement of the work, and has been pleased to express his high approval of it all. Bishop Spalding dwells on the excellent effect which the bringing together of the work of so many schools must have upon the teachers, in the comparison of methods and the encouragement to exertion which the sense of fellowship and association must have upon many teachers working in remote and secluded places. The moral effect which the magnitude and beauty of the great display has had upon the public mind, accustomed to look upon the Catholic education as something superficial, shallow, and unpractical, must have been great. Some notion of it may be gleaned from the many opinions of the press and special reports of various institutions quoted in the Final Report.

A balance-sheet is appended to the report. This shows that close on forty thousand dollars were subscribed for the purposes of the exhibit, and of this only two hundred and ninety-two dollars remained unexpended at the close. Only about one-third of the United States' dioceses sent exhibits, but liberal subscrip-

tions were forwarded from the bishops of the unrepresented dioceses in furtherance of the work.

Large photographic views of the exhibit, in every part, have been prepared; and these, we are glad to learn, are to be published in instalments, together with descriptive letter-press. We have no doubt they will be widely welcomed and carefully treasured by all the schools which have borne a part in this great Catholic enterprise.

Absolute atheism and infidelity is not the really formidable obstacle to the spread of God's light and truth. The greatest stumbling-block is the inert mass of semi-doubt and semi-belief. Those who accept so much of divine revelation as suits, and reject what they do not agree with, form the majority of the stubborn enemies of God. Under whatever name or form it is disguised, this rationalism is the deadly weed, omnipresent and ubiquitous, whose trailing roots threaten death to the fair harvest of faith. The rationalism which admits much of the truth of the Gospel and yet denies the divinity of the *fons et origo* of the Gospel, Jesus of Nazareth, is the most crass and perverse of all. This divinity which they impugn is the corner-stone of the church, yet these fatuous reasoners believe the church can stand when they pull that corner-stone out and leave a vacuum in its stead. What incredible self-deception!

Of the nature of the divinity itself, it is little wonder that the human mind should find itself powerless when it endeavors to grasp the meaning; faith and reason are alike impotent in the face of that unfathomable mystery. But of the claim to divinity of the Redeemer of the world how any one can doubt who believes in the rest of the New Testament, it is amazing to contemplate.

It is to encourage rather than to strengthen the belief of his *protégés* that Père Didon has written his lectures on the Divinity of our Redeemer.* His own ardent faith in it is of a kind not to be easily described. It is a passion with him, so to speak, which glows through every sentence of the book he dedicates to the pupils of the schools of Albert le Grand, La Place, and Lacordaire. We would commend this work, for its style no less than its contagious enthusiasm, to the *alumni* of our own colleges. It is marked throughout by that emotionalism in feeling conjoined to precision in statement which is charac-

* *Belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.* By the Rev. Father Didon, of the Order of St. Dominic. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

teristic of the French school, but the tone is chaste and subdued, as becomes the solemnity of the subject, all through. In fine, whether as examples of earnest expression of an irresistible belief, or a classic grace of style, these lectures deserve a place amongst the literary treasures of the day.

The Congregation of the Oratory occupies so unique a position in the process of Catholic recuperation, that its story deserves a place apart from the general ecclesiastical chronicle. Our own times have been the witness of the singular intellectual conflict which resulted in its triumph in England, at a moment when the Catholic light in that country flickered apparently in its last feeble struggle for life. Reflection on its rise and progress brings home most forcibly to our mind, not alone the fact that a Divine power watches over the course of Christ's barque in time of storm and stress, but that in the selection of instruments and opportunities there is a special adaptation of men and means to the intellectual thought of each particular period of crisis. There is nothing in the natural course of mundane affairs to call forth such saviours of the faith, as there is so frequently in the great political crises which produce patriots and heroes. The times get out of joint, and when they are at their lowest moral level it has always been found that men, animated by the spirit of God, appeared and changed the whole drift of the danger by sheer force of personal character. St. Philip Neri was one of the most prominent examples of this supernatural law.

It is with great gratification we welcome the appearance of a second edition of Cardinal Capecelatro's *Life of St. Philip Neri*.* The cardinal's work is held in high estimation, inasmuch as it is one which follows the modern style of biography; that is, the style of painstaking research on all obscure points, rather than the older way of dwelling upon particular phases or periods. This was the fault of two previously existing biographies of St. Philip—namely, those of Gallonio and Bacci. Their value cannot be minimized, so far as they go, as what they wrote is the record of what they saw and knew as contemporaries and intimates of the extraordinary subject of their memoirs. But in this work we have the consecutive narrative of St. Philip's life, from the beginning down to the wonderful end.

The period embraced in this mortal span covered most of the sixteenth century, and was made memorable by the growth

* *The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome.* By Alfonso Cardinal Capecelatro. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

of the singular movement known as the Pagan Renaissance. This extraordinary craze had its culminating point, or rather attained its maximum of force, during St. Philip's life. It differed from the Neo-Platonic movement of the early centuries of Christianity, in the fact that it was an absolute recoil from Christianity instead of an honest attempt of philosophic paganism to reconcile itself with the new tenets, as Neo-Platonism in general seems to have been. The formidable character of this assault upon Christianity may be inferred from the fact that it penetrated even to the Vatican, and caused the writings of the Greek philosophers to be regarded as of higher value than even the sacred Scriptures! The author cites proof of this amazing fact in the correspondence of Cardinal Bembo, secretary to Pope Leo X. Writing to his friend, Cardinal Sadolet, this dignitary is found advising him to give up the study of St. Paul's Epistles, lest "their barbarous style" might injuriously affect his own, and study the Greeks instead of the Scriptures. When decadence had penetrated so near to the heart of Christianity, it was little wonder that the extremities should suffer from atrophy. It was hardly to be wondered at that Protestantism found such a time favorable for its propagation.

But if the danger was great the resources of the threatened citadel were greater still. Intellect met intellect, and in the struggle that intellect which placed its hope in divine grace triumphed over that which stood only on the ground of ancient philosophy. What a galaxy of great and glorious names glitter on the records of the church in those days! Teresa, Catherine of Genoa, Cajetan, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, Philip Neri, Charles Borromeo—these are only a few of the more illustrious ones. Whilst the giant mind of Ignatius Loyola bent itself to the task of assailing the foe outside the gate, it was the still more onerous mission of St. Philip to reorganize the forces within. Both operations proceeded simultaneously, and St. Philip's was destined, under God, to be crowned with complete success. This second edition of Cardinal Capecelatro's work does not appear a day too soon, the first having been published a good many years ago. The translation into English has been made by the Rev. Thomas Alder Pope, M.A., of the Oratory, Brompton. An excellent tinted copper-plate engraving of St. Philip's bust, from an old painting, is given as frontispiece.

A symptom of the reappearance of the Napoleonic fever is the republication of a number of Alexandre Dumas' works relating to the Consulate and the First Empire. The series em-

braces *The Companions of Jehu* and *The Whites and the Blues*,* each of which may be regarded as veritable romance of history, or rather history pure and simple with a glamor of thin romance wound about it. These works are useful. They help to light up a period about which many conflicting views have been put forward, and give us some idea of what the great actors on the stage of the Revolution were really like in the flesh, and not as they appear in the concave mirrors of Carlyle's prodigious descriptions. At the same time these books must be taken *quantum valeant*. They are essentially Dumas-esque in their style—theatrical, galvanic, lay-figurish, and dime-novelish. It is to be noted that this edition is embellished with many choice plates and is turned out in handsome blue and gilt covers.

We have got past the days when the story of *Poor Cock Robin* was thought the sort of literature to amuse the juvenile mind. It is better, after all, to rouse the sympathy of young minds by recitals of the vicissitudes and heroism of real fellow-creatures than chimerical beings. Mrs. Clark's book telling of the fortunes of *The Children of Charles I.*† is one eminently suited for young readers. The sorrows of "Charles the Martyr" and his unhappy but heroic queen and their children are more real than the "sorrows of Werther," and even the children of republican fathers and mothers may derive more advantage to their feelings by the recital of them than they would from anything appealing to a false sentiment for things purely imaginary whose unreality is known to both story-teller and listener. This book is nicely brought out and is embellished by photographs of Vandyke's portraits of the chief characters and other pictures.

The association of the most exquisite flowers with devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a natural thought. Flowers are the most wonderful examples of God's power and perfection in the work of material creation, and a figure therefore, in some sense, of the ineffable loveliness and spiritual beauty of his chosen Maid. It is not wonderful that we seek to show our ardent admiration for this flower of fallen humanity by laying the fairest flowers of our gardens on her altars, or that poets and preachers should find in them the happiest illustrations of their

* The Napoleon Romances: *The Companions of Jehu. The Whites and Blues.* With *The She-Wolves of Machecoul* and *The Corsican Brothers.* By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *The Children of Charles I.* By Mrs. C. S. H. Clark. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

conceptions of her sublime attributes. One of the most charming pieces of Marian anthology that we have seen is the series of addresses by Father Louis Gemminger, delivered at Ingolstadt in May, 1858. This work has gone through four editions in German, and it is now rendered into English by a sister of the Benedictine Order, under the title *Flowers of Mary*.* The devout reader will find in this rare collection a very large number of flowers which have been connected with the veneration of the Virgin, either emblematically or by tradition. These addresses of Father Gemminger are not only models of devotion to God and our Lady, but their literary style is also charming. They afford a rare spiritual treat, and the independent character of the chapters enables the work to be taken up in a spare moment and laid aside for future use, without any loss of continuity, and leaving a delightful feeling of mental refreshment as the immediate effect. Gratitude to the good sister who has provided us with this excellent stimulus to devotion is the feeling that must actuate every reader.

Two little books for young children may be specially commended—*Happy Hours of Childhood* and *By the Seaside*.† They are devoted to short stories suited to very little people, and whilst the style of these is simple, the incidents they relate and the lessons they convey are at once human enough to hold the juvenile intellect and striking enough to be impressive. They are from the pen of a lady who seems to know how to write for children.

One of the most useful contributions to the literature of the movement for union in the churches is a little pamphlet just issued by the Catholic Truth Society, Worcester Conference, under the title *Infallibility*. The Rev. Thomas F. Butler, the author, puts his case in such a way as to make it clear to the meanest intelligence. Only such minds as do not desire to be convinced of error can refuse assent to the argument he makes for the principle of inerrancy as an indispensable element in the Christian Church. The tone and temper of the plea must commend it powerfully. It breathes throughout of charity and fraternal persuasion, such as becomes men engaged in serious argument on the most vital business of their lives. An extensive circulation of this admirable *brochure* cannot but be productive of great benefit to doubting souls. The pamphlet is published at the *Messenger* office, Worcester, Mass.

* *Flowers of Mary*. By Rev. Louis Gemminger. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

† *Happy Hours of Childhood. By the Seaside.* By a member of the Order of Mercy. New York: P. O'Shea.

One of the "Catholic National Series" of the Messrs. Benziger is especially commendable. It is called *The New Fifth Reader*. The selections embrace some of the best compositions of recent years, in poetry and prose. Some fine engravings are interspersed. An excellent little volume of *Bible Stories for Little Children* is also issued by the same enterprising firm. An illustrated volume of *Bible History*, by the Bishop of Cleveland, Right Rev. Dr. Gilmour, deserves a special word of commendation.

Pranks, a farcical comedy, by Mr. and Mrs. McHardy Flint, is a little bit of fun intended for the amusement of convent-school pupils. It is lively and full of harmless pleasantry. An *Elocutionist* selected by the same authors, for school recitations, displays excellent taste in choice of subjects. The publishers are George Philips & Son, Fleet Street, London.

The most difficult thing for any one short of a mystic is to picture the future existence, and this is the task which the author of *The Wedding Garment* * sets before him in this strange rhapsody. Of one thing there appeared to be no doubt in his mind: that persons entering the next world carried with them there much the same sort of ideas, the same appetites, passions, likes and dislikes that agitate them on this mundane orb. Many grotesque things are put into the book, and some rather disgusting; some of these seeming to be allegorical, others satirical, of things in the author's cognizance. In his idea the place where these supramundane things occur is a sort of intermediate world between the spiritual and the physical. Whether the work be entirely satirical or merely aimless fancy, we cannot say; but amid the preponderating silliness there are occasionally some pretty bits of sentiment and fancy.

I.—SCIENCE AND SCRIPTURES.†

The topics treated of in this volume are of very great importance, and of very great and wide interest at this present time. Treatises on these topics written in a plain, popular style, and within a reasonably small compass, so that they are suitable for general use, are of very great utility, and are few in number. Those who write on such topics need to have special and rather uncommon qualifications. In the first place,

* *The Wedding Garment*. A tale of the life to come. By Louis Pendleton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† *Bible, Science, and Faith*. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, author of *Sound and Music*, *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists*, etc. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

a writer must be well acquainted with the scientific subjects of which he treats, and know how to discriminate between science and scientific hypothesis. In the second place, he must be well acquainted with theology, and know how to discriminate between Catholic doctrines and opinions of Catholic authors. In the third place, he must have a spirit of docility and reverence toward that doctrinal and disciplinary direction of ecclesiastical authority which is a secure even when it comes short of being an infallible rule, and the strongest safeguard against speculations which if not directly heretical are erroneous or temerarious. A writer, however well intentioned he may be, who is wanting in any of these qualifications, and who lacks the consummate prudence which is required in order to guide inquirers safely in paths which have not been explored and surveyed before the present generation, may fall into serious mistakes. He may restrict or enlarge too much the bounds of free opinion. He may pass off mere opinions for Catholic theology, or baseless speculations for science. He may err by servility toward theological or scientific authority, or by impertinence. There are some very forward advocates of Catholic liberty who have fallen into this last fault to a very marked degree. In either case, it may happen that a work written for explanation or defence of some parts of the Catholic religion, will be a nuisance, and do more harm than an openly infidel or heretical attack.

We look on Father Zahm's volumes as a veritable god-send, because they are both theologically and scientifically sound. He is bold and unhesitating in his statements and arguments, but only where he is sure that his ground is tenable. Respectable and trustworthy authors have gone over every part of it before him, and he has followed in their footsteps. This is just what intelligent and inquiring Catholics need, namely, a guide who can be trusted as safe, so that they need not fear to be led astray from faith and orthodoxy. We can recommend Father Zahm as safe.

His first volume is a defence of the Catholic Church against the accusation of being indifferent or even hostile to science. The scope of the present volume is to make it clear what the faith does really teach in regard to the origin and history of the world and the human race. This being done, what is beyond and outside of this teaching is an open field, wherein the important and interesting questions relating to cosmogony, geology, astronomy, chronology, and physics may be discussed by scientific and historical methods and decided according to

the same, in different and even opposite senses, without prejudice to orthodoxy, the church remaining perfectly neutral. The great interest manifested at the Summer-School in Father Zahm's Lectures shows how eager a great many of the laity are in seeking instruction in this class of subjects, and how competent Father Zahm is to give it.

2.—STAFFORD CATHOLICS.*

Mr. Gillow, to whose labors we are indebted for the *Bibliographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, has in this volume given what may be called chips from his work-shop in illustration of the history of a single parish (or, as it is called, a mission) from the time of the Reformation up to our own days. He has devoted the same unwearied and evidently loving labor to this smaller volume as to the larger work—a work which we regret to say is still unfinished. It is hard to estimate the amount of research involved in tracing out and discovering the genealogical record of the priests and benefactors of the mission in the accurate way in which Mr. Gillow has performed the work. It may be worthy of note and will certainly be interesting to our readers to learn that while of most of the priests Mr. Gillow gives us the family tree, of the priest who seems to have been of the greatest service to the mission, who built the present church, and who won the warmest affections of the people—the late Canon O'Sullivan—the only ancestral record as given by our author is that "he was a native of Ireland, [who] when but three months old had the misfortune to lose his father, a farmer of the middle of one of the southern counties."

This will, we believe, be found an interesting record by others than those who are locally interested in the town and mission of Stafford. It is in small a history of the Church in England from and during the days when to be a priest involved the serious risk of being disembowelled while still alive—such was the fate of the second missioner who served St. Thomas's Priory—to our own happier times when the present servant of the mission is summoned to the councils of the Prince of Wales, not indeed, it is true, for spiritual but for musical advice. To conclude in Mr. Gillow's own words: "And now, after three centuries of oppression, by every form of persecution that

* *St. Thomas's Priory;* or, The Story of St. Austin's, Stafford. London: Burns & Oates, limited (New York: Benziger Brothers).

human ingenuity could devise, what a marvellous change has come over this country! Is it the effect of a new leaven, or rather the return of the prodigal to 'the days of our fathers'? The nets of Peter are again let down. Narrow prejudice and extreme ignorance are fast giving place to ingenuousness and a sincere desire of enlightenment. Half a century ago there was hardly a bell in England that could be rung from a Catholic church to call its congregation to divine worship. Thrice a hundred years intervened ere toll from turret and steeple called to the ancient service—the sole one of old. Now from numberless Catholic churches peal forth sweet chimes, and over the land hundreds of bells like St. Austin's daily send forth their summons:

"When mirth and joy are on the wing,
I ring;
To call the folks to church in time,
I chime;
When God requires of man a soul,
I toll."

"The gloom is lifting, gleams of pure brightness are spreading. May we not hope, therefore, that our well-loved country is once more to see the splendor of the day, and to rejoice in the radiance of the true Faith in the one fold?"

NEW BOOKS.

CASSELL PUBLISHING CO:

(Sunshine Series.) *I Forbid the Banns.* By Frank Frankfort Moore. *A Wild Proxy.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. *Edleen Vaughan.* By Carmen Sylva (the Queen of Roumania). *List, ye Landsmen.* By W. Clarke Russell. *Parson Jones.* By Florence Marryat. *Lottie's Wooing.* By Darley Dale. *New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land.* By Basil T. A. Evetts, M.A. *Under the Great Seal.* By Joseph Hatton. *All Along the River.* By M. E. Braddon. *The Medicine Lady.* By L. T. Meade. *A Superfluous Woman.*

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture. By Frederick Justus Knecht, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Freiburg.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., Chicago:

Fundamental Ethics. By Dr. Paul Carus.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.:

My Lady Rotha. By Stanley J. Weyman.

One Hundred Years of Business Life, 1794–1894 (W. H. Schieffelin & Co.) is the record of one of the most eminent and successful business houses in New York, forming an excellent centenary souvenir. It is embellished with portraits of its chief personages, from the founder down to the present partners.

Catholic Library

Editorial Notes

THE waning cause of French monarchy has suffered a heavy reverse by the death of the Count de Paris. This event took place on September 8, in England. Personally the deceased gentleman was estimable in the highest sense, but politically he was a dangerous enemy to the peace of France. His unfortunate intriguing with the notable General Boulanger went very near to plunging the country into the horrors of another civil war, and the effect of the danger has been to make the French people still more embittered against all forms of monarchical government and to strengthen the barriers already raised against its revival. By the people of the United States, however, the prince was held in different estimation. He had lived long amongst them, and had lent his sword to help the Union. When the war was over, he proved his literary skill by giving the world the best history of the great military struggle that had been written. In private life he bore the reputation of an honest and a blameless man. For such the world always finds use, if it can dispense with princes.

The Italian government at last seems disposed to cry *peccavi* and do penance for its monstrous crimes against the Papacy. Manifestations of this disposition have been witnessed of late, so strikingly as to rouse the attention of the whole world. A couple of speeches recently made by Signor Crispi openly advocated an alliance between the church and the civil power for the repression of anarchy, and it is reported that his private secretary has had an audience of Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's secretary of state. Furthermore, the King of Italy has signed the exequaturs of bishops to territory in Africa and other places, although he had previously declined to do so. All this points to the well-nigh complete collapse of the "Kingdom of Italy," and its tardy recognition of the only force which can save it from total destruction.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITHIN the past year the list of associate members in the Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., has increased to the number of two hundred. From the report of the president, Miss Anna M. Mitchell, kindly sent for publication in this department, as well as from outside sources of information, we have no hesitation in declaring that the plan of work adopted has been most successful. It serves to give another proof that no uniform course of reading can be devised that will be universally accepted, owing to the different needs and opportunities of favored localities. The members of each Circle should never be exempted from the task of doing some share of the thinking about plans for their own self-improvement. We commend the following report of the Fénelon for its value to other circles.

The line of reading done by the active members during the year covered the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Having heard so many deprecatory allusions to the "Dark Ages" we thought we would endeavor to throw a little Catholic light upon them. We took the pontificate of Gregory VII. as our starting point. A list of books of reference was furnished by our spiritual director and the members selected at will the ones they preferred to read. Three papers treating of the most important historical and biographical events under consideration were assigned for preparation during each month. The subject of Investitures under Gregory VII. led us to an examination of this subject under Henry II. of England. During the winter months we had papers prepared on the following subjects: Henry IV., Countess Matilda, Gregory VII., Feudal System, William the Conqueror, Henry II. of England, Thomas à Becket. This will give some idea of the historical and biographical ground covered during that time. The rise of the cathedral having occurred during the eleventh century, we decided to devote the spring months to the artistic and literary events of this period. This led to the preparation of papers on the cathedrals of Canterbury, York, Westminster, Notre Dame, and Rouen, while the literature was treated in papers on the transition period of the English language and Geoffrey Chaucer.

The lecture course was arranged so as to have a special bearing on the line of reading. These lectures took place the first Tuesday of every month, at what is known as our monthly tea. In November the Rev. M. G. Flannery gave a strong impetus to our reading by his lecture "An Introduction to the Study of Gregory VII." In December the Rev. Dr. O'Donohue, of Brooklyn, treated as his subject "A Plea for the Study of St. Thomas." In January Mr. John Malone gave a very interesting lecture on "The Catholicity of Shakspere," which he interspersed with recitations from the great dramatist. In February we made somewhat of a departure from our line of reading in order that we might celebrate the ter-centenary of the death of Palestrina. Professor Bernard O'Donnell, of Brooklyn, gave us a very interesting lecture on "Palestrina and Church Music," assisted by a quartet of picked voices from Brooklyn choirs. In March Dr. George Herbermann, of the College of the City of New York, gave us a scholarly discourse on "The Universities of the Middle Ages," and in April the Rev. Arthur M. Clarke, C.S.P., aroused considerable enthusiasm for Hildebrand by his lecture on "A great Pope of the Middle Ages." In May the lecture course closed with a concert arranged under the musical direction of Dr. Walter

O'Brien, of Brooklyn, assisted by some of the leading artists of Brooklyn and New York.

The advisory committee, with the co-operation of the president, made all arrangements for the lectures and the entertainment attending them. The work is systematically divided among the three members comprising this committee. One member has special charge of the literary programme for the business meeting which takes place the third Tuesday of every month. At these meetings the programme is disposed of first, the spiritual director presiding and answering all questions having a theological bearing. Then the president disposes of the business before the meeting. I would like to say, right here, that I think that the members of our Circle have benefited very much by our method of disposing of business in a parliamentary manner. I have observed, with much satisfaction, a great growth in this respect during the past year. It is a lesson that women need very much to learn; namely, how to economize the time and strength that is often wasted in useless discussion. When the business of the Circle is conducted on parliamentary lines they soon learn that the greatest good of the greatest number must be considered, and the will of the majority must rule. Petty personal prejudices are thus allayed, and the supersensitiveness, so characteristic of women, is sufficiently cured to enable them to look at things with the broader view which characterizes the transactions of men. Such a result, although desirable, we cannot hope to accomplish all at once. In "The Fénelon" it has been of slow but sure growth, and I would recommend it to the attention of other Circles as proving the unquestionable benefit to be derived from a constitution.

A notable feature of our lectures has been the attendance at them of several non-Catholics. The lectures requiring no admission fee, the members are urged to invite Protestant friends, and we have had occasion to believe that our Circle has been the medium of much good work in this respect. Father Clarke has pertinently asked: "What are we doing for non-Catholics?" Catholics do not sufficiently realize that they have a duty to perform in disabusing the minds of people outside the church of erroneous ideas which it is often not so much their fault as their misfortune to hold. We have heard such remarks as these made to members of our Circle at the monthly lectures: "Do you mean to tell me that these are all Catholics? Well, I will admit that I have been very much prejudiced, but it is because I have never met any Catholics like these." It is evident from this that the Reading Circle can be made not only a source of good to its members, but a medium of missionary work to those outside their pale. If the leading motive is made an intellectual one, and the standard is kept high, we may be sure of commanding the respect and admiration of thinking Protestants.

A famous professor in one of our leading colleges has recently said that the thing that this generation needed most was enthusiasm. I would add to this earnestness of purpose; for many of the Reading Circles that have met an early death have started out with no lack of enthusiasm; but there has not been sufficient earnestness of purpose to continue the work month after month in spite of the petty obstacles that may arise. The history of the world teaches us that those who have reaped the greatest intellectual benefits are generally those who have had to pursue their studies under the most adverse circumstances. The fact that difficulties arise in the organization of these circles should not discourage those who are anxious to benefit by them. To systematic organization and tenacity of purpose among the members may be attributed much of the success that has made the year just closed an eventful one for the Fénelon Reading Circle, of Brooklyn.

The following letter from a devoted friend was written to the members of the Ozanam Reading Circle:

As I cannot be with you in person this evening, to atone, in a measure, for my absence I will put down some points here in an informal manner which may serve as an introduction to the work you hope to accomplish together during the season. You have now had eight years' experience by which to judge the plan and purpose of the Circle, and I think you will agree with me that it has stood the test. We may not have realized all that we had hoped to do (what human effort does?), but we can look back to some actual achievement, and, what is better, we feel justified in promising ourselves a fruitful future.

That to know what we ought to have and to be willing to devote thought and labor to getting it is the secret of success, is a plain way of putting a truism. Still I think a good many people are in the dark as to what is really desirable, especially in the way of those refinements and accomplishments of life which help to make us attractive as well as useful in the world. I think it is the good fortune of your society to have no pretentious mission. You do not propose to astound the public. You want, first of all, to improve yourselves; and then, it may be, incidentally to entertain your friends; to express your thoughts in speech or writing naturally, and without the pretence of more knowledge than you really possess; to give the proper utterance and expression to those masterpieces of literature which are best brought home to us when they are read or recited, not for mere elocutionary display but to bring out the beauty and the inspiration they contain—such, I take it, is what you are striving to be able to do.

The purpose of your Circle makes necessary a certain unity of sympathy and taste among its members; but, at the same time, no severe standard should be set up to bar out from your Circle those who, in good faith, seek admission. Culture is a much-abused word, but in its best sense it implies gentleness and tolerance rather than exclusiveness. Let us always remember that, however imperfect they may be, our tastes and sympathies can be educated and developed, and even should that development reach no further point than to teach us the art of listening, of giving our attention to what is worth attending to, that in itself is a desirable acquirement.

And let me here upon this very point descend to particulars. The habit of serious, receptive attention is one the importance of which I would strongly impress upon your Circle. It is a duty we owe ourselves, as well as those who speak, read, or recite to us, to listen without distraction and with a positive element of sympathy. Nothing will bring out the best work from a speaker or so effectually create the right impression in ourselves as will this bond of sympathy. How often do we discomfort those who seek our attention, and bore ourselves, because we forget this. And I am naturally led just here to another point and recommendation. Our minds go wandering from the grandest utterance of the grandest thoughts. We look at the speaker, at the musician; not that our eyes must be directed towards the source of the sounds, but that nothing may come between our mental vision and the pictures which the speaker or musician can bring up before us. If our minds yawn, so to speak, we are bothered with distractions and *ennui*. If we could realize perfectly how intimate is the relation between mental and physical conditions, I think a great many problems, especially in the art of expression, would be made clear to us. On this point and others akin to it I hope we will be able to bring to bear practical illustrations in the course of our meetings.

I do not want to claim too much, but I really think that the Ozanam Reading Circle, in its essential features, has been a pioneer in a new field. Let all the members, to the full extent of their abilities and opportunities, do what they can to further its interests and I feel assured that the Circle can be made a permanent power for good, in its own proper sphere.

* * *

As briefly noticed in the mid-summer issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a memorial meeting in honor of the late Brother Azarias was held on May 17, at Washington, D. C.

Since that time the addresses and letters read on the occasion have been collected by Rev. Brother Fabrician, President of St. John's College, and come to us in the form of an admirable little volume, dedicated as "an inspiration to Catholic educational institutions to encourage in life and honor in death Catholic men of letters."

The introduction to the work is from the vigorous pen of the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and consists of a short life-sketch of the gifted Azarias, followed by a number of papers from men prominent in education and letters, each occupied with some special phase of the great author's character, forming one of the most beautiful tributes and brilliant expositions of germ-thought.

We must read a great deal in these days if we would glean even a little knowledge. Books are made; we read them. We sigh a little and pass them from our hands. "Words, words, words." Then we pick up another and repeat the process, and so on *ad infinitum;* so that we are relieved when we do come in contact with a healthy group of ideas, really sound and pure and good, projected to us, as it were, from a skilful setting of concise and accurate language.

It is seldom that more has been said in an equal number of pages than in the present publication. This fact is mainly due to three reasons. That each writer was a master-hand in the theme assigned him; that the themes themselves were of their nature very broad, and that each paper was limited to ten minutes.

"There came," says Brother Fabrician in his preface, speaking of those who took part in the memorial, "the Right Rev. J. J. Keane, D.D., the worthy head of our system of Catholic education in this country; secular education sent its highest representatives, Commissioner W. T. Harris and the late Commissioner John Eaton. The far-famed Woodstock was present in the person of its gifted son, the Rev. Thomas J. McCluskey, S.J.; and the secular clergy voiced its sentiments in the philosophical paper of Rev. P. B. Tarro, while Catholic laymen of letters spoke most eloquently in Dr. A. J. Faust and Colonel R. M. Johnston."

To those of us who were present at the memorial, and whose privilege it also had been to be in attendance at the Catholic Summer-School, there was something of a strange melancholy pleasure in the words and presence of Colonel Johnston. It will be remembered that during the closing week of the second session at Plattsburgh, when in turn we laughed and were sad with Colonel Johnston, he was succeeded immediately after each lecture by the lamented Azarias; and to many of us, on this account, the wonderful personality of the one was intimately associated with the profound scholarship and endearing characteristics of the other. Indeed, even while the closing words of Colonel Johnston's address at Washington were still full in the hearts of his hearers, swaying them like sweet, sad music, it seemed as though the dear Azarias must be at once forthcoming. But he did not come; and who is there among us that will fill his place, now that the scenes of his life-work can know him no more?

Bulletin No. 28 of the Regents of the State of New York contains the report of the Thirty-second University Convocation, which includes a most reliable estimate of the writings of Brother Azarias from the pen of Dr. John A. Mooney.

* * *

An extra number of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* will be issued, containing a complete report of the third session of the Catholic Summer-School of America, on Lake Champlain. This report will be very valuable as a souvenir and for reference, containing, as it will, a detailed account of the proceedings. In the interest of the Summer-School we request aid of the Reading Circles in the dissemination of this report. Price, twenty-five cents a copy. Send orders at once to Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio.

In a letter received from one of the most successful workers in the Reading Circle movement this passage is found:

"To mention the Catholic Summer-School is to recall one of the pleasantest memories of my life. The season, the place, the surroundings, all contributed much to the happiness of those who enlisted as students under its banner. But more than anything else, the beautiful spirit animating every one on every occasion tended to make the stay in Plattsburgh enjoyable. In fact such was our measure of enjoyment that pleasures at home seemed rather dull, and city outlooks very tame in comparison. The absence of such a thing as a clique or class distinction was marked, and consequently on all sides were found the most genial companions. Each one seemed to have put aside, for the time being, personality, and made it a point to be ready on every occasion to further the general good.

"Such a feeling, I dare say, was due as much to the surroundings as to anything else, for wherever we might look in the neighborhood of Plattsburgh we found no inharmonious element. Such was the charm of the place that it is difficult to choose points for description, for each successive day its beauties grow on one, and the memory of it becomes sweeter. It is a spot that must be seen to be appreciated.

"Whether we recall the pleasant drives around Cumberland Head, or to Fredenberg Falls, or the delightful trips on the far-famed Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, Burlington, and Bluff Point, our thoughts and expressions are only those of praise and gratitude; praise of all the natural beauties, so near and yet so far until the Summer-School brought them within our reach of enjoyment; gratitude for kindness which made such a possession possible and dispelled an amount of ignorance regarding the many advantages of this fair land.

"Of the beauties in this Adirondack region in particular it may be said they never cease; for whatever the day in summer, let it be one of sunshine or storm, there is spread before the observer a perfect feast of delights. The great expanse of lake studded with beautiful islands, the quiet village with the river gliding by its side, and the grandeur of the mountains, with the smiling valleys between, are pictures which once seen are not easily forgotten.

"To those lovers of nature anxious to enjoy all her varying moods, to those desirous of obtaining rest for mind and body fatigued after a year's hard work, as well as to those eager to enlarge their fund of knowledge by attending the lecture courses, no invitation can be extended which will prove more cordial, once it is accepted, than that which the Summer-School extends when inviting them to strengthen mind and body in the charming country that surrounds Lake Champlain."

THE VIRGIN OF LOURDES. (*See page 237.*)

THE

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THE CHURCH vs. THE STATE IN THE CONCERNS OF THE POOR.

BY REV. M. O'RIORDAN, PH.D., D.D., D.C.L.

THERE are three elements in human life, without taking account of which it would be absurd to consider the condition of society for any practical purpose; namely, riches and poverty, human suffering, and human passions. Riches and poverty have always been, and ever shall be during our present life, and the contrast will always be a temptation to human passion, spurring those who have not to envy those who have.

The true socialism is that which can institute a *concordia discors* between rich and poor. The church has done that both by word and by deed. On the one hand it teaches patience to the poor by making them feel the full value and meaning of life, by submitting the motive of a reward in the next life for privations patiently borne in this, by giving the world the example of men who, when they might be rich, remained poor of their own accord in order to be more conformed through life and in death to Him who "became poor for our sakes." But whilst it gives the poor motives to suppress temptations to discontent which human passion might awaken, it draws a clear

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distinction between the poverty that must work and the misery that is left to starve. It encourages industry and gives a model of labor in the religious orders of such Christian heroes as St. Bernard and St. Bruno.

NEW PAGANISM AND OLD.

One of the first social results of the church's mission amongst men was to remove from the workman the brand of dishonor with which paganism had marked him. The dignity and the rights of labor are the creation of the church; its lot was disgrace and slavery in that civilization which was created by the prototypes of those who are the apostles of naturalism to-day. Let it not be said that the failure of paganism as a social mainstay is no argument in favor of the church as against the state. In what does a modern state divorced from Christianity differ from old paganism? In nothing that I can see unless that its borrowed plumage makes it more conceited and ungrateful. It has indeed one advantage, but not of its own making; that is, its Christian tradition, which is not yet quite gone, though it is fading fast. The church revived social order by infusing new principles into the pagan world, and formed the Christian state. The state has, like the prodigal, gone out from its mother's home and is wasting its Christian heritage. But it is not all spent yet, and the little that is left gives it its only advantage over the paganism of old Rome. Like all the wilful and wayward, it ignores that. But let us eliminate the work of the church in the world, and we have left but the mere natural society of the old paganism running parallel on the same plane with the mere natural society of the new. When it has run its course, the extreme necessity of self-preservation will complete in it the life of the prodigal, will force it to rise and return home in misery, gasping for the breath of charity and truth, as the old paganism did when the Saviour came.

THE CHARITY OF THE CHURCH AND THE ALMS OF THE WORK-HOUSE.

For the poor, whom illness or old age left without the means to live, the church founded institutions which, unlike our modern work-houses, they thought it no shame to enter, because they were the sanctuaries where the poverty of Christ was venerated in his poor. But we shall see this more in detail further on. On the other hand, the church taught the rich, likewise, that "all flesh is grass"; and, moreover, that property has its duties. The full meaning of *noblesse oblige* has never been so

thoroughly realized as it was in the Christian converts of apostolic times. In the mind and spirit of the church the ownership of wealth is not so absolute that it may be lawfully hoarded and used without any reference to the community in which it has been made. In the ages of faith Catholic charity filled a place in society which the "laws" of modern economists cannot explain. They did not write libraries on political economy as we do now; the fact is, they devoted so much of their time to good works that they had little time left for talking and for theory. Of course, we who, in this age of reason, have reduced social economy to a science could provide for the poor by much better methods than they had—that is, if we liked. But we don't; and that makes a difference. Those whom adversity drives into work-houses somehow feel as if tainted by the disgrace all through life. Their thoughts become transformed; their spirit is bent or broken; they feel that they have lost the frankness which they had retained even through the time of their greatest need, and that they can never raise their heads again. Whatever be the reason of it, that is the fact. Perhaps our scientific economists have a "law" to explain it.

INHUMANITY OF THE PAGAN SYSTEM.

The writer of an essay on "Pre-scientific Socialism," in a joint work on *Socialism, Capital, and Labor*, which was published in London in 1890, says: "The current of the social movement in the Roman Empire was considerably changed by the introduction of Christianity. Its Founder laid, in fact, the foundation stone of a new society, where the slave and freeman, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, were placed on a footing of equality, where mutual affection of the human brotherhood, devotedness to the common cause from a principle of love, forms the moral basis of the social edifice. It produced a silent revolution by means of ideas, the church became the liberator of the oppressed classes and the chief organizer of the new society, curbing passion and pacifying the feuds of a rude social order, making out the patent of liberty and the nobility of labor."

What a contrast to the social methods of human nature left to itself! Paganism had quite another way of providing for the poor; it was, as Châteaubriand says, "infanticide and slavery." No doubt there is enough good left in human nature to give to the world individuals of great natural benevolence. But that is not enough to save society; it is too uncertain and inconstant. The church reduced charity to an institution; the care of the poor was made a public concern, not dependent on the

wavering philanthropy of individuals. The great difficulty it had to meet was not in securing the condemnation of the unnatural treatment from which the poor had suffered; for, to those at least who had become converts to the faith, an abuse so unnatural should appear evident as soon as it was pointed out. The difficulty lay rather in devising such a system of relief as would embrace all manner of deserving distress. Were it not for the charity with which it had imbued the faithful, it were vain to tell the wealthy that they were bound to provide for the poor. Without the church no state system of compulsory taxation was possible, with its influence no such compulsion was necessary. The faithful saw the duty, and they did it; they saw the need, and they relieved it. We think that quite an easy matter now that the taxpayer has become used to such claims; but it was otherwise before the charity of the faithful was moved by Christian teaching.

NECESSITY NO VIRTUE.

But, it may be said, even in states which have become dechristianized benevolent institutions continue to be supported. Quite true, but their foundation is due to the church, and their continuance by the state was more a matter of necessity than of choice, as we shall see presently when we come to deal with the origin of the English "poor-law." The laicized hospitals of Paris, on the testimony of even infidel physicians, are an instructive object-lesson on what the philanthropy of economists means in reality, however fair it may appear on paper. How is it that the Roman Republic, with its warriors, its orators, its statesmen, its architecture whose beauty surpasses the power of modern art, its constitution the wisdom of whose laws we study at present, its aqueducts, theatres, and temples—how is it that we find no trace in its ruins, no provision in its laws, for a single hospice for the poor? The Sempronian laws were but the work of two brothers; they arose rather from love of the state than from love of the poor; some of them were evidently mere moves in the game of selfish popularity; others, such as the corn-laws, proved fatal to the public peace and were a fertile source of demoralization for those in whose behalf they were ostensibly devised. A single institution of charity such as sprang up like mushrooms with the rise of the Christian state we look for in vain from those wise old Romans who were able to subdue, and knew how to govern, the world. Had not the tradition of Christian principles and practices lived on in states now ruled without reference to God, would they do a whit

better in the interests of the poor and the weak than the Romans did? We have no warrant that they would, whilst there are many reasons for thinking that they would not—nay, that they would do worse.

RELIGIOUS ASYLUMS IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES.

From the earliest times of the church institutions of charity have been established for the infirm and the poor. When the church was, so to speak, in the Catacombs and had not a juridical existence in the eye of the Roman law, it was not possible for its charity to do much; but it was not idle. Amongst the duties of the deacons was a work similar to that which is done at present by members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Every *diaconia* was a centre of philanthropic activity. One of the canons of the Council of Chalcedon, which orders that the cleric in charge of the Ptocheia (asylums for the poor) should be subject to the authority of the bishop of the place, declares that the decree is "according to the tradition of the fathers." This council was held in A.D. 451, and it appeals back to the "tradition of the fathers" respecting the government of asylums for the poor.

HOSPICES UNDER THE FRANKISH KINGS.

Whilst the barbarians, who were becoming masters of the Western Empire, were undergoing the process of conversion to Christian faith, principles, and habits, the church was alive to the insecurity of those institutions which had been founded under her patronage. Hence we find a canon of the Council of Orleans (A.D. 549) confirming the foundation of a hospice erected in Lyons by King Childebert, making provisions for its proper administration, and censuring any attempt to turn its endowment from its purpose as a "homicidium pauperum." In each parish there was an organization to look after the wants of the poor and of all who needed consolation and relief. To this a canon of the Council of Tours (A.D. 566) refers, which orders that each parish should take care of its own poor, lest they should become mendicants and vagabonds.

AMELIORATION OF PRISON CRUELTY.

Equal care was taken of those who were confined in prison. Until times quite recent state punishment was purely vindictive, took no account of prevention, and ignored the possibility or value of reformation. But, from the earliest times, the church recognized the wise maxim—*præstat cautela quam medela*

—which since the time of Howard has been learnt by statesmen. One of the duties of the archdeacon, or the provost of a diocese, was to visit the prisons every Sunday, and see that any wants of the inmates consistent with their condition were supplied. In the middle ages, attached to the monasteries and the colleges of chapters were hospices for giving hospitality to pilgrims and relief to the poor. As all those institutions of public charity were established under the inspiration of the church, the bishops in each diocese had authority over their administration. The Council of Vienna ordered bishops to see that the hospices were not mismanaged, and the canon law had decreed penalties against administrators guilty of mismanagement.

THE CHURCH ABOLISHES SLAVERY.

What has been said is but a mere skeleton sketch of the remedies which the charity of the church had for the ills of society, as contrasted with those two nostrums of naturalism—infanticide and slavery. It would be too long to trace the charity of the church in the gradual abolition of slavery. From the first it exercised its influence in that direction; decrees to that effect ran through all the canon law. Of course actual manumission had to await its opportunity, but it came in time. "Nothing is more beautiful than the rise of this Christian civilization. When slavery began to melt away; when fathers with horror cast from them the power of life and death over their children and their slaves, as a thing too hideous for Christian men; when husbands renounced the power of life and death over their wives; when the horrors, and injustice, and abominations of pagan domestic life gave place to the charity of Christian homes, then the world was lifted to a higher sphere. And this new Christian world was the germ of modern Europe. The popes laid the foundations of a world which is now passing away—a Christian commonwealth of nations, though they never cease to destroy it." That is Cardinal Manning's description of the influence of the church on society.* Under feudalism a mitigated form of serfdom existed. The serf was said to be *addictus glebæ;* that is, he could not transfer his services from one property to another at his will, and remained attached to the property in case of transfer. But early in Saxon times in England that class had definite rights and privileges of their own. The amount of service due from them became early limited

* *The Four Great Evils of the Day.* Lecture III., "The revolt of society from God," p. 86.

by custom; indeed, in some respects, they were better off than free laborers, for the master had to defend them and to provide for all their wants. In the fourteenth century arose the farming class in England. The rise of the free laborer came about the same time; the laborer was no longer bound to one spot or one master, but was free to hire his labor to whatever employer he chose. By the end of the fourteenth century, over a great part of England, the lord of the manor had been reduced to the position of a modern landlord.

THE RISE OF THE GUILDS.

Whilst these changes were going on the spirit of the church, so essentially social, led to the formation, for all trades and manufactures, of societies which included masters and men. These began to be formed as early as the eighth century, and developed by degrees. Through them were regulated amicably all those questions which are now so fruitful in dissension between employer and employed. In their organization guardians were appointed to see that men were properly provided for by their masters. They were first of a religious character; their rules were based on religious principles. The common condition of membership was "to work well and honestly," and any misconduct forfeited the privilege of membership. The church in forming these did not leave masters and men to settle all matters separately, as two classes with divided interests, each for itself. Masters and men were blended together in common guilds, with a common interest and fellowship. So favorable has the church been to association, so opposed to isolation. The law of the land did not meddle with their working any more than by enforcing among the members the engagements they had made, just as at this day penalties levied by by-laws are recoverable at common law. In these two characters the old guilds entirely differed from our present trades-unions.

CHARITY OF THE MONASTERIES.

The wealth of the monasteries also afforded a refuge and a help to working-men. By the canon law they were bound to distribute a third to the needy; but they voluntarily did a great deal more. In the common feeling, and in fact, their property was held in trust for the poor. When workmen were unable to obtain fair terms from employers, they had help and protection through the charity of the monasteries. But a jealous generation came which envied her endowments, which she shared with

the poor, and hated the power which she used for their protection. When the spirit of covetousness was in the hearts of rulers, it was inevitable that they would assail church and poor together; that they who coveted the property of the church would grudge the wages of the poor; that they who would cripple her power should seek also to enslave those in whose behalf she used it. And it happened just so. It is a curious and telling fact in English history that at the time when the first formal legislative encroachments on the church took place, we find records of the first legislative oppression of the poor. The first statute of mortmain directed against religious houses in England to prevent their acquiring land was passed in the reign of Henry III. The statutes of mortmain, though directly affecting the religious houses, indirectly bore upon the poor, and affected the rate of wages; because, the more the resources of the religious houses were crippled, the less relief could be dispensed to the poor, and the less able they would be to enforce favorable terms of wages.

THE BEGINNING OF REPRESSION.

It was not long, however, till direct legislation was turned against them, and precisely in the reign in which was passed the first act against the Holy See. Henceforth we find in the laws of England acts against "valiant beggars and sturdy vagabonds," these vagabonds and valiant beggars being the result of the legislative spirit which now saw the need of repressing them. An act of the reign of Edward III. decrees "that every man and woman able in body, and not having of his own whereof he may live, if he be required to serve, shall be bounden to serve him who shall so him require, and take only the wages which were accustomed to be given in the places where he oweth to serve, in the twentieth year of the king's reign, or the five or six common years next before; and if any such man or woman, being so required to serve, will not the same do, he shall be taken and committed to the common gaol, there to remain in strict keeping until he find surety to serve." It was further enacted "that no man pay or promise to pay any servant any more wages than was wont to be paid in the twentieth year of the king's reign"; moreover, "that workmen shall be sworn to use their crafts in the manner they were wont to do in the said twentieth year; and if they refuse, they shall be punished by fine and ransom and imprisonment, at the discretion of the justice."

THE BLACK DEATH.

These justices were precisely those who were personally interested to keep the rate of wages and the price of handicrafts low. The Black Death had destroyed half the population. The dearth of hands left the corn unharvested and the cattle untended. The laborers met the demand for their services with a refusal to work any longer for the former rate of wages. Hence the crisis between the laborers and their employers which culminated in the insurrection of Wat Tyler. After the suppression of the Tyler insurrection it was enacted that the statutes of the laborers and the craftsmen be firmly kept and holden, and that there be stocks in every town for the punishment of such as should violate said statutes.

A REVOLUTION IN AGRICULTURE.

Stock-farming began now to supersede husbandry, arable land was changed into pasture. A single herdsman had charge of a range of land on which many a ploughman was once employed. The husbandman by degrees disappeared; lambs* gambolled over their roofless tenements; parks, warrens, and wild grass stretched over wide demesnes. We find an act also against "unlawful orders made by masters of guilds, fraternities, and other companies." These societies had long been recognized by law, and were allowed to regulate the rate of wages. Why, then, are they now on a sudden harmed? Evidently because they did not see their way to regulate wages on a basis conformable to the "discretion of the justices."

LICENSED MENDICANCY.

In the reign of Henry VIII. it was enacted that nobody be allowed to beg without a license from a justice of the peace, "and if any do beg without such license, he shall be whipped, or set in the stocks three days and nights upon bread and water," and a vagabond "taken begging shall be whipped, and then be sworn to return to the place where he was born, and there put himself to labor." These seem on the surface to be very wise laws, and they contain an implication of their necessity moreover. They should certainly recommend themselves to any one who would not wish to see a country overrun with

* These inoffensive animals devoured the men, wittily remarks Sir Thomas More in *Utopia*.

"valiant beggars" and "sturdy vagabonds," if the circumstances under which they were enacted and the tenor of the laws themselves did not remind one that a workman was exposed "to have the upper part of the gristle of his right ear cut off," or "the letter F in token of falsity burnt in his forehead" as the result of not subjecting his ways to the "discretion of the justices." What the effect of all these enactments was we can learn from the fact that they were mostly repealed in the reign of Queen Mary, and from the wording of the following enactment of her reign also—"weavers have complained at divers times that the rich and wealthy clothiers do many ways oppress them; some by employing persons unskilful, to the decay of a great number of artificers which were brought up to the said science of weaving; some by giving much less wages and hire than in times past they did." Evidently the "Reformation" did not mean reformation of wages for the workman.

FRUITS OF THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.

It has been pretended that the promotion of industry was the purpose of the confiscation of the monasteries. "From that moment," says Montesquieu, "the spirit of industry and commerce was established in England."* Historical truth would say: "From that moment Henry VIII. filled the royal coffers and bribed his abettors from the plunder of the poor." When a royal robbery is perpetrated on the patrimony of the poor under cover of utilizing ecclesiastical wealth, there have always been some profound economical motives for it. That is always the way; but, as Balmez justly observes in this connection: "A prejudiced mind will see what it wants, whether in books or in facts."† Even though trade and commerce were extended by those acts of Henry, which is not the case, the extension was dearly bought. What *was* extended, however, was the despotic power of the king, which made it possible for him to rob the people of their ancient faith. The social changes which succeeded the Black Death, followed by the Wars of the Roses, left the power of the old nobility broken; and a new race of men arose in their place, the creatures of the king, grasping adventurers whom he easily made his willing tools by paying them out of the wealth of the monasteries which they helped him to sup-

* *L'Esprit des Lois*, livre 23, chap. 29.

† *European Civilization*, chap. 33. It has been sought to spread the belief that the monastic charities encouraged laziness. But that implies a very stupid supposition: namely, that ecclesiastics were not able to distinguish the deserving poor from tramps. For many reasons they were much better able, I should think.

press. Let it be well borne in mind that the church property was the accumulation of the voluntary offerings of private individuals for the relief of the poor; the king had no claim on it. Let us hear an unprejudiced and competent witness on how the poor fared before and after the power of the church was crushed and the monasteries suppressed.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

James Thorold Rogers * calls the fifteenth century the "golden age of the English laborer." He says, moreover, that "The monks never regarded their property in any other light than as held for the support of religion and of the poor. The purpose for which the monastic property was diverted from its possessors and given to the king, is stated to be 'that his highness may lawfully give, grant, and dispense them or any of them at his will and pleasure to the honor of God and the wealth of this realm.' It was further enacted that on the site of every dissolved religious house the new possessor should be bound, under heavy penalties, to provide hospitality and service for the poor such as had been given them previously by the religious foundations. The repudiation of these rights of the needy by those who became possessed of the confiscated property is one of the greatest blots on our national history. It has caused the spoliation of monastery and convent to be regarded as the rising of the rich against the poor."

Henry George writes: † "The church lands defrayed the cost of public worship and instruction, of the care of the sick and the destitute"; and he holds, therefore, with every true and dispassionate historian, that the confiscation of these church lands at the time of the Reformation was a robbery really perpetrated on the poor. Mr. Hyndman, a London socialist, is stronger still. He says: "That the influence of the Catholic Church was used in the interest of the people against the dominant classes can scarcely now be disputed. Catholicism in its best period raised one continued protest against serfdom and usury, as early Christianity had denounced slavery and usury too."

He shows ‡ that Henry VIII. used the church property to conciliate those who sided with him, that the wealth which the church had used for the poor came into the hands of grasping

* *Six Centuries of Work and Wages.*
† *Progress and Poverty*, p. 267; see also pp. 270, 370.
‡ *Principles of Socialism.*

upstarts and conscienceless courtiers, that poverty and vagrancy increased because the poor were deprived of the church lands —"their last hope of succor." In another work the same author writes words which are well worth quoting at some length. He says:

"The relations of the church, the monasteries, and the clergy to the people were most noteworthy from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which this essential portion of English society in the middle ages has been handled by the ordinary economists, chroniclers, and religionists. Even sober writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth in this matter. Just as the modern capitalist can see nothing but anarchy and oppression in the connection between the people and the feudal nobles, as the authors who represent the middle-class economy of our times, the Protestant divines whose creed is, the devil take the hindmost here and hereafter, fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery, and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century. It is high time that, without any prejudice in favor of that church, the nonsense which has been foisted onto the public by men interested in suppressing the facts should be exposed. It is not true that the church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories, and nunneries were receptacles for all uncleanness and lewdness; it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate recluses were squandered in riotous living. The church, as all know, was the one body in which equality of conditions was the rule from the start."* Again: "It is certain that the abbots and priors were the best landlords in England, and that, so long as the church held its lands and its power, permanent pauperism was unknown."† Again: "The lands of the church were, at the accession of Henry VIII., of an extent of not less than one-third of the kingdom. But they were held in great part in trust for the people, whose absolute right to assistance, when in sickness or poverty, was never disputed. What useful and even noble functions the priests and monks, friars and nuns fulfilled in the middle-age economy has been stated in the last chapter. Universities, schools, roads, reception-houses, hospitals, poor-relief, all were maintained out of the church funds. Even the retainers who were dismissed after the Wars of the Roses were

* *Historical Basis of Socialism*, p. 14, *et seq.* † Ibidem.

in great part kept from actual starvation by the conventual establishments and the parish priests. Not a word was heard against them in high quarters until Henry VIII. wanted to form an adulterous, if not an incestuous, marriage in the first place; and to get possession of this vast property, in order to fill his purse and bribe his favorites, in the second. As to the whole infamous plot, from beginning to end, it is enough to say that the heroes of the business were Cranmer and Cromwell, the victims More and Fisher. The manner in which our middle-class history has been written is evidenced by the strenuous attempts to whitewash the pander and the rogue, and to belittle the philosopher and the patriot." *

STATE DEGRADATION OF POVERTY.

That illustrious Frenchman, Augustin Cochin, in a very able pamphlet published in 1854,† judiciously divides legislation for the poor in England into four periods: 1st. From conversion to Christianity to fourteenth century; 2d. From the fourteenth century to the Reformation; 3d. From the Reformation to 1834; 4th. From the creation of the Poor-Law Board onward. I had intended to follow out that division in order to set forth the contrast between the condition of the poor when the Catholic Church had power in England, and their condition under the selfish despotism which set it aside. After the Reformation, so fast did the faith and charity of the wealthy decline, and so dangerous had become the discontent of the poor, that the government had, in its own defence, to intervene at last and do something. Hence the Act of Parliament, 5 Elizabeth c. 3, which made poor-relief compulsory and gave England a Poor Law for the first time. But, the old church system cherished the dignity of the poor; the poor-law system has pauperized them. The truth is, as I have shown, poor-relief was originally the creation of Christian charity; and what was a necessary agency to create it must be a necessary agency to preserve it in its true sense. A rate levied under compulsion for the poor by state naturalism, and administered according to the cast-iron rules of expensive red-tapeism, brings them bread at the cost of their dignity. It feeds but degrades them.

* Ibidem, p. 30, *et seq.* † *Lettre sur l'état du paupérisme en Angleterre.*

THE VOCATION OF IDA.

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

THE lovers had quarrelled. The trouble between them was so trivial in itself as not to be worth specifying. Either he fancied that she had slighted him for clever Mr. George Lester, of whom he was somewhat jealous, or she imagined that he had shown some needless attention to pretty Miss Elaine Joyce, whom she was tempted to dislike. It was something of this sort, a trifle of misjudgment that should have been set aside by means of a soft answer. But instead of this the chiding, which had been begun by one or the other of them without any intention of making a formal rebuke or leading to a scene, had brought on denial and recrimination, one hot word being followed by another and another still more fiery, until Ida, taking the token of her betrothal off her finger, laid it before Edward on the little onyx table at which he was sitting, and said:

"There is your ring, sir."

Edward stood up as she came towards him from the sofa, not divining what her purpose was, a look of expectancy in his eyes as if hoping that her womanly tact was about to find a way out of the discord. When, however, he understood what her act implied, his face grew pale. He stood quite still, both hands grasping the back of his chair. For a full minute he remained motionless and silent, not knowing what to say or do. Then he drew a long breath and said slowly and with evident effort to control himself:

"Do you mean to break our engagement, Ida?"

"I do," was the quick reply.

"For good and all?"

"Yes, sir; no man shall talk to me as you have. If he would do so before marriage, what could I expect afterwards? This ends it for us."

He looked at her sharply, doubtingly, sadly, wistfully, but seeing no hesitation in the flashing eye, no uncertainty in the set lips, he picked up the ring, slipped it into the pocket of

his vest, made a bow to her as he passed her on his way to the parlor door, and said:

"I wish you a good evening, Miss Powers."

She simply returned his bow.

Then he took his hat and cane from the rack, opened the hall door, and departed.

She listened intently to the noise that he made as he left the house, every nerve on edge, still on fire with resentment at what he had said. "He's gone," she murmured. Then she thought that she heard him coming up the steps again and a pleased expression began to drive the pain away from her countenance. She strained her ears to catch the sound of his ring at the bell—how well she knew his double pull!—but no, her heart had tricked her. "He's gone for sure," she whispered. Then a mighty feeling of desolation and darkness, of loneliness and coldness came upon her; the things in the hallway seemed unsteady, and she caught at the newel of the staircase to keep herself from falling to the floor. Even while her senses seemed to be leaving her she caught the odor from a bunch of lilacs in the vase upon the hat-rack, which, so she strangely fancied in a flash of thought, spread a pungent, strong, and cooling aroma about her. How often she thought of it afterwards! How lasting appeared the scent! But the faintness soon passed off. It was followed by another flush of anger as she recalled all the details of the falling-out, and the reproof that she had received stood out in her mind like words writ in flame.

"I'm glad that he's gone," she muttered bitterly.

II.

Her joy at Edward's abrupt departure was not apparent that evening, however, to the other members of the Powers family, because she retired at once to her own room on the plea of a sick headache. Alone, she could do nothing but go over and over that foolish quarrel. She tried not to think. She attempted to read a novel, but her eyes passed along the lines of letters and she understood not a word of all she saw. She picked up the waist of her best blue dress, in which there was the beginning of a rip under the left arm; but she hadn't the will to mend it. She put it over the back of a chair, went to the bed and lay down. "Why did it all happen? What have I done? Is this the end of my dream? Will he come back?" These questions she asked herself and these she answered in a hundred ways, until exhaustion came and restless sleep.

Nor was her gladness visible the next day when she came down to breakfast with swollen eyes, and there moped notwithstanding her resolution to be so nonchalant that no one should suspect that aught was amiss. And when her mother exclaimed: "Why, Ida! what in the world is the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend!" she burst into tears, got up from the table without tasting food, and fled to her own apartment.

There Mrs. Powers found her half an hour afterwards, and there, without going into particulars, she made confession that she and Edward had quarrelled and that she had given him back her engagement ring.

"Oh, never mind, you foolish girl!" said the mother encouragingly. "Edward will be around again this evening, you may depend upon it, and then you and he can 'make up' and be happy again."

But no Edward called that evening. Mr. Lester appeared, however, arrayed as usual in stylish garments and immaculate linen, and was slightly taken aback when informed by the housemaid that Miss Ida was "not at home." It would not do to announce that she was not well, for the news might get to Mr. Ewing's ears, and she would not for her life let him know that she so longed for his company that his absence had made her ill.

Day followed day, yet her lover did not come back. She could not stand the separation much longer, she thought, when at the end of a weary week he did not return, and at times she caught herself considering how she could, while guarding her self-respect, make the first advances towards a reconciliation. "If he stays away much longer," she said to herself, "I shall die or go mad." Poor thing! she did not then know the full bitterness of the chalice of grief that she was to drain, nor how very much the heart of a woman can endure without breaking.

"Ida must have driven Edward away without hope," said Mrs. Powers to her husband late on Sunday night; "yet it is painfully evident that she loves him, and I know that his heart was full of affection for her. Something ought to be done to put an end to this miserable misunderstanding of theirs. It is killing her, and he, too, must be suffering. Couldn't you see him by chance, as it were, down town?"

"I could, of course; but these storms had better be let settle themselves without outside interference. Ida has not yet gone into a decline, and if Edward is as fond of her as you say he'll not give her up for a trifle."

The next day Ida was shocked when her brother William brought home the news that he had heard from young Joe Ewing to the effect that Edward had left for parts unknown the morning after his last visit to her. He had written a note to his parents stating simply that his engagement with Miss Powers was at an end, hoping that his father would get a trustworthy assistant in his place, and announcing that he was going away until he had learned to forget. He implored them not to worry about him, as he was Christian enough not to do what would afflict or shame them, and man enough to earn a living for himself anywhere. He said, in conclusion, that he would not write home until he had conquered himself, unless he should fall sick, so that so long as he did not write they might be certain that, physically at least, all was well with him.

Ida had read in novels of somewhat similar disappearances, but had never before encountered one in real life. In fiction the heroine always falls insensible when she hears of her lover's flight, and forthwith is seized with an attack of brain fever. But Ida did not collapse in this fashion. She did, indeed, lose color for a moment and felt as if benumbed by an inward chill, and, later, she languished in spirits somewhat. But being a resolute and healthy young woman, with a good appetite, she went about her daily ways pretty much as if nothing unpleasant had happened to her—somewhat subdued in manner, but still bright of eye and rosy of cheek—and the little world about her knew not how acutely she was suffering. One person only was allowed to enter the sanctuary of her heart and note how sorely she was wounded—her sympathizing mother. Every one else blamed her, possibly because she was present in the light while Edward was in the darkness of an unknown whereabouts; yet none but herself and her lover were aware of the details of the quarrel, as she was loyal to him even in their estrangement, neither accusing him to others nor permitting them to pass an unfavorable judgment upon him. Mr. Ewing's kin especially were hard and cold to her. Without any evidence they laid the fault on her, and they took occasion to let her see that their feelings towards her had become unkind.

As man forsook her, Ida turned to God for comfort and support. He would not misjudge her. He would take care of Edward and bring him back safe. Her first great grief softened and humbled her, and led her often to the throne of grace in prayer.

III.

When information of Edward Ewing's departure from home was spread throughout the circles wherein he moved, various comments were passed upon it. The opinion of the majority of his acquaintances found expression in the observation of Clem Barclay: "There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but if I had hooked the fish that was to my taste and it got back to the water, I wouldn't run away before I had tried the virtue of more bait." Then he added: "But if I had my choice I'd take for my helpmate Miss E. J. And now, you mark my words—Ed Ewing will come back from a three months' vacation, cured of his recent infatuation, and we'll all be invited to his wedding with Miss Joyce."

Notwithstanding this prediction, month succeeded month, and still no tidings of the absconder were received by his people. He had gone out of their world completely. Where he was, what he was doing, how he was getting along, they knew not. After waiting four months, his parents advertised in the daily papers of all the large cities offering a reward for information concerning his whereabouts, and they had a description of him sent to the police authorities throughout the whole country. Still, nothing was heard of him. They were worried almost beyond endurance, and poor Mrs. Ewing's health failed visibly, while her husband's hair grew still more gray. Yet were they consoled by Edward's assurance that as long as they did not hear from him they might be certain that all was well with him so far as health was concerned.

"Keep up your courage, mother," said Mr. Ewing one day; "the Lord will protect Ed for us. He always was a good boy, and I feel sure that he'll turn up all right."

But hope deferred maketh the heart sick; it is hard to keep up courage in the face of persistent disappointment.

When a year and a half had passed away without any news of Edward, all but three of his friends gave him up as gone for good—his parents and Miss Powers. "He met some ill fate," said some persons. "He must have committed suicide," said others, who forgot that he was a Catholic and that Catholics do not kill themselves. "He'll never be heard of again, even if he be alive," quoth more.

Ida could not bring herself to believe that he was dead or that he would not return some day. She was persuaded, however, that he must have lost all love for herself. Otherwise,

she reasoned, he would have come back and tried to make up. She no longer censured him. All her upbraidings were for herself. She had been too hasty, too sensitive, too resentful, too repelling. She had cast him off. She had returned to him his ring. She had said that the estrangement was final. No matter what had gone before, it was she who had broken the engagement. "Mine was indeed the fault," she sobbed.

But, after all, what was the use of deciding who was the more to blame? The past was past. The engagement was as if it had never been. Edward had vanished. Her dreams of earthly happiness were at an end. Why couldn't she die? There was nothing for her to live for and the grave was very peaceful.

"O God!" she prayed many a night, "please let me die soon."

She did not then say—"If it be according to thy will." No, she thought only of her own misery and selfishly longed to escape from it.

"Merciful God!" she kept ejaculating in secret, "please let me die."

IV.

But her day had not yet fallen. And at last Time, the healer, began to soothe her pain. As the romance of her life receded further and further from among actualities, it became to her like a dream. She could hardly realize at times that it had all been real. Then the present claimed her attention and constantly pressed the past still farther out of sight. The future, too, demanded some consideration. What was she to do with her existence? She could not go on to the end with a handkerchief up to her eyes. There must be a work for her to do. Her neighbors were busy with their destiny. What was to be hers? The world had not stopped still because Edward Ewing had chosen to disappear. "There were great men before Agamemnon," and afterwards also. The prize that Edward had lost and abandoned seemed goodly to others. Mr. Lester, for instance, continued to be a frequent visitor at the Powers' home, and called as often there as Mr. Barclay did at the residence of the Joyces. So did other friends of the family who might be supposed to have matrimonial intentions. So that, as might be expected, it came to pass that Miss Mollie Talbot told Miss Grace Ewing in great confidence that

she had heard Mrs. Northwood assure Mrs. Heilman that Mr. Lester and Miss Powers were betrothed.

Just about this time Ida went to her confessor to ask his advice about her future. She felt a strange peace come over her as she entered the plain parlor in the pastoral residence, with its uncarpeted floor, its old-fashioned hair-cloth furniture, its three pious pictures, and its crucifix. It seemed so unworldly, so unobtrusive, so comfortably homely! It was like its owner, dear old Father Shryver, who had baptized her, taught her her catechism and given her her First Communion. As she sat down on the wide sofa she gave a sigh of relief—her anxieties would leave her and her way be made plain to her, she hoped.

Soon the priest appeared. After mutual greetings and some polite inquiries he took a chair near her sofa, and she made haste to broach the subject that had taken her to his door. What should she do with her life?

"What would you like to do with it?" he asked.

"I hardly know, father. I have thought much and prayed much, but the light is not clear."

"Why not marry some one else?"

He knew, of course, about the broken engagement, and there was no need to mention who the "else" referred to.

Ida only shook her head.

"Lately," she said, "I have been seriously considering the idea of becoming a sister. The more I have studied it the better I have liked it. My wish for marriage is dead. Now I should prefer to deny myself in order to be of use to others. What do you think?"

He was an old priest and a shrewd reader of character. He was inclined to doubt that she had a vocation to a convent life. Still, experience had taught him that human nature cannot be judged off-hand, and that man cannot limit Providence to set methods in its operations, nor determine in advance precisely how the Holy Ghost shall work for the sanctification of souls. So, although he did not at once share her conviction, he would not take the responsibility of discouraging her from aspiring to lead a life of heroic virtue, for she had, as he knew, many of the sterling qualities that go to the make-up of a good religious. Accordingly he answered:

"Possibly the Lord let what has happened occur in order to show you your way to himself. Who knows? The human heart is often deprived of creatures in order that it may turn

to the Creator. Yet in all my experience I never knew of but two cases in which young women called to the counsels were led to the convent through a disappointment in love. It is a rare occurrence. Still it has occurred and you may prove an instance of it. However, take time to pray. Week after next there is to be a special retreat at St. Mary's Academy. I'll get you permission to attend it, if you like, and you can take those nine days to find out the will of God in your regard. What do you say?"

Now that she had come to the bridge, however, Ida wanted to cross immediately. Having let her secret thoughts find vent in words, she was eager to go on to action. She was crest-fallen at Father Shryver's hesitation in approving her purpose of entering the cloister. However, she admitted to herself that she was not quite ready to go at once and that her participation in the retreat would prepare her family for her departure, in case she should feel herself called away from them.

All this passed through her mind like a flash, so that without any discourteous interval of silence she responded:

"I thank you for the suggestion, father, and shall be grateful to you if you'll obtain the Rev. Mother's consent for me to make the retreat."

V.

Out of the retreat Ida came fully determined to be a nun. Her "Angel Guardian" at the academy was delighted with her decision. That impulsive and warm-hearted religious had an awful horror of that unknown country that she called "the world," and then she felt sure that such a good, bright, amiable, accomplished, and energetic young person as Miss Powers was, coming from a large and well-to-do family, would be a welcome accession to any community.

"Oh! you'll be happy, never fear," she said to her; "I feel sure you will, just as I am."

The missionary who gave the retreat was less enthusiastic.

"You have chosen the better part," was his comment. "But it is not all sunshine in the convent, nor is perfection reached when the habit is assumed. You'll have plenty of trials there. That is the way of the Lord. Those whom he loves he refines by temptation, troubles, and darkness and dryness of spirit. And the closer he draws his chosen souls to him the more he exacts from them, the heavier he lets the cross weigh on them, the further he takes them up Calvary.

However, my child, he will be with you and will not suffer you to be tempted beyond your strength supported by his grace. Have courage, be generous, and trust him. Besides, you'll have two years to make up your mind definitely. In that space you can see the life of the counsels thoroughly and study your own aptitude for it. If you be not suited for it, the door will be open for you; whereas if you are indeed called and persevere to the end, you will receive the reward promised in Holy Writ—a crown of eternal life. May God bless you!"

A fortnight later, Miss Powers, having bade good-by to her friends, entered St. Rose's Convent. After three months of probation as a postulant she was clothed with the holy habit of a religious and received the name of Sister Mary Paul. A great throng was present at her reception. Many of her own kindred and the nearest members of the family of Mr. Ewing, now reconciled with her, together with a concourse of social acquaintances, besides some pious and some curious strangers, crowded the chapel at the function. She looked radiant in her bridal robes. The altar was brilliant with lights and beautiful with flowers. The music was sweet, devotional, and thrilling, although the sisters gave a French tone to their pronunciation of the Latin of the hymns. The instruction, delivered by Father Shryver, was short, stirring, appropriate, and full of the spirit of faith. After the new novice had retired to an inner apartment and donned the habit, with the white veil, she looked like a saint, gentle and innocent, joyful and modest, dead to the world yet abounding in peace.

One thought disturbed her during the reception. There were lilacs on the altar, big bunches of white and purple blooms that scented the whole chapel. When their perfume first reached the novice on her entrance it nearly took her breath away. It brought back, like a flash of light passing through her memory, her quarrel with her lover. "O God!" she prayed, "take care of Edward and bring him safe home to his own." Then she forced her thoughts away from him to the great step that she was about to take herself in the service of God.

After the ceremony the new sister received in the convent parlor the tearful felicitations of her friends. She was flushed with excitement. After about one hour spent with her they bade her good-by.

"What a foolish girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Northwood on her way home from the reception, speaking to Mrs. Boatner, like

herself a non-Catholic, "to bury herself in that nunnery while she has health, youth, beauty, money, and everythin' good to live for. Even if Edward Ewing has gone, there's lots and lots 'd be glad to have her. Now there's Mr. Lester, who—"

"H-sh-sh!" broke in Mrs. Rexford, who is one of those dear old souls who may take privileges without offence; "don't touch the Lord's anointed, Mrs. Northwood, if you please. Let us leave Ida in the hands of God. He has guided her where she is. There is work for her there, work for humanity, a useful, noble, and unselfish career before her in the field of education or in some one of the other charities of her order. Let her follow her vocation in peace."

VI.

In all the duties of her convent life the new novice was most fervent. She endeavored to be exact in the observance of all the rules and to follow the customs of the house. She aimed to be moulded into the shape of the perfect religious. She tried hard to put the past behind her, out of sight, of out mind, out of memory, beyond recall. But she did not succeed very well. At times, in seasons of consolation, she fancied that she had triumphed. Then she felt in her soul a flame of love for God. Bowed before the tabernacle or prostrate in her own cell, she desired to be all in all to Christ, and she longed to do and suffer for his sake. On such occasions she was inclined to echo, if she thought of it at all, her old statement: "I'm glad that he's gone!" At other times she was depressed in mind, discouraged, moody, sad. It was not simply spiritual aridity that she endured. That comes to all who aim at perfection—to saints as well as to ordinary Christians, to religious oftener than to the devout in the world. She had, on such occasions, a disgust for the routine of the convent. She was beleaguered by bitterness towards all at home. She was disposed to be impatient, curt, rude. Her heart was troubled in its hidden depths. At such periods she almost hated herself for having conceived the idea of being called to the cloister.

These fits of peace and disquiet kept alternating with each other with an eccentric regularity—only the spells of discontent came back more promptly and lasted longer than the others.

Sister Mary Paul was not so happy in the convent as she had expected to be. Was this because she had left a portion of her heart behind her in the world? Anyway she was kept too busy with vocal prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, study,

and manual labor to have time to mope. Her new confessor, Father Drury, the chaplain of the novitiate, was studying her vocation, and, until he should reach a conclusion, he bade her reject all doubts concerning it as possible temptations from below.

The mistress of novices was kind to Ida, encouraged her to do her best to imbibe the religious spirit, and strove to exercise her in the virtues of her state. But at the end of six months she went to the Rev. Mother and said:

"After examining closely the character, disposition, gifts, and graces of Sister Mary Paul, I do not believe that she has a religious vocation. She is pious and of good will, docile and ready enough for mortifications, yet I fear that she is not called to the life here."

"That is my own judgment," said the Rev. Mother slowly, putting down her pen on her desk as she spoke and folding her hands before her. "Yet I am so fond of her personally, and her family have been such good friends of ours, that I have been slow to accept my own opinion. Indeed I have prayed more over her case than—I was going to say, over all the others. What does she think about it herself?"

"She is still undecided, but more and more she inclines to believe that she has no vocation. Nevertheless she is afraid to make another mistake, and so she is more and more harassed in mind."

"The poor child! my heart feels for her. Well, let us consult Father Drury, who—"

There was a knock at the door. It came from the sister portress, who had gone up to announce that the reverend chaplain was down-stairs in the parlor, and had asked for the mother superior.

"Come down with me," said Mother Agnes to the mistress of novices, "and we'll see what his reverence thinks."

Down they went. After passing the courtesies of the day and listening to the business that had brought the father to the convent, the mother superior asked him what his judgment was concerning the vocation of Sister Mary Paul.

"She is not called here," he said emphatically. "She knows it herself. For after my Mass this morning, which I celebrated in honor of the Holy Spirit to obtain light for her and at which she received Holy Communion for the same intention, I asked her 'Yes or No' at the sacristy door as she came in to put away the vestments, and she answered—'No.'"

"I'm so sorry!" exclaimed the mother superior.

"And so am I," echoed the mistress of novices.

"God's will be done!" replied the priest.

VII.

Later in the day Sister Mary Paul was summoned to the Rev. Mother's room. Together they studied the question of her vocation. Together they reached the conclusion that her place was in the world.

"My way is all dark again!" the poor child cried. "I had hoped that it was clear and straight for the rest of my days. All I can see now, however, is one step ahead—this is not my place and I must go away from it. I am happy enough here. I know well that no one is perfectly happy on earth, and, if my vocation were sure, I'd be satisfied to stay here to the end. What I cannot understand is, Why did God permit me to make the blunder of coming here, to be deceived or rather to deceive myself into the belief that he wanted me here? Did I not pray to be enlightened, and has he not said 'Ask and you shall receive'? Did I not ask to know his will? Why, oh! why did he let me come here if I must go away again?"

Then she broke down and cried, covering her face in the ample folds of her habit.

The afternoon sun was streaming in the window and fell half way across the mother's desk, leaving her in the shadow and glorifying the bent figure of the grieving novice. The clock on the mantel ticked loudly. A cart, driven by a colored boy, went rumbling down the street outside.

"My dear sister," said the superioress slowly, "you must not judge the Almighty. He does what is best in what is purely his, and he turns to good what we do amiss. He may have had a special object in bringing you here. You may live to see that this was a favor, a great grace, to be sheltered in this quiet haven for nine months. Who knows what temptations might have come to you in the world during that period? Who can tell what you would have done in your disturbed condition of mind? You might have accepted some offer of marriage that would not have been good for you, or you might have otherwise taken some fateful step that would have defeated the plans of the Lord. Be sure that he loves you. He has endowed you with a sterling character and a heart of gold; he has enriched you with graces; he has given you a fine education; he has favored you with excellent parents; he has lav-

ished blessings upon you. Have confidence in him. Believe that he had a wise purpose in view in sending you here, or in allowing you to come here of your own accord in the belief that you were obeying him. You will have your reward for obedience. Besides, your time with us has not been lost for this world or the next. You have been trained in piety, have learned to know yourself, have been taught to meditate, have measured the world with the principles of eternity, have gone through a course of good reading, have had the science of the saints made easy and practical, etc. Your soul has been showered with graces. Altogether you have received a strong impulse upward and onward that ought to raise you all through the rest of your life and land you safe in heaven when you die."

The novice was no longer crying. She had uncovered her face, but her eyes were still cast down.

"But what will the world say when I quit the convent?"

"Have you been in it six months and still care for the gossip of Mrs. Grundy?"

"I would not care for that if I were to stay in it, but I must go out and face the talk."

"Offer that trial up to Him who suffers it to fall upon you. So you'll take the sting out of it and make it meritorious for you. But what can be said? Your acquaintances will all know that you leave of your own accord, bearing our love and esteem. Those among them who love you will say: 'She's a sensible girl to come out as soon as she discovered that she was not called to the life there.' Those among them who are not fond of you—well, what can they say? People *will* talk, but what do you care for their chatter? Besides, my dear, the world is not so much absorbed in your affairs as you think it is. There will not be so much gossip as you imagine. And it will not last. Moreover, you are doing nothing singular. You remember Sister Nita and Sister Celestine. They too returned to their homes when they found out that they had no vocation. And there wasn't even a nine days' sensation about them. Dry your eyes and go to the chapel to assure our dear Lord that you are contented to do his will whether he lifts you up or casts you down, whether he shelters you in a cloister or sends you to carry the light of a Christian life out into the world. Tell him that you will do whatever he wants you to do. Besides, you are not going to leave us in a hurry. You will stay for a week or two yet, to write to your parents and make

your preparations. In fact, I don't know that I can give you up even then, for I love you dearly."

As she spoke the last words the superioress got up from her chair and went over to Ida and kissed her on the forehead.

VIII.

Two days after that conversation a letter and a cablegram reached the home of the Powers. The letter was from Ida. It said:

CONVENT OF ST. ROSE.

MY DEAR PARENTS: After a nine months' experience of life in the convent, after earnest prayer, and after consultation with the superiors here, I have reached the conclusion that I have no vocation for the religious life. This conviction has brought me great grief. I hope that it will not also give you pain. But my heart is not here. What shall I do? Would that I had work that would make me forget the past, or, since that cannot be, that would turn my sorrow into a blessing for others. I cannot write more now. Come to me soon.

Your suffering daughter, IDA.

The cablegram was from Mr. George Lester. It said:

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Found Edward Ewing—petty officer steamer *San Francisco* here; enlisted assumed name—in China when advertised—in New York May—letter next mail. GEORGE LESTER.

The letter came within a fortnight. It announced that Mr. Lester, while walking in the streets of the capital of Brazil, had encountered a "blue jacket" whom he instantly recognized as Edward Ewing. The latter seemed delighted to meet him, and beset him with questions, asking him about every one at home, especially of his own folk, of Miss Powers and her family, and of other close friends. He told how he had gone to New York to escape thought in the mad whirl of that city, had not been able to get work at once and feared the strain of a new anxiety, had wandered across the Brooklyn Bridge a few days after his arrival in town and, without knowing where he was going, had strolled down to the Navy-yard. The sight of the government ships had suggested to him the project of enlisting as a common marine under the name of Robert White. He had been with the South Pacific Squadron for two years, had been at all the South American ports, in Chinese

waters, back to Hawaii, and finally to Rio de Janeiro, and would soon sail for the United States. He had won his way up one step. The two friends had spent the day together. Mr. Ewing was astounded to hear of Miss Ida's entrance into the convent. He had finally said that, seeing that she was not to marry him, he was glad that she was not to marry any one else. He added that he had abandoned all thoughts of marriage for himself and intended to devote himself to a sea career. Then followed a long and humorous description of life in Brazil, ending with: "But I'm tired of it all and homesick, and will be back, D. V., about the time that Mr. Ewing reaches port. By the way, he begs that no hint of his whereabouts or intentions be given out, as he desires to come unannounced. So tell no one, if you please, but Mrs. Powers and Sister Mary Paul, whom he is willing to trust as well as yourself, unless his father or mother is sick."

"Well, this is news and more of it!" exclaimed Mr. Powers when he had read the letter.

The day after Ida had sent word to her parents that she wanted to see them, they hurried to the convent, consoled her, had an interview with the Rev. Mother, and made arrangements for the return home of their daughter. She came out the day that Mr. Lester's letter was received. She was anxious to have the ordeal over and be once more among her own. The trial was not so hard as she had feared. Father Shryver was among the first to call, not waiting for her to pay him a visit—and after hearing her story, he said: "You did right, my child; welcome home!"

IX.

In May the *San Francisco* arrived in New York harbor. Two days later Edward Ewing startled his family by appearing unannounced at the dining-room door just as they were all assembled for dinner. It was almost too much for his dear old mother, who thought at first that it was his wraith, and, uttering a cry, sank fainting in her chair. Joe was the next to see him. "My God, it's Ed!" he cried, jumping up from his chair to grasp his hand. But Edward had rushed to his mother, lifted her up, taken her in his arms, and laid her on a sofa, kissing her face and taking her hands in his. He had no greetings for any one while she was unconscious. Soon she revived, however, and then there were welcomes and hand shakes and questions without end.

Edward was amazed and delighted when he learned that Miss Powers had returned from the convent. He had not intended to call on any friends for a day or two, "to get rested," so he had said, "and acclimated once more to civilized and home surroundings." But as soon as he knew that Ida was near and free to see him, the old flame sprang up in his heart, where it had been smouldering all this while. He resolved to call on the Powerses that very evening.

Ida expected him. She had been told that he had been found, but only on the day after her return. The news seemed to lift up her spirits. Perhaps Providence meant them for each other after all. So she scanned the papers closely for news of the *San Francisco*. She saw the report of its arrival. Was it by intuition that she felt that Edward was near her the day that he reached home? Anyway she was expecting him. All that afternoon she was listening for his double-ring.

When he did come to the door, wearing a lilac spray as a boutonnière, Ida was somehow there to open it herself. She had wondered to herself all day how she would receive him, and had settled that she would let the maid announce him formally and keep him waiting a reasonable time before making her appearance in the parlor; but it happened that a fire-engine had gone clanging by the door and she had looked out to see where the fire was, when around the opposite street-corner came Mr. Ewing, and just as she regained the vestibule he stood beside her.

"Ida!"

"Edward!"

The many months that had intervened between the night of the quarrel and the night of the reconciliation were blotted out. The future was not considered. The present was joy supreme, the joy of two hearts that God had intended to join together, separated for awhile but now once more, after many sorrows and much uncertainty, happily brought together again.

The whole family were charmed with the bronzed and bearded traveller, who had so much to relate of adventures on land and sea, and whose very presence seemed to bring sunshine into the house.

Father Shryver overflowed with affectionate greetings when Edward called on him the next day. After a long and delightful chat the priest asked:

"When is the marriage to be?"

"What marriage?"

"Yours."

"If you had asked me yesterday morning I should have replied, Never. Now I can only say that the date has not been fixed by Ida."

"Thanks be to God you have come back to her, for both your sakes," said the priest. "I will not scold you for hiding so long, for what's past is past and beyond recall. But you were made for each other; you will help each other to save your souls. Matrimony is a great sacrament, and men and women are as truly called to it as they are to the altar and the cloister."

Clem Barclay seemed to be the only one of all Edward's acquaintances that was not pleased with the way things had turned out. Whether he was sorry that his prophecy had not proved true, or that he wanted to cast sheep's eyes in the direction of Ida himself, or that, even with Mr. Ewing out of the race, he could not persuade Miss Joyce to reciprocate his admiration for her, no one ever found out; but he was heard to mutter: "There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but I don't seem to have the right sort of a hook on my line!"

When the Rev. Mother of St. Rose's Convent received the cards of invitation to the wedding (which, by the way, is to take place to-morrow, with Mr. George Lester as groomsman and Miss Elaine Joyce as bridesmaid, strong influence at Washington having secured Mr. Ewing's discharge from Uncle Sam's navy), she wrote to the bride-elect a loving note full of good wishes, ending with: "The married state must have its saints. In it I am certain you will be holy as well as happy. In it you have found your true vocation."

Its Walls enclosed Tracts of Vineyard and Orchard, of Fig and Olive.

A NEGLECTED MISSION.

By Dorothea Lummis.

THE historians of the past had their frank prejudices, their amiable bitternesses, their patent partisanships. It is doubtful whether the historian of Mary meant to be just to Elizabeth. Even the historian of to-day, with his modernity, his all-sidedness, and his intentional realism, has his fashion, his idiosyncrasy, his whim: sets a feast here, allows a famine there. Always is the story-teller the slave of his temperament, and sees through its glass but darkly.

Thus it happens that in the wide field of the world there are neglected corners, whose story is but lightly recorded and whose present is by men forgot. Of the wonderful picturesque past of California—this land of the sun whose rich story yet awaits its adequate chronicling, there remain witnesses which, though silent, yet speak—the Missions.

On the slope of the fecund foot-hills, protected by the battlemented mountains, or midway on the plain between sea and hill, they rise, gray, ruined, majestic, fighting the disintegrating forces of frost, of rain, and of tropic sun, with insatiate patience and constancy. Did not each arch and tower grow in the face of daily danger, consecrated in blood and fostered by a million prayers?

Modern research in archæology has obliged history to reconstruct on far more just and kindly lines the conquest of this new world by the old; but even so it could only be by danger and by death that those of Spain might win for themselves and call their own this lotus land, so soft, so smiling, so like home.

It was neither gold nor the lust of dominion that sent the priest always in the van, but the strong desire to show these dark, unwilling natives the one true God. To the courage, the constancy, and the frequent martyrdom of the *Padres* was due the real conquest. On these gentle figures, men of learning and

The Ruined Walls of Adobe.

of humanity, content with danger and rejoicing in hardship, teaching and practising honesty and good faith, should shine the white halo of the holy, for these were the real *Conquistadores*.

There is a strange intensity in useless and belated sympathy. One may live stolid years within the very horizon of a moving

spectacle only at last to be most keenly awake to its pity and its pain.

As the "poor islanders" have left Stratford-on-Avon to the American traveller, so the dwellers in California have left their missions to the sometimes untender mercies of the tourist, whose distinguished regard has proven enervating rather than tonic.

In the Days of its Prime its Buildings were Mile-long.

The writer, though fain to stand with those who make for righteousness, must cry *peccavi:* I too have sinned. For, riding upon a day in June up the warm blue valley of San Fernando, she has visited her young peach-trees, and hung lovingly over each new leaf on fig and vine; then turning her back, returned as she came, when a few shimmering miles away, like a patch of gray upon the valley's verdure, lay the ruins of the Mission of San Fernando, its soft Angelus lingering faintly on the wind; a voice searching and plaintive surely to a soul not buried in base problems of profit.

The Mission of San Fernando Rey—one of that marvellous chain seven hundred miles long, reaching from San Diego to Sonoma—was founded in 1797 in honor of Ferdinand V., King of Castile and Aragon.

They made no mistakes in location, the old *padres.* "Walking barefoot over those thorny miles, possessed with a burning desire to baptize, longing only to preach the everlasting gospel,

they yet knew where the land was good, where the wild grapes grew, where there were roses which reminded them of those that in their youth they had seen in the braids of the maids of old Castile."

The Mission of San Fernando was built after the death of Padre Junipero Serra, but his spirit was vital still. The aroma of his prayers sanctified its walls, for it was believed by his brethren that his soul was with God as soon as it passed from the pale lips moist with the oil of the last Sacrament.

In the day of its prime its buildings were mile-long, and its far-reaching *adobe* walls enclosed tracts of vineyard and orchards of fig and olive. Behind were the guardian mountains interposing a lasting barrier to the winds of the great Mojave desert, fiery hot at noon and frosty at midnight. Before lay the forty-mile slope to a horizon whose curling fogs and salty savors hinted of the unseen sea. To-day, between two sudden slopes of the Sierra Madre range, a long and dusty highway leads down and down twenty miles to the City of the Angels. Her bustling capitalists have achieved the land about and between; and their yearly encroachments reach the very doors of the deserted Mission. Nay, more! for the central room of the one building yet holding together is transformed into a modern kitchen; and where once the priests held daily service the slant-eyed Celestial reigns supreme over his pots and pans. The consecrated bell that once rang only for prayer, or tolled for the dying, now answers to his ribald tattoo as he calls to dinner the workers in the neighboring fields.

In this central building there is still soundness of *viga*, and resistance in roof and wall. The shadow of the arches still cuts an unbroken line across the sunny floor of the long *portal*. But the great chapel behind has fought a losing battle. Through wounds and gashes on every side, the enemies of rain and wind pour in; the broken *vigas* whiten in the long sun of summer, and the graves of the saints within lie deep under the unregarded wreckage.

Beyond, on the quiet northern side, is a forlorn little breadth of grave-yard, its impudent weeds faintly trampled by the infrequent feet of the mourner, and under the straggling shadow of the gaunt eucalyptus shines out incongruously the white-washed railing and tawdry flowers of a new-made grave.

Stretching away still farther north, their gray trunks lost in the tall barley at their feet, are the old, old olive-trees, turning the rippling silver of their small oval leaves upward at every vagrant breeze. And among them, standing alone, are three

old palm-trees, who long ago came a-visiting from the South, their plumed heads tousled and frayed by the rushing trade-wind from the ocean.

Time had served the olives kindly had not some ignoble creature cut and deformed them, that forsooth the tourist might take home a slice of them on which some provincial dauber had drawn an infamy in ink. Sorely gnawed by the tooth of time and engulfed by the rampant weeds, the walls appear only here and there to mark the confines of the former demesne.

Their Yearly Encroachments lead to the very Doors.

Two miles away lies the wee town of Fernando, through which rush the trains of the great Southern Pacific Railroad. Sometimes the solitary figure of a painter or "camerist" is seen crawling, encumbered with paints or plates, along the wide white ribbon of the highway, bringing back some bit of canvas or of film that has caught and kept the tender purple or warm brown that rests on the crumbling adobe, or the long, dignified, gracious line of the tiled roof sunk, as it were, into the blue opacity of a noon sky.

Thus the Mission of San Fernando lies starving in the midst of plenty. The poorest child of the Catholic Church may have a priest and a hasty prayer, but in the hour of her defeat and death San Fernando Rey is left alone.

THE MENDICANT.

By P. J. MacCorry.

I MET her to-day on the street,
The child of wan Penury's race,
And the scourge of the wind and the sleet
Had stricken the bloom from her face.
And her lashes were dripping with tears,
And hunger had palsied her feet,
And her hand stretched beseechingly out
When I met her to-day on the street.

I passed her to-day on the street,
Unheeding her tremulous tone;
And my footsteps were careless and fleet,
In some selfish conceit of my own.
And I paused not to gladden her heart,
Nor deign her a morsel to eat.
Christ's mercy recoiled 'neath the smart
When I passed her to-day on the street.

It is not the things that I *do*
That shall haunt me when night's speeding on;
It is not the *deed* I shall rue,
Nor the *word* howso idle and wrong;
It is not so much for the *thought*
That my eyes dare not lift to the sun;
But rather the wrong I have wrought,
In the actions by me left *undone*.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ADMISSIONS.

BY WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

I.—THE CERTITUDES OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

DO not imagine that Catholics are likely to be moved by arguments which Professor Huxley employs, or the eloquence with which he adorns them, in his collected anti-Christian Essays lately given to the world.* But I am strongly of opinion that those among us who are called to the chair of teaching, should read, mark, learn, and answer them. It has often been my fate to listen to disputations in form, syllogism following upon syllogism, in which the very subjects handled by Professor Huxley were dealt with on the lines of mediæval, or, at best, of seventeenth century procedure. And I have no intention of denying that the distinctions taken were often as well-founded as they were subtle, or that in pure metaphysics a sound conclusion is available for all time. But the difference is simply astonishing, as regards effective force, between objections derived from dead heresiarchs, and those urged by a living and a famous man, whose competence in his own department is universally admitted, while the freshness, energy, and, I had almost said, the turbulent good faith which give an edge to his rhetoric, must surely tell upon the least interested or the most indolent of his readers. Such an opponent is worthy of the attention which he has aroused among English champions of Christendom, like Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Wace, and the Duke of Argyll. His polemic, barbed with epigram and sarcasm, though, on the whole, not ill-tempered, has made no little stir on our side of the Atlantic—nor less, perhaps, in America. And I repeat my conviction that Catholic masters of apologetics should not allow it to pass unchallenged. It is Professor Huxley's view that he has made an end, argumentatively speaking, of the Christian Evidences. Is it not, then, a duty incumbent on those whom he assails, to meet his positions, explain where he has gone astray from the facts and right reason, and

* *Essays upon some Controverted Questions.* By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan. 1892.

demonstrate that he has left the Christian Evidences untouched?

A MAN OF HARD FACTS.

All this cannot be done without reading his pages carefully, and allowing every sound statement in them its full weight—a large task, and calculated to lead us into many fields, historical, scientific, and metaphysical. Sure I am, however, that it ought to be done; for the precise influence which Mr. Huxley wields, and the proof to which he makes his appeal, are of a kind to which the English temperament is singularly amenable. Mr. Huxley is, so to speak, a Paley in the service of anti-Christ. There are, in his composition, no ideal elements; he cares little for poetry, despises sentiment, and asks with an air of triumphant disdain, when confronted with Mr. Gladstone's cloudy battalions, "What are the facts?" Of course, he has a perfect right to do so. We must come to the question of the facts, sooner or later; although much depends on how we approach them, when they are confessedly of so personal and sacred a nature as those on which the truth of Christianity is founded. I should be the last in the world to deny that Paley's request for evidence is to the point, and the method by which he undertakes to test it valid—so far as that method goes. Whether it will go the whole length he supposes I take to be a different, and a still more momentous, consideration. But, within its own limits, evidence is evidence, and the want of it conclusive, not against the facts alleged, but against those who profess to ground themselves on motives of credibility which will not bear examination.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

The most popular of these articles will be, no doubt, those which deal with the story of the Gadarene swine, Hasisadra's Deluge, and the days of Genesis. Nothing seems easier to handle than details of history old or new, in which neither abstruse scientific knowledge, nor still more abstruse metaphysics, are demanded at the hands of the general reader. But, for all that, the key to Mr. Huxley's volume and its true interpretation must be sought elsewhere. I will allow him to be destructive, on condition that he does not destroy himself in the process; but if he should prove to be "hoist with his own petard," I cannot put much faith in his engineering. The principles upon which he defends science against universal scepti-

cism—for he does and must defend it, or what becomes of his authority?—are those by which alone he is entitled to make out a case in opposition to Theism and the Christian Evidences. It is required that he be consistent with himself. He must not play fast and loose with his own method. Should it turn out that in substituting Agnosticism for a belief in God, he is either not logical or not thorough-going—that he takes away with one hand only to give back with the other,—I say that his argument breaks down and its value is naught. The Cæsar to which he appeals is demonstrative, adequate, and "legal" evidence. To that Cæsar he shall go. If such evidence, and such alone—mere, explicit logic—is the one way of arriving at "objective reality," or the truth of things, and if every other way is uncertain, doubtful, and condemned by science as superstition,—and if, when all this has been granted, science itself survives, then Professor Huxley may go on to overthrow the superstition of Christianity. But if adamantine logic, as explicit as you please, cannot by logic justify its own existence, or prove its methods to be valid, or carry conviction to the intellect except by the aid of something else which is not logic, the controversy must be transferred to another ground and takes an aspect far less favorable to Agnosticism and anti-Theism than Mr. Huxley imagines. Although there is a specific difference between physical science and religious knowledge, consequent on the difference between their objects; yet in one point of method, and that the most important of all, they agree. It is a point which Mr. Huxley has not overlooked, nay rather, which he expressly and repeatedly concedes. And to my thinking, it carries the whole argument with it. I will endeavor to make this as clear to my reader as it is to me.

THE REALITY OF SCIENCE.

Not long ago, in the pages of this Review, I contended that "either science is a dream or religion is true." The ground which I shall now take as common to Mr. Huxley and those who like myself believe in inductive methods is that science is no dream, but a revelation of "objective reality." Mark the phrase, for it is the Professor's own; and, when he says "reality" he does not mean delusion. He means that which certainly is, and is certainly known to be. "Objective reality" is the highest truth to which we can attain; it is that which is, and with which all our investigations are concerned. And "science" aims at it, and, what is more, secures it. In regard

to science, as to the reality which it discloses, the author of the Essays would assuredly be looked upon as a Dogmatist by David Hume. Granting that "laws" are not "agents" but "a mere record of experience," and that "force" is no more than "a name for the hypothetical cause of an observed order of facts," it is still manifest that Professor Huxley takes his experience of those facts to be real. I say nothing here of substances, entities, quiddities, or anything but the experience on which all scientific statements are thought to be founded. This it is which constitutes their "objective reality," this alone distinguishes them from the idle play of the imagination and gives them the certitude to which they lay claim. If science is not "objectively real," what is it? But real it is, and objective it is—so much so that Professor Huxley would have us believe that it furnishes the "only sure foundations" for "right action."

LOGIC AT FAULT.

Science, accordingly, is not a dream; but, this volume tells me, Religion is; for Religion does not attain to an objective reality, nor can do so. It is a sentiment, an aspiration, rooted in the "deep-seated instinct" which impels the mind "to personify its intellectual conceptions." The most our Professor can say for it is that it turns a symbol into an idol. By means of science we come into contact with real objects; while theology, which is but a "science falsely so-called," is enamored of chimeras and feeds upon illusions of its own creating. How must we proceed, then, if we wish to deal with it rationally? We must ask it for its proofs, and decline to accept a single one of its assertions until these are forthcoming. The principle of Agnosticism in a nut-shell is "in matters of intellect never to affirm that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable." By the "rigorous application of this single principle" the genuine Agnostic may be known. In other words, logic is, not only the test, but the limit of truth. And Theism cannot stand that test, nor can the Christian Evidences. They have no means of satisfying logic; and the least we are bound to do under the circumstances is to decline assenting to the propositions which are put forward by theologians for our acceptance.

SCIENCE DEMANDS FAITH, BUT ONLY FOR SCIENCE.

Then, it would seem right to conclude that science and

religion differ in this way, viz., that science is logically certain and religion logically uncertain. The source of certitude is in the process, apparently, under which religion breaks to pieces. And there is no other principle of certitude in matters of intellect besides logic; for, if there were, perhaps religion might be thereby sustained, even when it could not appeal to syllogisms. I am pretty confident that such will be the inference drawn by most of Mr. Huxley's readers. Science, logic, certitude, on the one hand—so they will argue to themselves—and religion, want of logic, and incertitude, on the other. But in thus arguing, they will have reckoned without Mr. Huxley.

Will it be believed that the ultimate source of that gentleman's certitude is, not logic, and still less "legal evidence," but faith—faith as unqualified as the most extreme superstition could demand, and wholly beyond the jurisdiction of the syllogism or the rules of argument? There can be no mistake about it. Professor Huxley glories in his faith, and states it in precise terms. "It is quite true," observes this champion of explicit logic and adequate proof, "that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the *great act of faith*"—the italics are mine—which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination," he goes on to say, "it is obvious that the axioms upon which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination." But, he adds, "it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting-point."

SCIENCE DESTRUCTIVE OF AGNOSTICISM.

No, I grant that it is not so entitled. But let us see where we are in this remarkable transformation-scene. What is faith; what are its powers, and prerogatives, and limits; how it is related to logic, and by what kind of necessity the intellect is thus made its subject and follower;—these questions seem to spring up around us at the touch of Mr. Huxley's enchanted wand, and we find ourselves in a new world. Is faith, and not logic, the last guarantee of science? One "great act of faith" Professor Huxley admits,—with an unwilling mind, I fancy. But he does, and it must be a legitimate source of certitude, or else there is none. Let us inquire, then, whether this be the only act of faith admissible, remembering that upon it the whole "objective reality" of science depends. Faith and certitude, so it would

appear, instead of excluding one another, have turned out, when we consider them closely, to be the same thing. On what grounds, I ask again, does Mr. Huxley submit himself to this "great act," which is the starting-point, not only of all science but of all experience? Not, he candidly answers, by reason either of experience or of demonstration. And yet all our knowledge of objective reality—that is to say, of truth as existing outside of us—depends on this faith which cannot be demonstrated. Agnosticism is shattered from the beginning by so large and formidable a concession. For it is manifest, I say, that all the so-called "demonstrations" in which science indulges are thus, according to Professor Huxley, conditional on the truth of a principle that can never be proved; the conclusions of all its reasoning derive their strength from the premises, and of these the great major sentence is so far from being demonstrated that it is not even demonstrable. Is it true, then, that we arrive at our knowledge of things by a single method only? Or is there not another method, no less certain than explicit ratiocination, although utterly different from it? And if Agnosticism means, and may be summed up into, the recognition of one method and the denial of any other, what becomes of Agnosticism on this showing?

FAITH VERSUS INTUITION.

Let us be quite clear. Professor Huxley talks of one "great act of faith," viz., belief in the uniformity of nature. How great an act of faith it is, has been dwelt upon, in his usual nervous and forcible language, by David Hume, who has no difficulty in proving that the connection between past and future on which we rely when making our scientific prognostics cannot be in the facts taken by themselves, but must be in some principle which goes beyond simple experience. And in so contending he is undoubtedly well-warranted, as a little reflection (to say nothing of Kant and the metaphysicians who have followed him) will show. But what I desire to lay stress upon is the immense number of "acts of faith," over and above that which regards the uniformity of nature, implied and admitted in Professor Huxley's recognition that the logical process, or ratiocination, is valid, and is dependent for its validity upon principles that, from the nature of the case, cannot be proved. He may call them by what name he pleases; but, if anything is evident, it is that, according to him, the whole universe of reasoning, like the whole universe of facts, is founded upon "faith," and not

upon "demonstration." For myself I prefer to describe the necessary implications of knowledge and experience as "intuitions," reserving the word "faith" to another faculty of our minds. About terms, however, we need not quarrel. The point in discussion is whether, by the very make and constitution of our intellect, we are not compelled to pass beyond logical proof to that which can be proved in no logic, and yet must be taken as true if we are to move a single step. Professor Huxley has granted it. And we are at once led on to consider "faith" or "intuition" as having its own power, range, and efficiency as a source of knowledge in other departments besides logic.

UNCERTAINTY EVEN IN FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Thus, then, our Agnostic, meaning to tie us down to one method, and thereby to make an end of theology—and, in fact, of religion altogether—cannot help admitting for his own purpose the faith he has so abundantly scorned. He believes in "Nature," and declines to believe in "Supernature." But he comes to Nature by faith, exactly like the benighted multitude who by faith have attained to a knowledge of God. Were he a consistent Agnostic, resolved to grant nothing which is not "demonstrated or demonstrable," he could, in the end, grant nothing at all, and must remain dumb for want of self-evident, though indemonstrable, first principles. Where "Nature" is concerned, I have said, Mr. Huxley is a Dogmatist. And what will he answer when his favorite Hume observes that "no philosophical Dogmatist denies that there are difficulties both with regard to the senses and to all science; and that these difficulties are in a regular, logical method, absolutely insolvable"? Is it enough to say, as he does, that "if nothing is to be called science but that which is exactly true from beginning to end, I am afraid there is very little science in the world outside mathematics"? Why, not even mathematics can dispense with the "great act of faith," which in pure geometry does not mean a belief that the future will be like the past (for when have we had experience of perfectly straight lines and perfect circles?), but that certain axioms and postulates regarding space are necessary and universal truths. Hume insists, again, on the insuperable difficulties which attend first principles in all systems; the contradictions," as he deems them, "which adhere to the very ideas of matter, cause and effect, extension, space, time, motion; and, in a word, quantity of all kinds, the object of the only science that can fairly pretend to any certainty or evi-

dence." Such are the mathematics to which Professor Huxley points as the pattern-science; and I would ask him whether its first principles must not be included in the "act of faith" which seems likely to reduce the "demonstrable" parts of knowledge to quite a secondary and subordinate position? Is it not plain that the consistent Agnostic ought to be a thorough-going sceptic? That he who requires an explicit reason for everything, distinct from the things themselves (which is the only pertinent sense of "demonstration" in these essays), will find himself condemned to a *regressus in infinitum*, and never arrive at any foundations of science or beginning of action? Professor Huxley maintains, with every possible variety of asseveration, that the science he has acquired is real knowledge, objectively valid and subjectively true. Yet, in the last analysis, it reposes, by his own candid admission, on faith, and nothing else but faith. Why, then, may not religion repose on faith also? And what becomes of the single method of arriving at the truth?

A MYSTERIOUS INNER POWER.

We have, therefore, according to Professor Huxley, a power within us, as a constituent part of our intellectual nature, by which things neither demonstrated nor demonstrable are certainly known to us. Nay, it is the source of every certitude, and, in Wordsworth's noble language, "the master-light of all our seeing." Take that power away, and our knowledge would sink into a heap or a drift of mere sensations, without connection, or scope, or solidity. The particular certitudes of which we boast are simply an outcome of those first general certitudes when applied to details, without which no science could for a moment exist. The logical faculty, dealing with conclusions, comes second. The faculty which deals with premises, which ascertains and secures them, comes first. It affords, not by reasoning but by some altogether different process, the foundation on which all Dogmatism, not excluding Professor Huxley's, is at length compelled to rest itself. We cannot prove that it is valid, without taking it for granted; but, unless we do take it for granted, nothing whatever can be maintained against the assaults of the sceptic. Aristotle has distinguished it as the faculty, or habit, of first principles. And inasmuch as it contemplates self-evident truth, and holds within itself the guarantee of certitude, we shall do no lesser faculty wrong in calling this, which is the light and strength of all the rest, by the name of Intellect or Reason.

NAMES NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THINGS.

Ought we to call it "sentiment," perhaps? But "sentiment" does not involve "objective reality"; and, as we have seen, Professor Huxley teaches that "the validity of all our reasonings" must be referred to the "great act of faith," in which he discerns the ground of science. Shall we say that science, at last, is no more than sentiment? We know this to be a false and even absurd proposition; are we not driven, as an alternative, to hold that "faith" *wherever* it means the "faculty of first principles" includes and guarantees their self-evidence? Moreover, is it not manifest that Agnosticism must be limited as soon as we perceive that there are ranges of truths not demonstrable, and yet certain, in mathematics, in physics, in logic, in biology —and why not in Religion? Finally, though we granted our absolute powerlessness to "demonstrate" the great first principles on which Theism rests, and from which Natural Theology has been derived and to some extent enlarged into a system, with conclusions depending on axioms and postulates of their own, we should not be allowing thereby that religion was merely a sentiment, but likening it in its origin to science, and therefore not taking from its lawful influence upon our intellect. The pertinent inquiry is not whether the axioms of Theism are "demonstrable," but whether the mind is necessitated, by their self-evidence, to affirm them. Professor Huxley, in words which I have already begun to quote, goes far towards allowing that it is. "I suppose," he tells us, "that so long as the human mind exists, it will not escape its deep-seated instinct to personify its intellectual conceptions. The science of the present day is as full of this particular form of shadow-worship as is the nescience of ignorant ages. The difference is that the philosopher who is worthy of the name knows that his personified hypotheses, such as law, and force, and ether, and the like, are merely useful symbols, while the ignorant and the careless take them for adequate expressions of reality." If his quarrel with theologians is simply a protest against their making human language the measure of Divine perfections, he need only turn to St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, or St. John of the Cross, and he will discover that no terms of his can equal the energy with which they put from them so impious and unphilosophical a fancy. But there is a great deal more to be said. Professor Huxley, having announced to us a faith which is *toto cælo* removed from mere subjective sentiment—which, in fact,

is the ground of science, the assurance of objective reality, and beyond the assaults of logic—declares next that there is nothing within the compass of his knowledge whereby he, or any one else, can be constrained in good reasoning to deny those principles and events which make up the sum of religion, natural or revealed. He allows, not for argument's sake, but in earnest, the abstract possibility of miracles, the reasonableness of prayer, and the doctrine of final causes. When Spinoza defines God as the absolutely infinite Being, that is, a substance consisting of infinite attributes, Professor Huxley observes that "only a very great fool would deny, even in his heart," the God so conceived. It appears to have escaped him that "infinite attributes" must include personality, intelligence, and will—or something still higher than these. But the Professor's religious admissions cannot be exhausted in an article. My succeeding paper will aim at enumerating some of them in detail and drawing out their significance.

PIERRE LOTI.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

Novelist of Nature.—His Uncertain Life and the Frankness of his Adventures. —His Exquisite Style.—First of Sea Painters.

IT has been sometimes lamented that those who have adventures cannot write of them, and those who write of them seldom have them. There is, however, a class of moderns, chiefly novelists, for adventure is the raw material of the novelist, against whom no such lament can be urged. They have travelled the earth from corner to corner, they have inhaled the invigorating winds of the North, of Iceland, and the Land of Eternal Day; they have sunned themselves in the languid heat of the tropics, amid the tunics and turbans of India, or alone in Africa's sandy deserts. They, above all others, have those two heritages of the modern novelist, the seeing eye and the willing pen. It is almost a new element in literature, this widely travelled human. No need to tell of the young Irishman who penetrated the Merv Oasis, and, having been made king of one of its savage tribes, tells us of his adventures in language that glows with the life of the Orient. Edmund O'Donovan is but one of a thousand. It is scarcely necessary to mention names; it would be easier to specify exceptions. Among English writers are Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mallock, and a host of others. Among French pre-eminent of all stands Pierre Loti. In him more than in any other are combined opportunity and gift in a unique degree.

Loti's life is as will-o'-the-wisp like as the name he has adopted. Though his books have been descanted upon by many French critics and a few English ones—among the latter long-winded Henry James—and though recently elected a member of the French Academy, the facts of his life are hard to come at. This much, however, is known; his musical Polynesian name, signifying a flower, is not his own, but is a reminiscence of Tahiti, the delicious isle where he spent many months, and of which he has sketched an outline in most delicate and dreamy colors, with a love-tale for the heart of it. It is said to have

been given him by the natives on account of his excessive shyness.

In the language of mortals he is Monsieur Jules Viaud, a native of Saintonges, and of purest Huguenot descent. Like Lessing at Kamentz and Carlyle at Ecclefechan he was brought up in an atmosphere of severity and rigor, with the Bible heroes for a standard of emulation. The dreamy, solitary boy "did not want to grow up," we are told; loved his mother with a French intensity of language, hated school, and got his Aunt Claire to do his lessons for him. The butterflies and birds were his friends, and many an hour he spent roving the woods while his Latin and Greek were neglected.

What Loti's religion is now it would be hard to say—perhaps that chapter, like the one on snakes in Iceland, would of necessity be blank. From the dedication of one of his books, his mother is evidently a Christian, and he speaks in glowing terms of her patience and gentleness with a wayward son. He himself is a pagan of the pagans, yet giving evidence at every page that he was at one time a Christian. How he lost this faith of his fathers no one can tell; that he has lost it no one can doubt. There is nothing more pathetic in all his books than that closing paragraph of *Jean Berny:*

"O Christ of those who weep! O Virgin immaculate and calm! O all ye adorable myths and legends that nothing can replace, that alone sustain the childless mother and the motherless child, and give them strength and courage to live on when joy is over, that make our tears less bitter and bring us hope and cheer in the last dark hour, blessings rest on ye!

"And we whom ye have abandoned for evermore, let us bow our faces in the dust and kiss with tears the traces of those footsteps which have passed for ever from our ken."

This is, indeed, exquisite sadness.

But to return to his childhood. His masters, piously nicknamed "the Bull Apis" and "the Great Black Monkey," disgusted him with learning. Going to church seems, alas and alack! to have disgusted him with piety. He preferred his uncle's gray parrot, Gaboon, which talked—and probably swore—in some negro dialect. As long as he might frame his own visions while reading the Bible, and could taste the sweetness of the quiet evening prayer at home, he was safe and his thoughts were Christian. But when he went to church it seemed to him that preacher and congregation were given over to intolerable dulness and the hollowest of formalities. If there were guid-

ing hand to direct the youth aright—which seems a bit doubtful—he flung it impatiently aside. He had once dreamed of being a missionary, for, like many another who has since broken with family traditions to join the Church of Literature, he had been destined, as the Scotch say, "to wag his pow in a pulpit"; but as he grew older he gave up this dream, overwhelmed, as was Amiel, by "la conscience de la vanité des prières, et du nèant de tout," which is another word for Leopardi's doctrine "l'infinitta vanita del tutto."

This is one explanation of his loss of faith; another, perhaps, may be found in his love of De Musset.

Loti's elder brother had gone on a voyage round the world and sent home many brilliant descriptions of the tropics. To him may be assigned the chief personal influence that made Loti a lover of the sea, and overcame his intense devotion to the home life. But above all Tahiti had furnished his brother's pen with its magic. There he had lived, much in the style of the Englishman of Rarahu; there his hut of leaves and branches was still standing when Loti himself set foot upon the island of Moorea, ten years later. To this brother Loti applied at the age of fourteen for a letter of admission to the Naval Academy. For the rest of his life we must turn to his books, which are in most instances the record of his own varied experiences in strange lands and waters. When told in the form of diary, they are travels; weaved together by a plot, novels. The sea that wooed him in his youth wooes him still in his maturity, for he is now an officer, at last accounts a lieutenant in the French navy. The sea was his earliest bride; from the frankness of his adventures she seems to have been the only one that has ever claimed his fidelity.

If, in the words of Lessing, "the style is the man," Pierre Loti's many sins of omission and of commission may, perchance, be forgiven him. For Loti's style is an exquisite style, a style as fresh, as limpid, as silvery as the cool waters of some enchanted fountain that steals silently through luscious woods, reflecting all the shadowy lights of heaven. He is the novelist of Nature, for he has lived close to Nature's heart. It is a French passion, this passion for fine writing, this enthrallment through the witchery of words, and with Loti it is predominant of all. His pen, like Aaron's rod, has been made to blossom, and its tiniest bud has about it the iris-hued glory of an unseen power.

Doubtless the greatest of his books is that prose epic of the

sea, *An Iceland Fisherman*, a romance pure and simple. There is no analysis in it, there is no sermonizing. It is merely the unpretentious telling of the love of a young Breton maiden for a sturdy Iceland sailor. Brittany with its wave-washed, wind-swept coast, with its *Pardons*, crucifixes stretching their arms on every hillside as though crying to Heaven for justice; Brittany with its gorse that never fades, and its sea that is never stilled, is pictured for us with perfect simplicity, with perfect directness, for Loti's art is the art of the etcher. His lines are few, direct, and telling. He holds the key to perfect speech, for he gives "to every word its import and to every silence its meaning."

Loti has been called the "Painter of the Sea," and the title none can gainsay him. He revels in it as a creature born to the waters; he knows its moods, its smiling bosom, its relentless depths. In the opening paragraph of *An Iceland Fisherman* he describes for us the staunch little fishing-smack *La Marie* bobbing upon the waters of the great northern ocean, its oily cabin, the six rolling sailors spinning yarns of their adventures upon the land, while the little statue of the Virgin, rather antiquated and painted with very simple art with its blue mantle and yellow robe and the artificial roses nailed to the shelf, looks down upon them, "the Virgin who had listened to many an ardent prayer in deadly hours." In a paragraph we have all this, the sense of safety and of security, the human lives guarded by the few bits of board, and then the bigness of the contrast, infinity, fate: "Outside lay the sea and the night."

Here is one of his descriptions: "It was daylight, the everlasting day of those regions, a pale dim light resembling no other; bathing all things like the gleams of a setting sun. Around them stretched a colorless waste, and excepting the planks of their ship, all seemed transparent, ethereal, and fairy-like. The eye cannot distinguish what the scene might be: first it appeared as a quivering mirror which had no objects to reflect; in the distance it became a desert of vapor; and beyond that a void, having neither horizon nor limits. Yann made out thousands of voices (in the huge clamor of a storm in Northern seas), those above either shrill or deep and seeming distant from being so big: that was the wind, the great soul of the uproar, the invisible power that carried on the whole thing. It was dreadful; but there were other sounds as well, closer, more material, more bent on destruction, given out by the torment of the water, which crackled as if on live coals. And

it grew and still grew. In spite of their flying pace, the sea began to cover them, to eat them up, as they say; first the spray, whipping them from aft, then great bundles of water hurled with a force that might smash everything. The waves grew higher and still crazily higher, and yet they were ravelled as they came, and you saw them hanging about in great green tatters which were the falling water scattered by the wind."

Yann, the hero, a sturdy lion yet untamed, and Sylvestre, the youth, pure-hearted as a girl, dreaming of the far-off Breton coast as, with the winds of Iceland piercing their cheeks, they draw in the heavy-laden nets, are real vignettes in literature. Gaud, too, is beautifully drawn; perhaps better as the wife than as the maiden, something of the strength, the whole-souled womanliness of Milton's Eve in that young soul, the new-made wife "affrighted yet not afraid." There is realism in Loti, in many of his works far too much, trenching often on entire animalism, but in the best of his works there is no touch which can offend the pure-minded. Something of the whiteness, the virgin strength of those Iceland cliffs, is reflected upon this idyl of peasant love. In *An Iceland Fisherman* Loti is as pure-hearted as his own Breton peasants, as Millet's tillers of the soil whom they so much resemble.

Henry James says that George Sand draws peasants as they are; Loti as he thinks them to be. The distinction seems scarcely well made, for there is no peasant in all the panoramas of George Sand as true, as life-like as the pathetic figure of old Granny Moan pleading that she may not *trop bien comprendre* when she is told that her grandson has died on the ship homeward bound. One does not soon forget that bent figure tottering along the road, childless, hopeless, loveless, hooted at by the children as a drunken creature, and sleeping in her hut the "frozen sleep of old age." Equally real is the young wife, Gaud, waiting upon the cliff, straining her eyes into the distance, her slim figure and tear-dimmed features outlined against the gray background of the sky, watching for her husband to return from that grim-visaged Iceland, monster of the North, who has clutched him and will not let him go. We feel the throbs of that breaking heart, we look through the eyes of a quivering woman. The whole book tastes of the salt of the sea. The end is told as the rest is told, simply, quietly, perfectly:

"Yann never came home. One August night out there off the coast of Iceland, in the midst of a great fury of sound,

were celebrated his nuptials with the sea—with the sea who of old had been his nurse. She had made him a strong and broad-chested youth, and then had taken him in his magnificent manhood for herself alone. A deep mystery had enveloped their monstrous nuptials. Dusky veils all the while had been shaken above them, curtains inflated and twisted stretched there to hide the feast; and the bride gave voice continually, made her loudest horrible noise to smother the cries. He, remembering Gaud, his wife of flesh, had defended himself, struggling like a giant against this spouse who was the grave, until the moment when he let himself go, his arms open to receive her, with a great deep cry like the roar of a bull, his mouth already full of water, his arms open, stretched and stiff for ever.

"And they were all at his wedding—all those whom he had bidden of old, all except Sylvestre, who, poor fellow, had gone off to sleep in enchanted gardens far away on the other side of the earth."

His other works may be regarded as dainty, delicious aquarelles or pastels; this is a canvas swept over with bolder brush. "A great writer," says Delille, "Loti is not; an admirable writer he is. Of course his merits are not without their corresponding defects. The tremulous refinement of his sensibilities can degenerate into something very like hysteria. The delicious tenderness of his emotion occasionally becomes lachrymose. And last and worst, the troubled ardor of his passion verges dangerously upon disease. One can discern all this clearly enough, but one is not careful to enlarge upon the theme. Why fasten and feed upon the unsound spots of a genius, if one belong not to the school of critical ghouls?"

At the risk of incurring Monsieur Delille's displeasure one must at least touch upon Loti's faults.

In view of the perfection of Loti's Iceland epic it is a pity that unstinted praise cannot be given to his other works, but the truth is, that when Loti flung away the plank of Christianity it was inevitable he should drift into murky seas. Carlyle tells us that indifference is the only atheism. In this sense Loti is indeed an atheist. He is, as some one says, a sponge absorbing all experiences with equal frankness and with an equal sense of irresponsibility. *Madame Chrysantheme* is a tale of Japanese life, perfect as a picture of what may be perceived by the senses, bewildering in its entire ignoring that there can be anything above them. It makes one realize the truth of the saying: "Loti understands the souls of places, but

not the souls of men." He gives us the soul of Japan, dreamy, weird, and strange, with its grotesque gods and monstrous phantasies, but he nowhere gives us the souls of men and women; or if he does, the colors are so strange as to be lost upon eyes un-Japanese. Perhaps no foreigner, not even Loti, can overcome this feeling of aloofness from the inner heart of the East. The *mousmes*, with their huge sashes, small piercing eyes, and reddened lips, are not real women—rather they seem to have stepped from off a fan. And as for the hero's adventures among them (Loti himself, it is said), as Henry James remarks, "We scarcely mention achievements of this order in English."

It is indeed a little difficult to take him seriously in this aspect at all. One is almost tempted to exclaim, as that sad fellow Lamb did on a similar occasion apropos of the morals of a French play at Covent Garden: "Is it not bad enough to be bothered with morals in real life? Must we be pestered with them also in fiction?" For Loti's frankness in this regard is quite overwhelming. What his idea of purity is it would be quite hard to say—indeed, from his later novels it may be questioned whether he has any at all—merely a thing of latitude and longitude. Entirely apart from the sphere of morals, and judging him merely as to his art, the mistake is a fatal one. His style inevitably loses, for he has done away with the greatest art factor in the world, the sense of contrast, Evil. It was said in contempt, but it may be repeated in all earnestness, "Sin owes half its witchery to the stern teachings of Christianity." Loti has discarded Christianity; the only result achieved is that his paganism is uninteresting animalism.

Rarahu, a tale of Tahiti, is another evidence of Loti's one desire to change his skin, and, as a French critic says, "his preference is almost always for a dusky one." *Rarahu* is luscious as a summer in the tropics and about as enervating. Of his *Roman d'un Enfant* he himself says: "It is the journal of my great Unexplained Melancholies, and of occasional pranks by which I attempted to distract myself from them."

If he had brought to his other works the same purity of heart, the same at least sympathy with faith, as in *An Iceland Fisherman*, he might be hailed as the greatest of modern novelists. But like his English prototype, Mallock, he has turned his back upon the higher light and is following the light o' love of sense. Like Mallock he has become an Epicurean fatalist, greeting all things with the sigh "*Ce n'est que ça.*"

"As far as he is concerned," says one writer, "Christianity might never have existed except in so far as it has given an impetus to art. . . . For him the Cross has disappeared and only the Crucifix remains, picturesque in its solitude, high upon a Breton sea cliff."

Apostle of the school of impressionism, high-priest of the school of despondency, Pierre Loti is one of the most tantalizing figures on the literary horizon. One can but wistfully ponder what he would have been had he kept his soul on the heights pictured for us in his idyl of sea-blown Brittany; had he while wooed by the sense-world not lost sight of the spirit-world; had he, in other words kept the style of the prince of modern word-painters that he is, and made it pure and strong and great by the faith of his ancestors which he has lost.

Alas that the beauty of earth should blind one to the beauty of heaven!

JOY IN HEAVEN.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

N Heav'nly courts the joy-bells sweetly ring,
And angel voices join in triumph strain,
The jasper walls re-echo their refrain;
Before the great white throne the censers swing,
As seraphs bend in homage to their King.
And close by Mary's side a cherub train
Repeat her praises o'er and o'er again
In silvery tones, clear and unfaltering.

And she, that golden city's crownèd queen,
Whose slightest wish unnumbered saints obey,
Is glad at heart, and Heav'n is glad to-day,
Because on earth a sinner who had been
An enemy for long to her dear Son
In humbleness and tears has penance done.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

Slowness of the Movement Romeward.—Over-Hasty Attempts to Crack the Protestant Nut.—Dunigan.—Baker.—Phinney.—Moehler's "Symbolism."—Lives of the Early English Saints.

CATHOLICS whose attention had been called to the novelties brewing at our seminary must have thought it very strange that it took us so long to find out where the truth lay and to embrace the whole Catholic faith, worship, and church with one confiding hug. It needs but a short argument to show that only the Catholic body has true unity and that variation is the very law and life of Protestantism. This ought to be enough to bring them all into the true fold by a short and easy process. Men who think thus, however, think so very superficially. In real life the best and most earnest minds are not accustomed to travel by these short cuts. An extensive horse-breeder and trainer once said, in answer to a question of mine: "Horses, sir, are very intelligent animals, and when they see an old charred stump on the roadside they know very well that it's nothing but a stump. But you see they are very cautious creatures; nature has made them so, and they don't know at first sight what is behind the stump."

It was the same thing with many of us at the seminary. We soon got used to discussions about the church. We soon learned to understand that Christ instituted a visible church, organized a tangible and approachable body. That church he officered himself, giving it not only a complete doctrine to transmit, and sacraments furnished with grace, but also a divine mission, or right to act in his name. This right, we understood, could only be transmitted by that church and in it. This mission or divine current of jurisdiction is interrupted by schism and ceases to flow into a severed member. All this was pretty much understood by the more advanced Tractarian students at the seminary, and yet they were by no means prepared to leap at once into the ancient church. Other questions,

profound and precious, lay before them still unsolved. Let me here refer to an incident which occurred at some time during my second year at the seminary, precisely when I cannot remember, which exemplifies how hard it is for Catholics "to the manner born" to understand the perplexities and needs of a Protestant outsider searching for the truth.

I went down-street one day to Dunigan's bookstore. He kept at that time, if I remember right, far down in Broadway, or possibly in William or Nassau Street. I inquired for Moehler's *Symbolism*. He said to me (I think it was Dunigan himself):

"I don't think it is Moehler that you want."

"What then do I want?" I returned.

"The right book for you," he said, "is Bossuet's *Variations of Protestantism*."

"No, sir. You are mistaken. The variations of Protestantism have been going on since Bossuet died, and perhaps I know of many variations that he never heard of."

"Ah," said he, "I think I understand you. What you need is Milner's *End of Controversy*. That's something quite recent."

"No," I persisted, "I do not need Milner either. I read it through and through, and feel no call to refer to it any more. I know its contents pretty well and have gathered much truth out of it, but it is not the end of controversy for me. I have other questions to solve and deeper ones. What I want is Moehler's *Symbolism*."

He gave me a compassionate smile, but found the book for me and I took it home to my room in the seminary. It proved to be a treasure indeed. I think I learned of the existence and contents of this book from some reference or review of it in the *British Critic*. It had made a deep impression on Dr. Newman's mind.

Protestants are not heathens; far from it. Their reasons cannot be reached by the same easy and simple means which suffice for the ignorant heathen. When the Christian revelation is fairly presented to the heathen mind, their ignorance has so little to show in opposition that they are more ready to embrace it trustfully and in its entirety. The obex, or obstacle, to truth presented by their simple superstitions is a comparatively small one. The Protestant mind, on the contrary, however cultivated, is by no means simple, nor in the same sense ignorant. It is nearer the truth to say that they know too

much. They are oftentimes, to quote St. Paul, "more wise than it behoveth to be wise." Their minds are too much possessed with things that are not so. The obex which they present to Catholic truth is something multitudinous, complex,

Yours affectionately in Jesus.
Francis A Baker.

over-refined. It is so engrafted, so commingled with their pious emotions, so closely webbed and interwoven with all their past thoughts and memories, that they mistake prejudice for a rational conviction. True doctrine "in a nutshell" is not truth presented in a form in which they can receive it. The

attempt so frequently made thus to present it, and settle the whole question at once, is well illustrated in my memory by an anecdote from the experience of Father Baker, the Paulist, which I have from himself. During the time when he was stationed as rector at St. Luke's Church, Baltimore, a priest rang the bell at his door and asked to see him. He presented no card and gave no name. Baker's sister, who opened the door, noticing this and not liking the exterior make-up of the visitor, whose language and style of dress were something new to her, was somewhat alarmed and disinclined to introduce him to her brother's room. This, however, she did. He took his seat and immediately opened the purpose of his visit. What he said was substantially as follows:

"I have heard of you, Mr. Baker. I understand that you have strong inclinations toward the Catholic Church, but you remain still in doubt. I can prove to you in a few short words that she is the only true church. Now listen to me attentively for a moment. See here! The church is necessarily one, for Christ her founder is one, and he only made one. Keep that in mind. Now then: the church is also holy, for Christ made her so, in order to sanctify the world. Keep that in mind also." He then proceeded in like manner to show that the true church must be Catholic and apostolic. After this, in the same brief manner, he went on to prove that only the Roman Catholic Church bore these four marks of being the true one. Father Baker listened in silence to what he had to say, but was quite surprised to see the good father rise after completing this short argument; a hearty shaking of hands followed, and satisfied with this the enthusiastic visitor withdrew, feeling that he had finished his job. He was a good man and a most exemplary priest. He belonged to a class of men to be met with everywhere. Wadhams and I heard of him during the course of this year, or the winter of the next, while among the Adirondacks. McMaster had been visited by him in his retirement at Hyde Park, and had been highly pleased by him, for this priest had seen much, and there were few places in the United States which he had not visited; he knew something of everything. He came to me shortly after I became a Catholic and proposed to me a variety of good devotions. I did not care to be hampered with too many things all at once, and in this I was supported by the counsel of a wise director. Such men do not generally bring about many healthy conversions. But if treated wisely and gently by their superiors, and not trusted with the

management of difficult matters, they may do more good than wiser men with less worthy motives.

I fear to have set down too strong an example to illustrate well the point I would present. Many Catholics even with better regulated minds often make serious mistakes when undertaking to lead converts into the church.

The false maxims to which Protestants have become accustomed may be digested and generalized, and so briefly stated as to find room in a nutshell. That nutshell, however, they will never acknowledge. They know that in their hearts there is a religion deeper, truer, and more solid than that nut holds. You may crack that nut before their eyes, but they do not feel hurt by your vigorous hammer.

A little more than three years after leaving the seminary at Chelsea I happened to be in Birmingham, England. The Rev. Dr. Phinney, of Oberlin College, was there at the same time preaching; I had got acquainted with him some six years earlier when in the United States. I admired the man and felt much attached to him. Another gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made in America, was also in Birmingham at the same time; this was Baron Schroeder, a highly educated Catholic layman from Germany. He persuaded me to go with him on a visit to Dr. Phinney at his lodgings. Dr. Phinney and his wife received us both very cordially and we had a long and pleasant interview. A good part of the time was spent in amicable controversy. I was, of course, but a novice in theology. The baron was a well-educated scholar, especially in philosophy. Professor Phinney, intellectually far superior to either of us, was not only an eloquent and powerful preacher, but an expert in doctrinal discussion. I only introduce this visit here to illustrate what I have said, that Protestantism, if it be understood to comprise all that constitutes the religious life and belief of an earnest Protestant, cannot be reduced to the compass of a nutshell.

"Gentlemen," said the good doctor in the course of conversation, "I am not prepared to say that I hold no religious errors. Some of these may possibly be important errors. One thing, however, I cannot allow myself to admit. To allow that I do not understand the Christian religion in its substantial and essential features is a supposition from which my whole soul recoils."

I give Dr. Phinney as a type of an earnest and intelligent Protestant. There was a vast amount of belief in him. No nutshell could cover it.

Moehler had studied well the age in which he lived. He knew the Protestant mind. He knew that it could not be captured by a single syllogism, and that a few texts establishing church authority are seldom sufficient to bring an educated Protestant to the true faith and into the true fold. Moehler devotes his book on symbolism not only to these but to all the doctrines which belong to religious faith and worship. He treats of the attributes of God, the nature of man, man's relations with God, the nature of grace, etc. He compares together carefully the acknowledged symbols of Protestantism and Catholicity, and presents both in their real light to religious souls who wish to live by the true law of spiritual life. Such Protestants are the only ones that come to the Catholic Church, or at least that come to stay. Catholic polemics in our day must learn new texts of Scripture, glean new maxims from the Christian fathers, and provide new fish-hooks and more efficient bait. So far as I know of, no convert of the Chelsea Seminary was brought to the door of the Catholic Church either by Milner's *End of Controversy* or Bossuet's *Variations*, strong though they be.

The general spirit which characterized that seminary was, to the best of my recollection and in my opinion, a good one. There was a value attached to sound doctrine, and very little attached to the idea that "it makes little difference what a man believes, if only he be sincere." Dogmatic theology—that is to say, the science of presenting religious truth in its true aspect and in its proper relations with other truths—stood high in honor there. I cannot remember that I ever heard dogmatic theology spoken of respectfully until I came to the seminary at Chelsea. Religion and all that is worth knowing about religion is generally supposed by Protestants to come to one as Santa Claus comes to the children, while they are not looking out for it, but asleep.

Our Tractarian students at Chelsea ranked high among the others as diligent scholars, and this gained for them favor with the professors, the majority of whom were by no means Tractarian. It is not to be wondered at that students of this stamp when once introduced to Moehler's *Symbolism*, should become fascinated with it. It was not a book which professed to teach Catholicity in six easy lessons which should avoid all necessity of investigating farther. It did not profess to furnish an all-sufficient egg which should develop itself and required no brooding to bring it to a development. Moehler takes up the whole of Catholic doctrine, yet article by article. The external marks

of the true church, which prove her right to teach, are not omitted. The doctrines which she teaches are also all brought forward and have their own distinct grounds to stand upon. The acknowledged councils of the church with her canons and decrees when cited are given in her own words, not fearing to commit her to her own declarations. Side by side with these are placed the doctrines of the Protestant reformers, expressed in their own words. The Anglican Church, with her symbols or formularies of doctrine and worship, is placed side by side with the Roman Catholic, as the queen in "Hamlet" is made to look first at the portrait of her husband and then upon the face of her crowned paramour—

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

Moehler understands well the effect necessarily produced upon a fair mind by two faithful portraits thus distinctly presented in their own dress and with their own native features. Then the beholder with a genuine conviction may say of the true king—

"See, what a grace was seated on this brow,"

while the other has little but his clothing to present, and stands

"A king of shreds and patches!"

a mere show of apostolical succession, without any rightful inheritance of divine mission, holding forth a Common Prayer Book which comprises in one cover a jumbled jargon of doctrine.

Moehler's *Symbolism* did more to lead me to a comprehensive knowledge of the Catholic faith and to take the final step of entering the Catholic fold than any other book. I have always preferred it above all others as a book to lend to thoughtful and studious Protestants.

I have perhaps said enough to show what doctrinal vitality—that is, what eagerness to know the real truth—existed among Episcopalians at the time included in these reminiscences, and was perhaps more focused at our seminary than anywhere else in America. It would be a great oversight to make no mention of a spirit still more precious and vital which I found kindled there and which must account for many conversions to the faith. Arthur Carey was the chief centre of this flame, as he was the chief leader in the inquiry after truth. His residence at the

seminary occupied a period of four years, including one year during which, being too young for ordination, he kept his old room, mingling as freely with the students as a secluded life of study and prayer like his would allow. Every one was glad to know him, even those who looked upon him as all the more dangerous from the very fact of his being pious, sincere, and virtuous. His sayings about religious topics of the day were repeated about among us from mouth to mouth, as the last words would be cited that came from Newman or Dalgairns. Not all were disposed to follow his opinions, but no one could afford to be ignorant of what he thought and said. It cannot reasonably be doubted that at the bottom of the Tractarian movement there lay, not merely a demand for pure and Catholic truth but also for a holy life. The spirit of high and dry churchmanship did not preside at the seminary. It was, no doubt, the real spirit of Anglicanism, but it was as unpalatable to Tractarians as it was to Evangelicals, and more so.

In this state of things it was impossible that books emanating from Oxford, and showing the new kindled piety which breathed there, should not find free circulation at the seminary. Keble's *Christian Year* lay here and there upon the tables of those who loved poetry. Soon followed the *Lyra Apostolica*, to which Keble, Newman, Hurrell Froude, and many other leading spirits of the "Movement" contributed words burning with piety and often radiant with the truest poetry. Faber was better known at that time as a romantic poet, but he was recognized "as one of them," and as such found a few readers amongst us. But a greater charm than any of these possessed was to be found in the *Lives of the Early English Saints*. This was a series of biographies written by Anglicans of the Oxford school, and was a most influential element in its great movement towards real Catholic truth and life. The series was confined to English saints. There was wisdom in this restriction. It took into account English national prejudice by showing lives of sanctity lived on English ground. At the same time an honest presentation of English sanctity in early times would be sure to show how little it looks like modern Anglican piety, and how distinctly it presents itself associated with the doctrines, worship, and austere practices of the Church of Rome. The writers of these lives did not propose, nor indeed consciously intend, to lead their readers to relinquish their own communion and unite with the Roman Catholics. What they proposed is well stated by Wilfrid Ward in his book en-

titled *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement* (chapter vii. page 142). He says:

"The love of Rome and of an united Christendom which marked the new school was not purely a love for ecclesiastical authority. This was indeed one element; but there was another yet more influential in many minds—admiration for the saints of the Roman Church, and for the saintly ideal as realized especially in the monastic life. We have already seen how this element operated in Mr. Ward's own history. Froude had struck the note of sanctity as well as the note of authority. He had raised an inspiring ideal on both heads; and behold, with however much of practical corruption and superstition mixed up with their practical exhibition, these ideals were actually reverenced, attempted, often realized, in the existing Roman Church. The worthies of the English Church—even when sharing the tender piety of George Herbert or Bishop Ken—fell short of the heroic aims, the martial sanctity, gained by warfare unceasing against world, flesh, and devil, which they found exhibited in Roman Hagiology. The glorying in the cross of Christ which is the key-note to such lives as those of St. Ignatius of Loyola and St. Francis Xavier, while it recalled much in the life of St. Paul, had no counterpart in post-Reformation Anglicanism."

As early as the long vacation at Oxford of 1842 the idea suggested itself to the mind of Dr. Newman of getting out this series of the Lives of the English Saints, and immediate measures were taken to secure writers and prepare for publication. The first of the series reached our seminary, I think, in the winter of 1843 and '44, during my second year's course. I have no complete list by me of the saints comprised in this series, but it included the Life of St. Stephen Harding, founder of the Cistercians, which involves much of that of his disciple, the great St. Bernard, St. Austin of Canterbury, St. Woolstan, St. William, St. Paulinus, St. Bega, St. Gilbert, St. Richard and his family, and Legends of Hermit Saints, some of these written by Newman himself.

These biographies were couched in language more or less watered to suit Anglican ears; but no daintiness of style nor dilution of matter could conceal the fact that the early English saints were utterly unlike Anglicans of the present day. In his *Apologia pro Vita Sua* Dr. Newman gives us his motives for starting this new enterprise.

"I thought it would be useful," he says, "as employing the

minds of men who were in danger of running wild, bringing them from doctrine to history, and from speculation to fact; again, as giving them an interest in the English soil and the English Church, and keeping them from seeking sympathy in Rome, as she is; and further as seeking to promote the spread of right views."

This plan, however, for holding back earnest and truth-seeking minds from the necessary consequences which attach to truth, could not and did not work. Scarcely had his project taken wing than he was forced to write to a friend: "Within the last month, it has come upon me that, if the scheme goes on, it will be a practical carrying out of No. 90; from the character of the usages and opinions of ante-reformation times."

So indeed it was. Like No. 90, it forced matters onward to a crisis both in England and America. It did more than this. It led many eager minds to a more special consideration of monastic life as combining in its bosom a special grace for self-purification and perfection with a zeal for missionary labor. St. Stephen Harding, of Citeaux, was the model of a monk to whom the whole world had nothing to offer. St. Bernard, his great disciple, carried out from Citeaux a burning heart to which the world of souls was always appealing.

In the next chapter I propose to show how the admiration for monasticism thus aroused led ardent souls among the Chelsea graduates and students to projecting monastic institutions in their own church and actually experimenting in them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS BY A GREATER GLADNESS.

By Kathryn Prindiville.

SHE was going to write a novel. Not an ordinary story of the loves and lives of commonplace people, but a beautiful record of high aspirations that would lift souls above earthly pleasures and rarefy the mental and moral atmosphere of its readers, who would include, of course, the intelligent of the globe. Incidentally it was to render her name brilliant before humanity; primarily it was to reform the world.

She did not decide at once on a novel, but spent many weeks debating how best to deliver her wonderful message of regeneration. The most heroic manner, and therefore most alluring, was to compose a marvellous philippic in the style of Demosthenes, so forcible it would convince a sceptic, so eloquent it would move a stone.

"Men of America!" her appearance pacing her room would be majestic, "seize your opportunity. Cast aside the dark bandages sordid wealth lays on your eyes. Lift up your heads and see beauty, truth, and virtue, ready to be your inspiration to a higher life, and through you to guide mankind to the noblest preparation for eternity." She never could advance a second theory, for her heart would beat uncomfortably fast, and the glowing eyes, overleaping her words, would rest on a vision where brotherly love and contentment made the men of America a world example.

The President, whose prosaic nineteenth century attire would be changed in some vague but becoming fashion into flowing draperies imparting a benign aspect to his countenance, would wonderingly inquire for the author of this happiness, and a timid, graceful girl, gowned in white, would step forward and bow gently. She tried to imagine what she would answer when the President exclaimed in surprise at the youthful apparition. She wanted to be at ease, but as every effort failed to concentrate attention on a suitable reply, she resolved to trust to the moment's inspiration.

Unfortunately for the philippic, a domestic disturbance caused her to admit reluctantly that the time was not yet ripe for her eloquent plea. She had unconsciously acquired a dog-

matic tone to her voice which rather nettled her spirited brothers, and slightly ruffled the family serenity; but as it did not seriously interfere with comfort, they laughed and left her alone. But when the cook requested an interview with the mother of the family and stormily announced her intention of leaving because of "Miss Mary's interferin'," it was another thing.

"Sure, mum, I never was used to havin' folks pokin' around me kitchen, and tellin' me what to do and what not to do. I don't pertind to be a saint, mum, but I know me own business, which is more than some others do."

That doomed the philippic. The boys were especially fond of that cook, and rallied to her support with a vigor that sent Miss Mary to her room dissolved in tears but secretly satisfied to suffer for principle. All great apostles of reform were persecuted and misunderstood, and it was only a sign she was considered worthy the cause she would never renounce; only, perhaps, another way would suit better the intolerance of the age. So the philippic never reached the President, but the cook remained.

She was rather subdued for awhile, unable to seize the right vent for her brain energy. Disconnected plans floated through her mind, but they were unsatisfactory illusions not combining the two essentials of her scheme, Redemption of humanity and Self-glorification. Once in a while the ruling passion would overcome timidity, but a check was finally placed on all philanthropic eccentricities and turned her inclinations emphatically towards the romance.

Going into church one afternoon, she discovered the lady next her ready to enter the confessional with her gloves on. Now that was against the rubric of the sacrament and must not be tolerated. She fidgeted about, ostentatiously pulled off her own gloves, and covertly watched the effect. It was useless. The lady never noticed the hint, and therefore must be told her duty.

Miss Mary was naturally retiring in disposition, and it required a stout buckling on of the armor of faith before she could turn and point out the delinquency, and her confident words were weakened by the low, faltering voice.

"Won't you please take off your gloves? It is against the rule of the church to wear them."

The surprised neighbor turned and leisurely surveyed the embarrassed individual beside her, and a smile of cynical amusement accompanied her laconic answer.

"I prefer to keep them on."

The hot blood surged through Mary's frame, and she re-

gistered a vow in her inner consciousness to approach people only through their emotional and intellectual veins, as duty was a word unacknowledged. So the novel had its conception and kept its author's attention away from family faults.

It was rather difficult to start this wonderful story. Her mind was a confused medley of many plots, none of which exactly filled requirements. The general scheme was fascinatingly vague, and while she waited in delighted expectancy for thought to crystallize, she occupied time in creating snatches of conversation, describing bits of scenery that never lay on sea or land, collecting copious extracts of others' noble thoughts, and dreaming dreams of a complacent future.

One thing only was definitely settled. In all the upheaval of design and custom the beautiful heroine never lost her graceful serenity, never faded her golden hair, never wrinkled her broad, low brow. Nameless and alone in that sea of disturbance, she was the anchor securely chained to the author's jubilant hopes.

The hero was as illusive as the plot. Whether to redeem a society man's society vices by the purity and virtue of American womanhood, or to elevate, educate, and humanize a son of toil by contact with feminine morality, culture, and charity! It was difficult to decide his environment; so mentally photographing him tall and dark, she resolved to await mental development. There was no definite hurry. The people would be as much in need of reformation next year as to-day, and would as eagerly hail the new apostle and the new doctrine.

She passed six months in dreamy unconsciousness of the lapse of time, during which the opening sentence of her novel became as changeable as the color of the hero's eyes. Then she heard a sermon. The first words were lost on an inattentive spirit, but a single sentence darted through her ears and branded itself on mental consciousness in letters of fire:

"If you would become a saint, do the common things of life uncommonly well."

The summons reverberated through her being for two days —"The common things of life uncommonly well"—then she slowly took up the fragmentary novel, read its manifold evolvements carefully, held the papers hesitatingly a moment, then lingeringly tore and retore the long shreds. She thoughtfully fingered the little mound of white scraps, then quietly deposited it in the waste-basket, locked her writing-desk, put away some books and opened her room door.

THE BISHOP PONTIFICATING.

THE CHURCH IN ARMENIA.

BY RIGHT REV. PAUL TERZIAN, BISHOP OF TARSUS AND ADANA.

THE first evangelist of the Armenian nation was the Apostle Thaddeus. He converted a portion of the people, and the work begun by him was completed in the third century by the Armenian evangelist, St. Gregory, called "The Illuminator." Since that time Armenia has remained steadfast in the faith which by the special favor of Divine Providence she received.

St. Gregory, after having baptized the Armenian king, Critœdes, and all his people, returned to Rome accompanied by the king, that the latter might make his submission to the See of St. Peter, the supremacy of which over all the Christian churches he recognized. The conferring of the pallium by the Supreme Pontiff, St. Sylvester, on the patriarch, was the means of attaching the Armenians most warmly to the august head of the universal church. The prayer which St. Gregory composed for the continuance of these sentiments, when he was at the point of death, is still extant.

In the fifth century an unfortunate schism arose, however, to mar the effects of the good work. The religious distractions

of the time and the obstinacy of some of the Armenian hierarchy eventuated in a revolt from the authority of the Holy See, which carried a portion of the nation along with the seceders. A considerable number, however, remained faithful. These, our Catholic ancestors, showed an admirable constancy under many protracted and bitter persecutions at the hands of their schismatic countrymen, which lasted in various forms down to the beginning of the present century. Their constancy, under imprisonment, stripes, and exile, was the means of winning over many schismatic Armenians to the true faith.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE ARMENIANS.

The Holy See has taken the deepest interest in the fortunes of the faithful Armenian Catholics. It has conferred upon them many signal marks of its regard. Several of the sovereign pontiffs have distinguished themselves by their solicitude for the welfare of these persecuted Catholics, who at the beginning of the present century only numbered a few thousands. Since then, thanks to the generosity of the Catholics of Europe, many new missions have been started, and the building of new churches and school-houses has proceeded on all sides. Young men desirous of joining the priesthood are sent to the college of the Propaganda in Rome, and the college in Armenia founded and endowed by the present illustrious Pontiff, and named after him, receives those who prefer to remain at home. The princely generosity and affection which Pope Leo has shown in this matter proves that he regards the Armenians, amongst all Oriental peoples, with singular affection. He desires, evidently, to secure the return of the stray sheep to the fold; and we, Armenian Catholics, pray without ceasing for the prolongation of his life.

So well educated now is our comparatively small community that it is far more influential, by comparison, than the three millions of schismatic Armenian Christians. Year by year the condition of these miserable people becomes more deplorable. The number of dioceses is steadily diminishing. European civilization, as it penetrates the East, produces disorganization amongst them.

They do not any longer recognize the obligation of Catholicism to stand up as the defender of Christian religion; yet they prefer it to Protestantism, unless in extreme cases. This I will show by the following reasons:

I.—THE MOVEMENT AND TENDENCY OF NON-UNIAT ARMENIANS TOWARD UNION.

The movement toward Catholicism is an incontestable fact. To prove it there is one reason most convincing, and embracing all the others. This is the number of conversions effected during the past fifty or sixty years, and the continued growth of such conversions from year to year. Since the time when our communion received an official and hierarchical status separate from the non-Uniat Armenians (a comparatively short time as things move in the East), we have had created in our patriarchate sixteen dioceses and more than two hundred thousand souls converted to the Catholic faith. Thus, before 1850, the diocese of Adana, as well as many others, had no existence. In all the vast extent of Cilicia there was not a single Catholic, as it is generally known, who was not tainted with schism. About that time a holy bishop named Paul came from Egypt and, at the request of many Armenian Catholics, settled down at Adana.

BISHOP OFFICIATING AT HIGH MASS, WITH TWO ASSISTANT PRIESTS.

He rented a house and immediately began to quicken the dormant faith of the Catholic population. In a short time he had the happiness of converting many families. Tarsus was the second city to which he paid a visit; it was in 1854. Lis, the most interesting city in the province, was also converted later

on. In 1876 the most important city of the Cilician highlands, Hadjine, where American Protestantism had much influence, and had founded missions and schools, was selected as a place for missionary work, and the only hospitality at first found was the shelter of a hill, and since then a wretched barrack. In this place, for want of better quarters, divine worship is still carried on, with a congregation of about four hundred families, all converts. Many more towns and villages have asked for Catholic missionaries, but owing to lack of resources no priests have yet been appointed to those places. To myself it has been vouchsafed, thanks to the generosity of benefactors, to receive the recantation of more than a hundred and fifty Armenian families; but unhappily I have not been able to go to all.

It must be confessed that at the outset we met with enormous obstacles in those missions, and our efforts were often fruitless. We Catholic missionaries often turn out to be the objects of misrepresentation, and we suffer much accordingly. The strict schismatic Armenians hold themselves aloof, fearing that the Catholic missionaries wish to effect a union in order to get the Latin rite, of which they are ignorant, adopted, and so cause them to lose their national character, of which their language and their religious ritual are such striking marks. But, seeing that the Armenian Catholics scrupulously preserve their rites and their national tongue, the schismatics perceive they have been premature in this conclusion. By the same evidence they find they are not in the true path of faith, and, uneasy in this condition, they desire to be put in the way of salvation.

The gravitation toward union is as real and tangible as all the sufferings which our missions have endured, and which, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, they still endure. Many missions in my diocese had been long without a priest and without schools; and down to the present some are in the same state of neglect for want of means; yet, despite the most rabid persecution, a goodly number of converts remain firm in the faith. In the East the priest is looked upon as a necessary adjunct to the family, and is entrusted with all their confidential affairs. When a member is sick or in affliction he is ready to succor and console them by day or by night. Our converts have had to endure this privation. They are obliged to seek a priest in some very remote place, in the hour of their need. Yet, despite all these obstacles, they remain constant, and the move-

ment toward union continues. Since to become a Catholic involves the recognition of the Pope as the spiritual head of the universal church, the non-Uniat Armenians are not able to ignore, nor yet able to deny, the supremacy of the Roman pontiffs. That doctrine is clearly set out in our hymns and ritual, and these are the same as those used by our separated brethren, which they chant every day in their churches. Moreover, the writings of St. Gregory the Illuminator, his entire teaching, based upon the unity of the church, cry out from the past even to-day to draw all the faithful into the one fold of the universal church.

Again, through want of discipline and system the bishops and priests of the schismatic church are sunk in crass ignorance and deplorable indifference. Through being cut off from Rome, which is the source of the sciences, of order and discipline, the focus from which intellectual and moral illumination radiates, they sink deeper and deeper into spiritual and moral degradation. Under the jurisdiction of teachers incapable of guiding, their flocks show all the inertness and uncertainty of a crowd without leader or object. My heart was filled with dismay on finding, during one of my visitations, that many Armenians, sick of the attitude of the schismatic bishops and priests, had become Mussulmans seven years before. Their language was full of maledictions against those bishops and priests, rapacious wolves who devoured without pity the innocent sheep and lambs of the fold of our Shepherd, Jesus Christ. In each of my journeys I passed several days with those unhappy people, praying with and preaching to them, to atone for the sin of hating those hirelings. Little by little I succeeded in bringing them back.

But what shall I say of the ecclesiastics themselves who, separated from the Catholic Church, are fallen into every kind of misery? Here, in the town of Lis, there is a wretched man who, from being a schismatic bishop, has gone over to the Mahometans! Imagine my feelings to find this man coming to visit me without a particle of shame. (In those missions I have neither servants nor doorkeepers, nor secluded apartments, so that everybody can come in without danger of being turned away.) What do I see? A man with a Turkish turban on his head, and who bears at the same time an episcopal character! Ah! in that moment I almost forgot myself. I fain would reason with him a little, but speech failed me; I did not know what to do; I involuntarily covered my face with my hands

to hide my tears; I could think of nothing on account of my grief. After a little I retired to another room, that I might weep my fill. There is nothing for the Armenians to do but to secede from such degraded clergy and become good Catholics? They see the vast difference between them and the Catholic clergy. They see the latter well educated, pious, active, zealous, given to the practice of every virtue, well disciplined, devoted to the instruction and the sanctification of the people. They perceive their churches are well kept, the religious ceremonies preserved in all their purity, the rite and the national language not only observed but cultivated and embellished. They behold the good

PRIEST OFFICIATING AT MASS.

behavior of the children, their careful instruction, in religious as well as intellectual matters, which the Catholic schools give their pupils. They cannot help making a comparison, and are forced to confess that the Catholics are on the true road, and that they themselves are in error. They feel that they are branches cut off from the trunk, and that they never can produce any fruit, for they are deprived of the life-giving sap. Hence there is a general predisposition toward union.

We sincerely hope that, before Protestantism seizes upon this unhappy country, the good God may vouchsafe us the means and the power, through pious benefactors, to win over the stray sheep.

There is another condition which tends towards union. The Armenians are poor. God has not blessed those rebellious children with riches. The schismatic Armenians, whose actual number is about three millions, for many years have been so impoverished that they are unable to maintain their clergy decently. So they witness the gradual ruin of their nationality by misery, and their religion by Protestantism, whose progress for the last fifty years has been considerable.

I do not wish to speak here of the political motives which tend continuously towards union. These motives are powerful and are daily growing stronger. But it is sufficient to say that it is impossible for the schismatic Armenians to preserve the *status quo*. They must either reject Protestantism, which would destroy their national character, or embrace Catholicism, by which they can preserve everything dear to them. The latter is the easier course for them, since in becoming orthodox Catholics they cannot be set down as making any change in their religion, because they will have the same belief, the same language, the same rite and usage, the same ornaments, the same books—so that if a schismatic entered any one of our churches by chance he would find no difference, save in the references to our Holy Father the Pope, in the ritual of the Mass and the other offices. In becoming Catholics they would only change their bishops and clergy; and in that case, as they are well persuaded, in place of a selfish and corrupt clergy, they would have a body of priests who, although poor, would be entirely devoted to their spiritual welfare. They realize, in fine, that they would be most happy under a clergy who respect the civil government of the country, since to an ignorant and incapable priesthood are to be attributed so much of their misery and the ruin of their best interests.

And why, then, some one will ask me, are not the Armenians Catholics? What are the obstacles in the way? This brings me to the second point.

II.—THE OBSTACLES WHICH PREVENT THE UNION DESIRED BY OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII.

In the first place, after having considered the reasons set out above, we are persuaded that all the Armenians will after a little time become Catholics and be brought to the union desired by our Holy Father. This belief it is that makes us redouble our efforts, support the most trying privations, and work under all sorts of inconvenience and annoyances in our

visitations. But, alas! the fruits of our labor are not commensurate with the toil; conversions are made slowly and with difficulty.

It would be tedious to enumerate all those obstacles in detail, but there are some which must be attributed to the imprudence of our Catholic missionaries in styling the non-Uniats schismatics and heretics, and inculpating them in the errors of past centuries; they drive away those unhappy Christians by such rude treatment. There are others who, believing that the Oriental rite is incompatible with Catholic faith, endeavor to impose upon those Christians the Latin rite, and compel them, if not expressly, at least by implication, to renounce their own ritual, to which they are ardently attached. Once they are brought to believe that they are compelled to change their rite by the adoption of Catholicism, it is most difficult to persuade them to the contrary. Here are two formidable obstacles which operate to prevent the union desired by our Holy Father, in the Church of the East. He counsels the missionaries to proceed with prudence; and to the Orientals he confirms the rites which have existed in their church from apostolic times; he enjoins them to guard these rites in all their purity. The letters of the Sovereign Pontiff have borne fruit, and the good work goes on. Little by little the fears of the Armenians are being removed, and we hope that during his glorious pontificate Leo XIII. will have the happiness to see what he so ardently desires realized.

Coming to material obstacles, poverty and want of means are conspicuous at the outset. The Oriental bishops, cut off from all other sources of income, are only allowed from 2,000 to 2,500 francs per annum by the Propaganda to meet all the expenses of their maintenance and travelling, etc. They are compelled to live in a style hardly befitting the dignity of the episcopacy. During my own pastoral visitations I have to travel in the most rigidly economical style; often with no vehicle, but only the horse or the ass on which I am mounted, with the proprietor for company. We are at the same time hard pressed very frequently to provide food and drink for the missionaries, because the honorarium of a franc for each Mass is the insufficient allowance.

Amongst other expenses of a mission are the following:

The missions are carried on amongst the poorest class of the population, because this is the class most steeped in ignorance and most in need of instruction. In these cases the

bishop is bound to provide out of his own pocket the state expenses of getting registered as an independent religious community the population whom he has released from the oppressive authority of the schismatic bishop. It should be known that in the East every bishop is recognized by the government as the head of the local commune, and has considerable power under the privileges accorded him by the sultan, by means of which he may provide for the protection of his flock against possible violence on the part of schismatic neighbors who may think their interests imperilled by the change.

Then, again, there are the expenses of maintaining the local chapel and the school and the emoluments of the school-teachers. For the miserable barrack wherein we are compelled to administer the sacraments, and which becomes suffocating when filled with people, we have to pay a high rent. Sometimes the crowd is so great that we are obliged to administer the sacraments in the open air. What a humiliating spectacle before our Protestant friends! So, too, with regard to the presbytery and the school-house. So small are these buildings that frequently the bishop, the priest, the school-master, and the domestic are obliged to carry on their respective duties all in the same common room! I assure you that during five years' missions in another station I have been obliged to make the room which served me for a kitchen at times serve also for the sacred purposes of religion. These things are all great obstacles to our success as missionaries, because whilst we are driven to such extremes, the Protestant missionaries are lodged in splendid houses, are building commodious schools, paying liberal salaries to teachers, and rearing fine churches.

Let me give you an example. Last winter one of my priests was celebrating Mass in a temporary chapel, and in the middle of the service he was obliged to pause for awhile in order to sweep away the snow which had fallen upon the altar. His hands became almost frost-bitten from the operation, so that he suffered much pain for several hours. A fierce keen wind was blowing at the time, and the congregation were shivering with the cold. Sometimes it blew out the tapers on the altar. The rigor of the seasons at times here would tax the endurance of the hardiest Christians of the early ages.

In my own church of Adana, which I cannot dignify by the name of a cathedral, I have had to change the site of the altar several times in order to escape the torrents of rain in wet

weather, or the little avalanches of clay from the sides of the hill under which the church is built. Owing to the wretched state of the roof, I fear that the edifice will one day be ruined by a storm. It was at one time a store-house; now it has to serve the purposes of a church.

Our people, it will be admitted, deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they bear these trials: but it is not in human nature to endure for ever. Hence some places have remained without churches for the past twenty or thirty years. As at Hadjine, at Tarsus, at Char—where the people, after many sacrifices, have been able to get their children

PRIEST READING THE GOSPEL.

educated, and some families have been won over to the Catholic faith, all but these are wavering at the sight of the wealth and the splendid churches of the Protestants, and the liberality with which they are supported, contrasting so strongly with their own poverty and squalor. One year, for example, during a mission at Char, the inhabitants, owing to scarcity of food, were in extreme danger, and the Protestants, on hearing it, very promptly sent them very generous help by a native messenger. But as for the Catholics, more numerous by far than the Protestants, I myself, in order to avoid the expense of hiring a messenger, carried their con-

tributions, which only amounted to two hundred francs, as compared with about two thousand francs which the American minister alone subscribed to the Protestant fund. What a humiliation for us Catholics!

But it is not this difficulty or that humiliation which troubles us, because we know by experience that the influence of the ceremonies to which the Armenians are attached is very great. After the monetary relief which Protestant bounty, out of its abundance, had sent, was exhausted, Protestant principles were sought to be introduced with no less celerity. It was with the infant population that the experiment was tried, because when religious bias is implanted in childhood it is likely to remain fixed in most cases. It is here the greatest obstacle is found, in the want of Catholic schools and churches, and the failure of the seminary to furnish native missionaries of the Catholic rite. It is for this reason that, with all my poverty, since I arrived in this diocese I have opened eight schools in different places; I have brought the nuns to teach the children. These schools I maintain only with the greatest difficulty. I share my table and home with five seminarians, for the purpose of training them for the priesthood of the same rite, in order that they may in time take a good part in the spiritual work of this extensive diocese.

I have said "priests of the same rite," because there are in the East many missionaries of different orders in the Latin rite —Jesuits, Franciscans, Capuchins, etc., largely supported by the generous help of France. They are diligent, well educated, exemplary, virtuous, and saintly in their lives; but for all that they are not successful. The experience of a quarter of a century proves to me that the reason they are not able to make any conversions is that they are not of the Oriental rite. And if in a few places they are able to win over some families to the Latin rite, it produces a sinister effect upon their neighbors by raising the suspicion that Catholicism will one day destroy their nationality; and this drives them away. It is to remove this obstacle that the Holy Father prays the Holy Spirit may direct that the conversion of the East may be effected by Oriental priests. To this end he encourages us in our labors, he solicits the pious benevolence of the outside faithful in our aid. We trust that the fervent Catholics of America, and more especially those devoted to St. Paul, may help us to carry on the work of St. Peter, by holding out a helping hand to our impoverished missionaries who labor in-

cessantly to bring back to the fold of Christ his wandering sheep.

III.—IF THE NON-UNIAT ARMENIANS BECOME CATHOLICS, THEY DO NOT REQUIRE ANY CHANGE IN RITUAL, CEREMONIES, VESTMENTS, OR USAGES.

It is to the blessing of identity of ceremonies we owe the continual conversions; it is by the same blessing I have been enabled to get hold of the one schismatic church in my diocese during the past few months. Half the population are now converted to Catholicism; but there was no local building fit to celebrate the holy mysteries in, and the severity of the weather would not permit of holding service in the open air always. In those circumstances the happy thought struck me to send for the key of the old church, which had been closed for a very long time. Everybody came to assist—the Catholics through devotion, the schismatics through curiosity. I celebrated Mass; I preached to the people, speaking of the desirability of union of the churches, and of the aspiration of the great Pontiff, Leo XIII., waiting with open arms to give all Christians the kiss of peace. Fortunately there is over the main altar a painting of St. Gregory the Illuminator, and I was able to give a brief sketch of the life of that venerable saint who in the third century of the church recognized the infallible authority of its head, Pope Sylvester. On leaving the church, far from raising any difficulties, the schismatics declared that they did not see any difference between Catholicism and their own belief.

The identity of usages and ceremonies, then, is a powerful source of attraction to the schismatic Armenians. To give the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD a notion of our ceremonies and sacred vestments I have had some groups photographed and sent with this article.

The first picture shows the Armenian bishop pontificating, with two deacons who wear stoles crossed diagonally over their chests, and are accompanied by two choir-boys. You perceive the ornaments used in the Armenian Mass—the fanlike instruments borne on either side of the celebrant serve two purposes; they are used to keep flies away from the chalice, and attached to each plaque are little bells which tinkle from time to time during the sacred ceremony. These instruments have been in use from the first ages of the church in Armenia.

The second group shows the bishop officiating at High Mass, with two priests assisting.

In the third picture is shown the Armenian priest celebrating Mass, holding the doctor's staff, according to the Armenian rite.

In the fourth picture the priest is reading the Gospel.

The fifth group shows the costumes of our choristers. Among them are placed two boys robed in the costume of the country.

Our offices and ceremonies are marked by many most expressive and beautiful prayers, in which the blessing of Catholic unity and the welfare of Catholic rulers and our clergy, and the exaltation of the Church, are many times fervently besought. The expression of perfect faith in the Real Presence of our Lord upon the altar is also emphasized throughout. We pro-

CHORISTERS PRACTISING.

claim our attachment to the living faith of the ancient church, and our love for the beauty of the church which is the spouse of Jesus Christ, which exists for the salvation of the world. The language of our prayers is most poetic and beautiful, reminding us of the celestial kingdom of which this life is but the portal. Amongst many others I wish to send you the words of one which we always chant after the first offertory, whilst the celebrant incenses the congregation and prepares to enter: "Au tabernacle de la saintété, au lieu de rendement de grâce, à la demeure des anges, au lieu d'expiations des péches des hommes." The chanters continue:

"In unison with this divine offering, assembled in the holy temple to celebrate the sacraments of thanksgiving with odoriferous incense, we sing our canticles before the altar of the holy Sacrifice. Vouchsafe to receive, O Lord God, the prayers, the incense, the myrrh, and the cinnamon we offer thee, and to preserve in holiness those who offer them, that they may always serve thee without ceasing. Through the intercession of the Holy Virgin deign to receive the supplications of thy ministers.

"Thou, O Christ, who by thy precious blood hast glorified thy church in heaven and on earth—thou has given us here the teachings of the apostles, the prophets, the holy doctors. United here to-day with them, the priests, the deacons, the choristers, the clerks, offer their prayers, their songs, and their incense before thee, like Zachary of old. Deign to receive these our prayers, mingled with this incense, as the sacrifices of Abel, of Noe, and of Abraham. By the intercession of the heavenly powers guard, we beseech thee, thy holy church.

"Rejoice, O daughter of light, Holy Mother Church, with thy children of Sion! Adorn majestically, O glorious spouse, this altar luminous with the light of heaven! Anoint the everlasting sacrifice, consummated for the conciliation of the Eternal Father, by which in expiation for our sins Christ offers his precious Body and Blood. For the accomplishment of his holy Incarnation, he granted the remission of sins to that out of which he built his temple."

I cannot now occupy any more space with the prayers, whether of the Mass or of the other offices, which express and excite the fervent devotion of the people. I will conclude with the last prayer of the celebrant, chanted as he stands with arms outstretched and elevated, before the benediction, at the end of the Mass. He prays as follows:

"O Lord God, who blessest all those who bless and glorify thee, bless and preserve those who hope in thee! Give life to thy people! Bless their heritage, guard them in the unity of thy church. Purify all those here who are blessed in the beauty of thy house. We glorify thee for thy divine power. Abandon not those who hope in thee. Give peace to the whole world, to thy church, thy priests, to all Christian princes, their children, and their people. For all blessings and all graces which are showered upon us are from thee, who art the Father of light! To thee be glory, power, and honor now and for ever and ever. Amen."

This charming prayer cannot be recited or listened to without tears, because herein is supplicated that union of the church so desired by our Divine Redeemer and his glorious vicegerent, Leo XIII. May heaven grant me the consolation of seeing it fulfilled in all Armenia, and especially in my own diocese, the land of St. Paul, in which you take so lively an interest!

The very reverend head of the Congregation of St. Paul has given me great support, and sends me a list of benefactors who have contributed most generously to the object I have in view. I hope, by working with additional zeal, I may be able to expend the money sent, to the last farthing, to the honor of God and the glory of his church. Let me say one word to them in person: One day the thousands of souls saved through your bounty will render thanks to our heavenly Father; they will bless you without ceasing, because you have ransomed them from the slavery of schism by your munificent alms. A thousand blessings be yours, O men of good will! May blessed Paul, by his intercession, obtain for you the fullest measure of prosperity, spiritual and temporal, and accord you the conversion of America from end to end, for which you labor so earnestly! For this will be raised daily to heaven all the pious hands in my poor diocese, all those of the children in our schools.

TO MY ALMA MATER.

GIVE thee all, as thou hast given to me:
Whate'er I have, 'tis thou that makest it mine;
Nor richer thou for this my debt to thee—
A beggar's boon, a gift already thine.

JOHN B. TABB.

ITALIAN HARVEST SCENES.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

EW tourists ever spend a summer in Italy, yet if one would know anything of the customs and characteristics of the people of that country it is in summer, among rural and mountain populations and along untravelled ways, that one should study them.

It is during the early harvest season, in the midsummer days of late June, that we get some of our pleasantest glimpses into peasant life. Following a habit which during the turbulent middle ages was a necessity, the peasantry still, for the most part, live clustered together in little fortified towns on the hill-tops, descending daily into the fields and groves below to till the farms and cultivate the vines and fruit-trees. Their life is thus more social and cheerful than is common among our farmers, who, scattered about on isolated farms, at greater or less distance from their neighbors, often lead lonely and cheerless lives. But the Italian peasants live in close contact, knowing each other's joys and sorrows, sharing each other's labors and merry-makings.

These little high-perched, picturesque towns, approached only by steps cut in the side of the hill, or by winding paths for foot-passenger or donkey—"donkey-towns," we used to call them—are very healthy, having fine air and natural drainage. Each, no matter how primitive and inaccessible, has its large parish church in the centre, with the big, shady public square in front where all their gatherings are held—social, religious, or political—its communal "palace," its free school and library, and its village band. The steep, irregular streets are paved solid with enormous cobble-stones, worn by centuries of donkey-hoofs. The houses are low and roughly built of stone and stucco, and are, like the peasant himself, invariably dirty and picturesque without and as invariably clean and tidy within. A little shrine adorns the outside and a few bright-colored flowers bloom in the window.

If the peasant is at home you may enter his cottage without hesitation or formality and be sure of a royal welcome.

He does not ask you whence or why you come or who you are, but immediately gives you the best chair by the best corner of the enormous chimney, and offers you the best of his simple fare. You may be a prince or a wealthy foreigner, but the peasant is undisturbed in his gentle hospitality. There is no false shame or obsequiousness in his manner. He takes his seat near you and enters at once into friendly conversation, observing perfect deference to his guest but without constraint or servility. The people of Italy are thoroughly permeated with the democratic spirit of their religion; hence the exquisite courtesy and consideration that we find between all ranks, prince meeting peasant on grounds of confidence and friendly familiarity, without thought of condescension from one or presumption from the other.

The peasant host quickly makes the stranger at home. The women and children gather about and take part in the conversation with cordial, fearless grace and intelligence, and one and all are hospitably anxious to contribute in some way to the well-being and happiness of the uninvited guest.

But if the stranger has happened to stray into the village by day during the harvest season he will find it almost deserted. A few old women sit in the street in front of their doors with distaff and spindle or loom, spinning flax or weaving. A few decrepit old men watch the pigs and hens, a few little toddling children play about them in the sunshine. But all the able-bodied men and women, young boys and girls, are at work in the distant fields and vineyards and groves. Even the babies are there, for the young mothers take them strapped in baskets and, while at work, leave them to sleep in the shade near by.

The summer working day begins with the first streak of dawn. Soon after three in the morning the inhabitants of the little town repair to the parish church, where the harvest Mass is said and a blessing on their labors invoked. They are all gathered there, men and women, young and old, and the dusky building rings with their devotional hymns and canticles. No Italian congregation is thoroughly happy until it sings. Their hymns are many and sweet. They put everything into rhyme—their prayers, their devout aspirations, the stories of the Gospel, the simple teachings of the "Christian doctrine," as they call the catechism—all are turned into graceful couplets and sung to simple, catchy tunes which even the tiny children know from their cradles. Many of their little rhymes are touching and pretty, full of childlike faith and love. They are very affection-

ate, if one may say so, with the "Blessed God," as they always call him.

The harvest Mass is over in about twenty minutes, and the people then start down the hillside in merry groups, the young people laughing and singing and running races, the older ones following more sedately with their implements, the young mothers carrying their babies, the little boys driving the donkeys, the little girls trotting behind, bearing poised on their heads the dinner-pails containing the frugal meal of corn-bread and cheese, salt fish, and the thin, sour wine of the country. On reaching the fields, the groves, and the vineyards, all turn cheerfully to work till seven o'clock, when they rest a few moments for breakfast, and then labor again till noon. They divide into bands, working at different employments, and these bands sing almost incessantly during their work, answering each other back and forth in alternate strophes. Their field-songs are almost invariably sacred in character—psalms and canticles of praise to God; hymns to the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, to the Madonna, to St. Joseph, patron of the laboring man; or rhyming stories from the Old Testament and legends of the Child Jesus, and of the saints. Some charming examples of these legends and field-songs have been given us by Miss Francesca Alexander in her exquisitely illustrated volumes *The Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, edited by Ruskin. The supply of verses to their songs is practically inexhaustible, for besides those that they have gathered from many generations of hymn-singing ancestors they are continually adding new ones of their own. Some one singer is noted for his power of improvisation and will from time to time interpolate a new verse, which those near catch up and repeat after him till soon every one in the field is singing it. Of love-songs we hear little during the working hours, but when the hour of noon rest comes, and the sun is blazing hotly down, the peasants leave their work and gather in groups under the shade of the trees to eat their simple meal, the older ones among them repeating favorite legends of knightly adventure, while chosen singers sing strophes of the old love-poetry, handed down by oral tradition from the minstrels and troubadours of the thirteenth century, and as fresh and new to-day as six hundred years ago, so little does the heart of the generations change.

But the noon meal is soon over, the day is hot and the singers are weary. They divide again into groups, the men and boys going off to one end of the field, the women and children

to another, and, stretching their limbs in the shade, all take a long noon-day nap. About three o'clock they start up and go to work again, lingering till half an hour after sunset, when the bells ring out from the belfry of the convent perched on the height above them. From a more distant summit other bells, faint and far off, answer sweetly, and from their own village church the noisy little bells clang joyously. It is the *Angelus*, the call to evening prayer, the *Ave Maria*, as they call it there, and all work is dropped, they bend their heads, cross themselves reverently and repeat the words of the Evangelist, which tell of the Angel Gabriel announcing to the blessed maiden Mary that she is indeed blessed among women unto all generations, for she is the mother of Him who shall save his people from their sins, the Eternal Word made flesh, Emmanuel, God with us!

And now they wend their way slowly up the hillside. Tired? Yes, for the moment, no doubt, as they seek their cottages, where the evening meal has been carefully prepared for them by the aged grandparents. But no one would guess, an hour or two later, that weariness had ever kept company with them. The evening meal passes in social talk between young and old, three and often four generations gathering round the humble board, after the patriarchal fashion of the hills. The household work is then attended to and the children laid in bed, saying their little rhyming prayers, and even as sleep steals over them folding their hands and murmuring:

"Nel bel Cuor di Gesù che mi ha redento,
In pace mi riposo e mi addormento."*

The older children and grown people then leave their cottages and, as night closes in, gather once more in the old church to lift their voices in the evening litanies and the prayer for the dead, and to receive the benediction. Then, passing out again, they all assemble on the public square, now flooded with the light of the harvest moon, and the merry-making begins. The older men and women sit about on benches or stand in groups gossiping and chatting sociably; the younger men engage in friendly contests at bowls, pitching quoits, or a game with balls and rackets not unlike tennis; the youths and maidens dance tirelessly for hours to the music of violins, guitars, and tambourines, while the younger boys and girls play merry games

*On Jesus, my Redeemer's, loving Breast
In peace I lay me down and take my rest.

resembling many played by our own boys and girls, except that they are invariably accompanied by rhythmic song, and that under the shadow of the Apennines "King George and his troops" become Hector and his Trojans, Charlemagne, Orlando, and the Knights of the Round Table, or Saladin and his Paynims, and the "tug of war" becomes the siege of Troy, or the storming of Acre. Among these peasant children the heroes of Virgil and Dante and Tasso come to life, and the American child's game of "stage-coach" becomes the wanderings of Æneas or the adventures of Tancred, while "going to Jerusalem" is transformed into a tournament, where knight after knight with glorious mien and high-sounding title is made to bite the dust of shame, and he who remains victor of the field is crowned by the Queen of Love and Beauty. Even in their games of "forfeits" the chivalric idea prevails. The little peasant girl gives her knight a task to perform to redeem his pledge and win her favor, and when he performs it to the satisfaction of the bystanders they call upon her in chorus to reward the faithful knight and atone for her own severity by doing homage to the blushing hero and kissing him upon the cheek:

"Far la penitenza!
Dar la riverenza!
Dare un bel bacino!"

Such tender rewards, however, are confined to the games of children, for the notions of decorum are very strict among these mountain people. The dances of the young men and maidens are an instance of this. Anything in the nature of our round dances is unknown. There the maidens dance hand-in-hand, the youths opposite them, and there is much passing back and forth and in and out, much saluting and curtseying and cutting of pigeon-wings, much laughter and merriment, but never once does the youth so much as touch the hand of the maiden who is his partner in the dance. Yet with all the distance between them they seem to understand each other very well. They marry young, these mountaineers, and are in every way encouraged and helped to do so.

At intervals during the merry-making the village band plays amid great applause. All are apparently forgetful that they must be up at three o'clock on the morrow to begin another day of labor, and it is nearly eleven o'clock before the laughter and music and dancing cease and the moonlit town is once more wrapped in silence.

HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

By Henry Austin Adams.

I.—A PROTESTANT STRONGHOLD.

THE whirligig of time has treated the traveller in Europe to many a curious and unaccountable bit of the unexpected.

So one has but half an eye to the relations of things in general and to the exquisite perspectives called in time "history," the odds are that a few weeks' quiet browsing almost anywhere in Europe will result in undermining more than one old misconception as to men and meanings.

Given a Catholic eye and an American bringing up, and the chances are that in every corner of the old world one is likely to meet something not down in his authorized guide book.

It shall go hard but the cocksureness and "common-sense" of our oracles, who know it all, will get a set-back like enough to cause us to do more thinking in the future at first hand, and to swallow what we see in the paper and the history and the accepted authorities generally with a copious admixture of salt.

Of course nobody need go into the Catholic countries of the Continent unprepared for the worst. Do not one's Prescott, one's Motley, one's Irving, drop a grand oracular phrase or two on which your whole pack of tourists, essayists, and preachers have been ringing the changes *ad nauseam* ever since?

Assuredly nobody can justly blame the "authorities" if his optimism suffers a shock in atheistic France and licentious Spain. Should one so far transcend his laid-down itinerary as to stroll from his inn at, say, five in the morning to the village church over the hills there, to find it full of men and women actually intent upon assisting at the adorable Sacrifice (just as though it were still the middle ages), surely one must not blame the authorities for failing to notice a thing like that. Five o'clock is early of a morning.

Again, one turns from the "effete," "priest-ridden," naughty countries of the South toward the magnificent, enlightened states in the north of Europe, fully prepared to find men there

either emancipated from belief and leading sober, scientific lives of thought (very unlike French unbelief, which is wicked), or else holding a pure, reformed, and rational Christianity in one or other of the mutually destructive but collectively Protestant bodies. True, in America there are immense churches, colleges, dioceses, filled with sturdy Germans stoutly maintaining that they are Catholics. Where did they come from? By rights they should be either learnedly proving God an untenable hypothesis over their rational beer, or else praising so much of the Divine in Christ as the latest advices from Tübingen declare can be proved from the up-to-date New Testament!

I was thinking about these things very early last Easter morning as I stood at the top of the majestic flight of steps which sweep up to the Brühl Terrace in Dresden.

Before me lay that striking picture of the "Platz"—teeming with historic associations, the central, splendid crown of the Saxon capital.

Away to the right, from the very foot of the steps, stretched the sturdy Augustus Bridge, whose massive arches had felt and survived the thunders of Napoleon's cannon. And over it now from the Neustadt side of the Elbe, in the fine bracing air, were pouring the people—churchward.

On the right, and beyond the bridge, the Royal Theatre was the first of the stately circle surrounding the Schloss Platz —a solid and splendid pile, the home of the deepest and best in music.

Next, the façade of the Zwinger swept far across the broad square; to me, at that moment, meaning only one thing—the *Sistine Madonna* of Raphael. Yes, there it is in its lonely sublimity in the little room at the extreme right-hand side. This Easter sun now must be falling upon it through that last high window there.

At the left of the now thronged Platz the long, irregular outline of the group of royal palaces completes the architectural background of the picture, while the heights beyond the city, the sparkling, dashing current of the river, and the dim, blue, distant hills, heighten the nameless beauty.

And here, quite in the centre of the noble setting, rises the dark, vast mass of the court church. Innumerable heroic statues of the saints, set upon pinnacles and gables, vividly animate the otherwise too ponderous pile.

A lofty German tower that tapers in successive stages to a cross-capped shaft; and a belfry full of bells instinct with life.

Not hidden bells, not bells that toll lugubriously for a faithless cult; but bells that clang and sing and fairly leap into the air without. Bells rung by vigorous German arms, proclaiming German faith.

The multitudes surge in the square below, and fill the vast old fane to overflowing, this Easter day, eight distinct times before *the* service of the day begins. And this is Dresden! The capital of Saxony, the very hot-bed of the Reformation! One rubs one's eyes. And now a flourish of trumpets, and a renewed commotion among the people. A dozen richly caparisoned carriages with attendant guards sweep into the Platz. They bring the various members of the royal family.

The good old king with his beloved queen has gone into the church over the little covered bridge connecting with the palace.

One asks, "Is not this king, this family, the successor of those electors of Saxony to whom the Reformation owed so much? And is not this Saxony, with its Leipsic University and its countless advanced schools of science and philosophy, the very home of German unbelief?" Certainly.

But all is not down in the guide-book, and history has two ways of getting itself written, but only one way of getting itself *made*—and that is this way.

Lacking only three years, the rulers of Protestant Saxony have been Catholics for two centuries! Stout old Augustus the Strong, of Saxony, on becoming King of Poland embraced the religion of that long-suffering but never apostate land, and his descendants have not only continued to believe and practise that faith, but have in every way defended and extended it in their anomalous position as Catholic sovereigns of an intensely Protestant people. Not, however, until as late as the Peace of Posen, in 1806, was the Catholic religion raised to an equality (legally considered) with the Lutheran—which to this day remains the "state" church.

The Catholics of certain portions of the kingdom have been benefited, as occasion has arisen, by such agreements as the Peace of Prague in 1635 (a quarter of a century before the king's conversion), but having ever remained in a minute numerical minority the graces of steadfastness and reality have been constantly illustrated by them.

Here it is Easter Day in the year of grace 1894, and immense multitudes of earnest, highly-educated men are joining with their revered old soldier-king and charitable queen in

celebrating, in honor of the Resurrection, the awful Sacrifice of the Mass! The place, the conditions, the almost unaccountable strangeness of it all, draws from one used to look for historical meaning in passing events the exclamation: "Can this be transpiring in the most non-Catholic country and in this most sceptical decade of a faithless century?"

Albeit it was two hours before the grand Pontifical Mass was to begin, I found my only chance of hearing it at all was to be packed along with hundreds of others in the spacious corridors connecting the many chapels with the nave. The nave, its broad galleries and immediately abutting chapels, were crowded by a kneeling or standing mass of devout people.

After the sermon, which was delivered before Mass, I was able through the good offices of a guard to gain a kneeling spot within sight of the high altar and its superb "Ascension," by Mengs.

From my new position I was also able to see the king and queen and some of the royal family, whose bearing throughout the services was most quiet, intent, and humble.

I confess that the hour of waiting was for me one of watching rather than prayer.

The night before, at the house of Baron von K., I had been seriously informed that "their majesties and the Bohemian tramps have religion all to themselves." I looked about me. My nearest neighbors were two English lads in Eton jackets and in the charge of a tutor. All three, better employed than I, were absorbed in their *Vade Mecum* and Rosaries. Everybody else near me was German. Two professors from the Polytechnic knelt three seats in front of me. At my right a venerable old Saxon and his flaxen-haired grandson whispered the Litany of the Saints—the old face looking up, up, up, as if into those of the saints themselves, and the boy's pure, sweet lips breathing an irresistible *bitte für uns*—pray for us—to every blest one whom the old man saw. Soldiers in gala dress; neat, highly-scrubbed mechanics; farmers with a five-league tramp to their credit that very morning. All these were there, but in a small minority to those in spectacles and ill-fitting black coats too manifestly declaring them learned—and poor in all save brains. Row after row of students spent one good hour at prayer to my own knowledge this Easter last past anyhow. I dwell upon the men—purposely. There were, of course, women innumerable, but not on our side of the church, for they are divided from the men in public worship.

This arrangement has the advantage, at least, of enabling the questioner to observe how far Catholicism has lost its grasp upon the virile mind of the Teutonic races. So weak is its grasp upon masculinity that on several succeeding Sunday mornings I have noticed not more than five hundred *men* standing in aisles, chapels, vestibules, assisting at a Low Mass for which a thousand or two only of their brothers had been fortunate enough to secure seats!

Dr. W——, a biologist and agnostic, expressed the opinion that our children would see the German peoples either Catholic or faithless. "You, of course, doctor," I said, "expect them to become faithless."

"Not at all, not at all—Germans have too much heart: they are in love with God." It is true. Pick up the little books of devotion, watch these spectacled worshippers, and you will find *der liebe Gott* in very deed the object of a quaintly beautiful childlike love.

The king is a Catholic of this type, and is a living barrier to prejudice against the faith.

The brilliant record that he made before Paris in 1870, and the largeness and vigor of his policy in the trying times since the formation of the empire, have gained for him the personal devotion of his people, while his clean, true life, and the warm, humane, uplifting influence of his court, have compelled men to respect the faith he cherishes.

To the unspeakable regret of Saxony, King Albert has no children. His crown will, therefore, pass to his brother, Prince George, and to his sons, of whom there are several. The eldest, Prince Frederic August, will in all probability soon bear the grave responsibilities of government. He is, of course, a Catholic, and his fair young wife, already hailed as their future queen, is gracefully endearing herself to the good Saxons by a life of practical religion and kind deeds. A brother of the future king, Prince Max, has still more closely bound the interests of the throne to the church by devoting his life (an earnest and gifted one) to the holy priesthood.

Thus has the God of destiny parried the blows of the electors, and Saul once more is found among the prophets! At the heart of historic Protestantism and modern unbelief the old faith is proclaimed and believed on of men. A remnant, ever growing, has not bowed, and will not bow, the knee to Baal.

GLIMPSES OF LOURDES.

By Alba.

IN this day of almost universal travel few who are likely to read these pages have not already seen for themselves the far-famed Rock of Massabielle, together with the little town of Lourdes, nestling among the less ambitious slopes of the Pyrenees, while the loftier summits look down on them from a distance.

If the traveller has visited Lourdes in the spirit of a Catholic pilgrim, rather than in that of an American tourist, the vision of the splendid basilica with its spire of white lace-work and its joyous peal of bells, of the extensive surrounding meadows, fragrant with the perfume of the newly-cut hay, of the musical chants of the numerous pilgrims gathered together from all parts of the world, will revive impressions that ought to be imperishable. But it is not of these we would speak. It is of the apparitions themselves, bearing, as they do, so directly upon the supernatural, and of the witnesses on whose evidence our belief in the apparitions is founded. We may observe in passing, that M. Zola, who made it his first care to examine the only "explanation" ever attempted by hostile opinion, rejected it with contempt, and forthwith proceeded to look into the account authorized by the church, of which we now give the substance:

On Thursday, February 12, 1858, Bernadette Soubirous, a peasant girl of fourteen, the child of very poor parents, went with her younger sister and a companion to gather firewood on the banks of the river Gave, near the rock of Massabielle. A small canal flowed between them and the ground they desired to reach, where the branches were most plentiful. This the two younger girls crossed; but Bernadette, whose health was frail, hesitated at sight of the chilly water. Finally, having concluded to cross, she stooped down to take off her shoes, when a sudden gust of wind caused her to look up. Not a twig was stirring; the air was still, and she stooped a second time. Again the puff of wind swept past her toward the rock in face of which was the Grotto now so famous. Surprised, she looked toward the grotto; and, within a niche hollowed out in the upper part, she beheld a resplendent light, in the midst of which

stood a Lady of wonderful beauty, arrayed in veil and robe of snowy white, with cincture of blue. On her bare feet, which rested on a branch of eglantine that extended across the niche, bloomed two roses of golden color, and in her hand she held a long rosary of white beads linked with gold. Bernadette, astonished, could not believe her eyes, and rubbed them to assure herself she saw aright. The Vision smiled benignly upon her; and then a feeling of awe took possession of the child. She drew forth her beads, and kneeling down tried, but vainly, to sign herself with the cross. The Lady then signed herself with the golden cross attached to her chaplet, and began to pass the beads through her fingers, though her lips moved not. Immediately the little girl signed herself, and proceeded to recite the *Ave Maria.* The Lady motioned her to approach nearer, but Bernadette was afraid, and did not stir. Then the Vision, still smiling, disappeared.

Bernadette, full of amazement, left the Grotto to seek her companions, and questioned them; but they had seen nothing. On reaching home she made known to her mother what had occurred; and the mother, naturally alarmed, and fearing unhallowed influences, forbade her to re-visit the Grotto. On the Sunday following, however, some little girls, urged by curiosity, prevailed on the mother to revoke her prohibition; and about noon the children went to the parish church with a little bottle which they filled with holy water, and then took their way to the Grotto. Again the Lady appeared, surrounded, as before, by a brilliant light. Bernadette took the bottle and threw the holy water several times at the Apparition, telling her to approach nearer if she came on the part of God. The Vision smiled yet more sweetly as the holy water fell on her feet; and, coming nearer, bent down towards the child with ineffable serenity and benignity. Bernadette fell on her knees, and taking her chaplet began to pray, her countenance transfigured, her eyes fixed upon the Vision. Before evening all the town was astir with the news.

On the second day afterward two women went secretly to the Grotto before sunrise. Bernadette was already there, as was also the Vision. One of the women, thinking it might be a soul from Purgatory, gave to the little girl some paper, pen, and ink, which she had brought, and bade her ask the Lady to write her name and the reason of her coming. The Lady smiled and said: "What I have to say to you does not need to be written. Do me the favor to come here every day for fifteen

days." Bernadette promised, and the Lady continued: "I cannot render you happy in this world, but I promise to do so in the next." Then the two women bade the girl ask whether they also might come to the Grotto? "I wish it," replied the Lady. "I desire that many may come."

During the next fortnight Bernadette went every day to the Grotto, and only twice did the Lady fail to appear. She, however, appeared on three subsequent occasions, making eighteen apparitions in all. The wonderful news soon spread through the adjoining country, and every day witnessed a larger and larger crowd of spectators, till at length several thousands gathered around the Grotto and watched the child. As the Crowd is the first witness we would cite, it may be as well to take a look at its component parts. It included not alone friends and relatives of the little girl, inhabitants of the town and neighborhood, peasants from distant villages and valleys; it included also travellers from many parts of France, to which the news was quickly wafted; the saintly Abbé Peyramale, *curé* of Lourdes; government officials, newspaper men, and persons of all conditions. It was not a credulous crowd. While "some believed"—like the Jews in presence of the miracles of our Lord—others sneered, and most doubted and suspended judgment. On *what they saw* all were agreed; but on what it all meant there was great diversity of opinion. This was what they saw.

They saw Bernadette kneeling, a lighted taper in one hand, her chaplet in the other, and her eyes fixed upon the niche. Presently they observed a slight thrill or movement, then her face became transfigured, extraordinary beauty and a look of supreme happiness irradiating her usually ordinary features, while the look she directed towards the niche became so intensified that the bystanders said to each other "She sees."

Then they saw Bernadette arise in her ecstasy and go towards the lower part of the Grotto, where, making with her finger a little hole in the earth, she with some difficulty gathered in the hollow of her hand a small quantity of muddy water, which she drank and with which she wetted her face. This was towards the middle of the fortnight; but on subsequent occasions she did the same, and as the water accumulated she found no difficulty.

On Easter Monday, April 5, the crowd beheld a great wonder. Bernadette, absorbed in her Vision, placed the lighted candle on the ground before her, and clasped her hands uncon-

sciously over the flame, which, during the space of a quarter of an hour, played through the fingers and between the palms. A medical man, one Dr. Dozons, was present; and, after the child came to herself, he examined her hands. They were perfectly uninjured. The following is his testimony in the case:

"Astonished at this strange fact—the undisturbed holding of her hands above the flame—I made sign that no one should interfere; and taking out my watch I observed her perfectly during a quarter of an hour. At the conclusion of her prayer Bernadette arose, and, as she prepared to leave the Grotto, I detained her a moment, and asked her to show me her hand. I examined it with the utmost care. On no part could I find the slightest trace of burning. I then suddenly passed the flame of the candle under her hand, when Bernadette withdrew it quickly, saying 'You are burning me!'"

The crowd continued to pour towards the Grotto, and persons prayed there constantly. But the civil authorities, in order to prevent a "superstition" taking root, at the instance of the minister of worship boarded up the entrance, and forbade all access under pain of fine. Many went all the same; there were no end of prosecutions and judicial condemnations, the which bring us to our second witness—Bernadette herself.

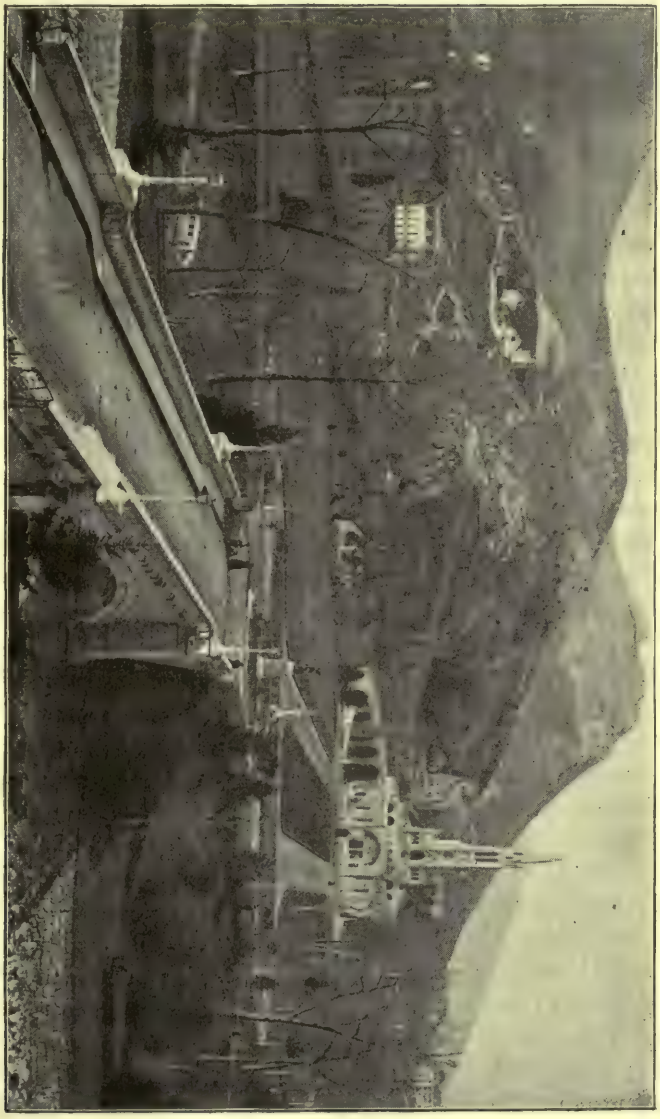
Contemporary free-thought, as our author observes, has made every effort to represent the little shepherdess as a *hallucinée*, or, failing that, as an impostor; working out, with the assistance of the *curé*, a stupendous fraud from motives of interest. Thanks to the more hostile element of our crowd—the civil authorities—the questions both of the girl's sanity and of her disinterestedness were placed beyond a doubt. Our author says:

"From the time of the first apparitions the police tried by intimidation to prevent Bernadette from returning to the rock. They threatened her and her parents with imprisonment, and subjected them to a strict surveillance. Bernadette, the poor feeble child of fourteen, calm and courageous, defeated their precautions and braved their threats. She went in spite of men where God called her.

"Hostile opinion accused her of playing off a sacrilegious comedy in order to extort money, or to obtain notoriety. It tried to make out that she was cataleptic, that she was visionary; and later on the police tried to arrest her on this pretext. They were but miserable calumnies. The candid, simple child was incapable of deception. She never accepted either money or gifts, despite the temptations of her poverty; and it had to be

acknowledged that her brain was healthy, and her imagination perfectly regulated and serene.

"If Bernadette had been interested, she might have chosen on one of the smiling slopes she climbed with her little flock,



THE CHURCH AND TERRACE, FROM THE FRONT.
(By permission of Catholic Family Annual.)

and facing her beloved Grotto, a poetic corner on which to build a house where her old mother would have come with her to enjoy the grand spectacle of the basilicas arising at her or-

der, and these long files of pilgrims gathered together at her voice. That house would have become itself a place of pilgrimage. Great ladies would have given gold by the handful for a wooden chaplet she had passed through her fingers. Cardinals and bishops would have knelt, as did Monseigneur Dupanloup, at her feet, to beg from that shepherdess hand the benediction of a saint. And in the evening, when the sun empurples with his last rays the Pyrenean peaks, she could have admired the thousand tapers of the torchlight processions, and heard the mountain echoes reverberate in melodious tones the simple history of the apparitions. Any one playing a part in so vast a comedy would have played it out to the end."

Instead of that, in 1866, after Bernadette had seen the commands of the Lady carried out, and her own mission accomplished, she withdrew to hide herself in religion; not in one of the splendid communities which rose up around her beloved Grotto, any one of which would have been proud to call her superioress, but among the Sisters of Charity of Nevers, many and many a league from the home she was never to see again.

The Abbé Peyramale, who was very rigorous in his investigations and very slow of belief, but who, after being fully satisfied, carried out the magnificent work of the basilica, has also come in for his share of misrepresentation. Yet truly, as our author says, it was rather his interest to have discredited the Vision, since to him as to Bernadette was the Lady's promise made—"I cannot make you happy in this life, but I promise to do so in the next." It was fully verified. After the commission of ecclesiastics and scientists appointed by Monseigneur Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, to investigate thoroughly both apparitions and miracles, had pronounced them genuine; after the seal of authority had been placed on them; after the churches were built, the pilgrimages instituted, and the pope, "yielding to the *luminous evidence*," had commanded to be crowned in his name the statue of our Lady of Lourdes, the Abbé Peyramale, who had wielded the laboring oar through all, came in for no sort of temporal reward. Nor did he desire any. When sounded as to his acceptance of a bishopric, he absolutely declined; and when the title of monseigneur was bestowed on him he never showed himself in the garb it entitled him to wear. The only outside object which he sought was the restoration of his dilapidated parish church; and he never could attain it. His remains are buried within its ruins.

It may be asked, "Why could not the Queen of Heaven and

Earth, if she it was, make Bernadette and the Abbé Peyramale happy both in this world and the next? She said '*I cannot!*' That is strong. Surely she could if she would. What hindered her?" We answer—Unbelief. As says our author:

"M. l'Abbé Peyramale become Bishop of Tarbes, and ven erated during life as a saint; Bernadette carried in triumph by the pilgrims of Lourdes, and her family, formerly poor, now rich and opulent, Free-thought might well have said, 'You see! Self-interest guided it all. Monseigneur Peyramale wished a mitre; Bernadette, the ovations of a delirious crowd; her relations—accomplices of the priest and the girl—desired the white bread of riches instead of the black bread of misery.' In place of that we see the priest saturated with disillusion, the *voyante* the last and least among her poor sisters, and the family without a *sou* wherewith to buy a shroud for the mother of her who has made Lourdes."

On the 25th of March, Bernadette, in obedience to the *curé*, pressed the Lady to make known her name. The recital in Bernadette's own words, as repeated to our author by a nun of Nevers, is so beautiful, and so important in its bearing on a dogma of the church, that we cannot do better than give it *verbatim*:

"M. l'Abbé Peyramale had threatened never to receive me again, and to prevent me making my First Communion, if I did not insist upon the Lady at least telling who she was. Three times I had besought her to give her name, and three times she had answered merely by a smile. At last, one day, I perceived by the expression of her face that she was going to tell me her name.

"'I am the Immaculate Conception,' she murmured, turning her beautiful eyes towards heaven.

"On hearing these words, which I did not understand, the idea came to me to say to the Lady—

"'Then you are not the Blessed Virgin Mary?'

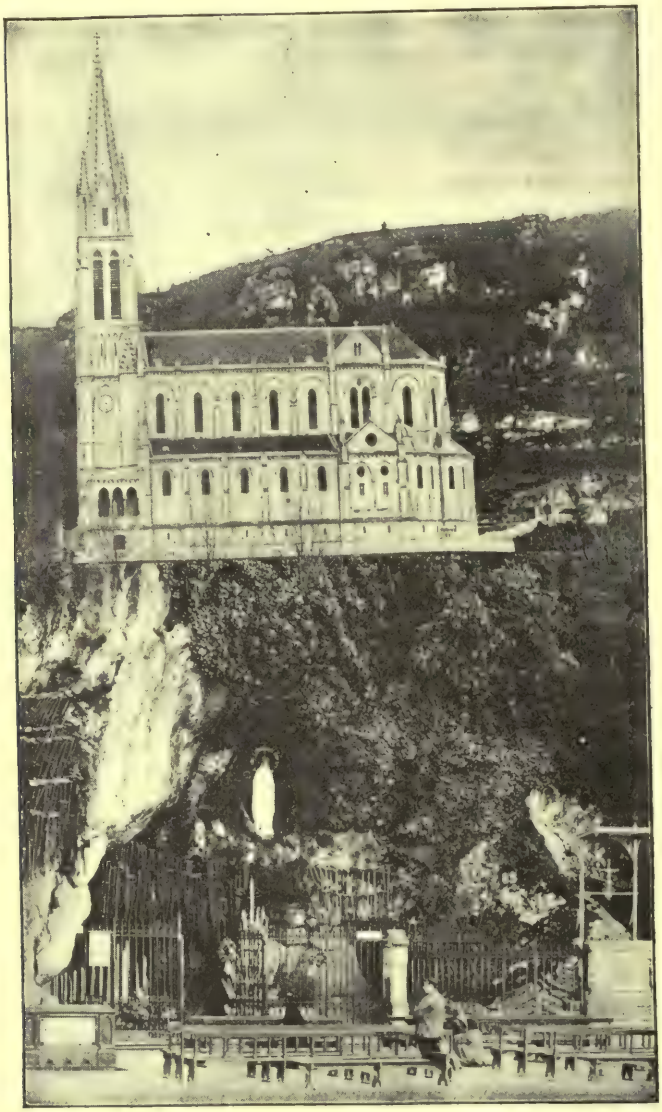
"I had pronounced the first three words of my phrase when the apparition disappeared. I felt very sorry, *for I was persuaded that she who called herself the Immaculate Conception was not the Virgin Mary.* I thought it was a soul from purgatory who had actually borne that name during life. Another pain was in store for me. The crowd surrounded me, and every one demanded—

"'Well, has she given her name?' 'Yes,' I replied, feeling ashamed.

"'Is it the Blessed Virgin?' 'I do not know.'

"'How! You do not know!' said twenty witnesses at once. 'What did she say?' 'I don't remember.'

"Immediately the expression of their countenances changed,



SIDE VIEW OF GROTTO AND CHURCH OF LOURDES.

(By permission of Catholic Family Annual.)

and I remember very well to have heard one of our neighbors say—'Parbleu! I have always said it. She is making fun of us.'

"I did not tell a lie in saying that I had forgotten the

name of the Lady. I remembered *Immaculate*, but not *Conception*. Monsieur Peyramale awaited me on the Place de l'Église and twenty times I was on the point of returning home, fearing his anger. However, at some yards from the Grotto I thought I remembered that the Lady had said *Concession*, or *Concerion*. I kept on repeating these two words—*Immaculate Concession* or *Concerion*—in order that I might not again forget them. After a moment, I bethought me that the Virgin had said *Conception*. This word appeared to me the true one; and all the way to the Place de l'Église I said *Immaculate Conception—Immaculate Conception*.

"The crowd had already preceded me; and the *curé*, notified of what had taken place, had gone back furious into the sacristy. I went in, all trembling. The first words of M. Peyramale were these; I have never forgotten them, and never will:

"'Bernadette, if you continue to mock us, I will let the commissary of police put you in prison.' I looked at him astonished.

"'You are playing off the *naïvé*,' he continued. 'I have just heard that the apparition you pretend to see at Massabielle has told you her name, and that you don't remember it.'

"'Yes, M. le Curé; but I was afraid of making a mistake, so I said nothing to those who questioned me.'

"'Once and for all, is it the Blessed Virgin?'

"'I don't think so, M. le Curé. It is the Immaculate Conception.'

"The Abbé Peyramale, who was very red, became suddenly very pale, and in a trembling voice said—

"'Who taught you that word?'

"'The Lady.'

"'You never heard it before?'

"'Never, M. le Curé.'

"'You may go home. I want to be alone. Come back tomorrow morning after my Mass.'

"Crossing the Place de l'Église I was again surrounded by the crowd—

"'Well, have you remembered the name of the Lady?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'What is her name?'

"'The Immaculate Conception.'

"The crowd received this answer with shouts of laughter, and all declared it was the first time they had ever heard these words pronounced.

"Next day I was sent for by the Commissary of Police, M. Jacomet. My first thought was—'Assuredly M. l'Abbé Peyramale has put his threat in execution. He is going to have me imprisoned because my answer, faithfully rendered, has proved to him that I am not telling the truth.' M. Jacomet received me with a smile on his lips.

"It is time to tell the truth,' he said to me several times. 'We will not disturb you, but you must tell us the truth.'

"'Yes, sir,' I answered.

"'The Lady spoke to you yesterday?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And she said—?'

"'I am the Immaculate Conception.'

"'What does that mean—the Immaculate Conception?'

"'I don't know, sir.'

"'You never heard that name pronounced in the church?'

"'Never.'

"'We shall see about that. Have you your prayer-book with you?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Go and bring it.'

"I ran home, and brought back my prayer-book. The commissary examined it, and returned it to me after a quarter of an hour. M. l'Abbé Peyramale told me afterwards that M. Jacomet looked through it to find the words 'Immaculate Conception,' which were not to be found in the books of that time. An inquest was immediately opened at Bartrès and Lourdes, in order to know if those who frequented the church knew the words 'Immaculate Conception.' The inquest revealed the ignorance of the faithful. It had also another object. They wished to know if in the church of Bartrès or that of Lourdes there were any statue of the Virgin clothed like the Lady of Massabielle. They only found clumsy statues like the Spanish Madonnas.

"'But, after all, where did you see a costume like that of the Lady?' demanded M. Jacomet.

"'Ah! sir,' I replied, 'nowhere. And if I had seen such a costume, I swear to you it would have been impossible to have seen a countenance like that of the Lady.'

"'Who was she like?'

"'Like no one on earth.'"

This account from the lips of the *voyante* herself seems to us to carry a weight of testimony which leaves nothing to be

desired. Nevertheless, we will put on the stand our third witness—the Fountain.

It was attested by all the shepherds of Lourdes and its vicinity that previous to the apparitions no well or spring of any sort existed in the Grotto. Like that of Bethlehem, it was used as a place of shelter for both shepherds and flocks during the heavy storms which often overtook them; but the lack of water was found a great inconvenience. A shepherd named Davis attested his having spread the straw on which he slept over the very spot where the water now flows. When it first appeared it was thick and muddy—a fact which did not escape the cynics, whose very sneers have served to substantiate its supernatural origin. "Tell your Lady," they would say to Bernadette, "that if she wants to give us a fountain, she had better give us clear water, and not a mud-puddle." "Don't trouble yourselves," the child would reply. "The water will clear faster than you wish." The authorities employed the services of an expert to ascertain whether there was any sign of a secret spring in the rock; but none could be found. Then those who believed began to surmise that the water, miraculously produced, must be miraculous in its effects; and this brings us to our last witness—the Miracles.

It would be impossible, within our limits, to enter in detail upon the cures wrought at Lourdes, or by its water. Our author does so very circumstantially, giving the names and addresses not only of scores and scores of persons cured, but also of the medical men—most of them infidels—who certified to their desperate and incurable ailments. It is not pleasant reading. In order to make the cases clear he has to enter upon very repulsive details; and the picture presented calls forcibly to mind what must have been seen in Judea when they gathered around our Lord, the blind, the lame, the paralytic, all who had any infirmity, that he might heal them. We shall only notice a few facts, and then wind up with two miracles, one wrought on the body, one on the soul, for miraculous conversions are among the wonders of Lourdes.

The miracles that take place are not, as our author wittily remarks, attested by monks in the state of ecstasy. Under one of the arches of the Church of the Rosary is the Hall of Attestation, which, during all the season of the pilgrimages, is in the hands of medical men, most of them free-thinkers, who, as may be supposed, make their attestations under pressure of necessity rather than of good-will. These medical men are of

all countries and of all creeds—or no creeds. There are doctors from England, from Belgium, from America, Protestants as well as Catholics, with a large majority of no religion. Any doctor who wishes to do so may attach himself to the bureau, and examine the cases. On one occasion a Jewish doctor—and a Freemason at that—presented himself at the hall, and begged as a favor to be allowed to examine the so-called miracles. "A favor!" they said, "why, my dear fellow, you are at home here. Our motto is, 'Open the door and walk in without knocking.'" In point of fact nothing is done *sub rosa* at Lourdes; everything is open and above-board.

Another thing. Although among the multitude of cases many nervous diseases are cured, *none of these are allowed to be registered.* However signal they may be, they are resolutely refused a place among the recorded miracles. Persons, therefore, who try to make out that the effect of the charming climate and exhilarating spectacle upon the nervous system of the patient is the real source of the cures are "left out." Fine climate and exhilarating spectacles have little power over cancerous wounds, paralyzed limbs, and contorted spines.

When the water of the miraculous fountain began to flow freely it naturally, as we have said, occurred to the people of Lourdes that it more than probably possessed miraculous power. A poor quarryman named Louis Bouriette, who had lost his sight twenty years before through the explosion of a mine, came to the Grotto, and, praying to the Blessed Virgin, bathed his eyes with the water. Instantly he recovered his sight; the right eye, which had been grievously wounded by a fragment of stone, being restored to perfect health. This was the first miracle wrought through the water of Lourdes.

The following is of a different kind; we will give it in the words of our author:

"One day a priest approached us in the Grotto, and pointing out in the midst of the crowd an old man who was kneeling piously with arms crossed, 'Question him,' he said; 'we call him the *miraculé* of the Virgin's Smile.'

"We approached the pilgrim in question—M. le Comte de Bruissard—and with the best grace in the world he related to us his history.

"'I was,' said he, 'at Cauterets at the time they were talking so much about the apparitions. I believed no more in the apparitions than I did in the existence of God. I was a *debauché* and, what is worse, an atheist. Having read in a journal of the

Worshippers in the Grotto.

country that Bernadette had, on the 16th of July, beheld an apparition, and that the Virgin had smiled, I resolved to go to Lourdes out of curiosity, and to take the little *voyante* in flagrante delicto in lying.

"'I went to the house of the Soubirous, and found Bernadette on the door-step, mending a black stocking. She appeared to me rather vulgar, yet her saddened features had a sort of sweetness. At my request she related to me her apparitions with a simplicity and confidence which struck me. Then I said to her, 'How did she smile, this beautiful Lady?' The little shepherdess looked at me with astonishment; then, after a moment's silence—'O sir!' said she, 'one must be of heaven to reproduce that smile.'

"'Could you not reproduce it for me? I am an unbeliever. I do not believe in your apparitions.'

"'The face of the child clouded, then a severe expression passed over it.

"'Then, sir, you think that I am a liar?'

"'I felt myself disarmed. No; Bernadette was not a liar, and I was on the point of going on my knees to beg her pardon when she said—

"'Since you are a sinner, I will reproduce for you the smile of the Virgin.'

"'The child slowly arose, joined her hands, and smiled—a celestial smile such as I have never seen on the lips of the most seductive of mortals. I saw her countenance illuminated by an inexplicable light. She continued to smile, her eyes turned towards heaven, while I knelt down before her convinced that I had seen the Virgin's smile upon the countenance of the *voyante*.

"'Since then I bear within me, in the depths of my soul, that divine smile. It has dried many tears. I have lost my wife and my two daughters, yet it seems to me I am not alone in the world. I live in the Smile of the Virgin.'"

THE DUAL OWNERSHIP OF LAND IN IRELAND A MYTH.*

BY REV. GEORGE MCDERMOT.

ON the 16th of April last the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon the principles and practice of the Irish Land Commissioners and county court judges in carrying out the fair-rent provisions of the Land Acts (among other matters referred to them) and to suggest such improvements in law or practice as they might deem desirable.

The committee consisted of seventeen members. The Unionist party had a majority of one, if Mr. T. W. Russell were to vote on party lines, but throughout he voted against his party. All sections of the house were represented. Even the few Parnellite members had their representative in Mr. Clancy. Mr. Morley, the Irish secretary, in accordance with the etiquette in such matters, was elected chairman. I am particular in mentioning these circumstances, first, because that committee is destined to be historic and to leave behind it far-reaching results, and second, because it will be subjected to the fiercest criticism ever turned upon a similar body.

I have no hesitation in saying that no committee since the trial of election petitions was handed over to the judges has produced such evidence in a portion of its members of the superiority of party and class interests to duty and principle as this exhibits in the action of the minority. I am sure they are all honorable men—every member of Parliament is "an honorable member"— so I can only conclude that, where Irish tenants are concerned, the prejudices of class and the claims of party are paramount to every other consideration.

Lest there should be any misconception as to the nature of the agrarian question of Ireland compared with that of England, I may say that there is not a feature in common between them. The traditional and historic character of the tenure of occupiers in both countries is as wide asunder as the poles. The English tenant began as a serf of the soil without one shred,

* Report of the Majority of the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Land Acts.

one particle of right except the will of his lord. Afterwards, when contracts of tenancy replaced the old servile relation, the farm was let to the tenant fully equipped as a going concern, as a hotel might be let, or a public house, or furnished lodgings. In Ireland, the tenant as one of the sept had an inalienable title in the tribal lands. There might be a readjustment of boundaries or a new allocation of the tribal lands whenever the death of a holder without immediate heirs took place. This may have been inconvenient and at times oppressive, but the right to a holding somewhere in the district remained to the disturbed occupier. He was not at the mercy of a master who could drive him off the lands or retain him as he wished. This was the historic memory which the clansmen carried with them when the lands passed into the hands of the Cromwellian and Williamite adventurers.

Moreover, they received nothing from the Cromwellian or Williamite landlord but the permission to live upon the land and pay for the privilege. They had no homes, no farm buildings. It was the wild common of nature on which they might sit down, marry, brood, and die, provided they paid rent, and that the landlord did not care to chase them off. Then the morasses began to be drained, and the mountain summits to change the gray of their granite for some tint of the verdure of the valleys; farm buildings and steadings, such as they were, to dot the country side, fences and hedge-rows to give a peaceful and comfortable aspect to landscapes which for a half-century had known nothing but the marching of hostile armies and the desolation caused by the fires which they kindled.

To the general statement just made, I shall add one or two facts which will help in emphasizing the distinction between the status of English tenants and that of Irish tenants. The estate of the predecessor in title of the Marquis of Bath and another in the County of Monahan was worth only £200 a year in the reign of James I. It yielded in 1868 more than £50,000 a year. It consisted at the earlier period of swamp for the most part, in which the tenants had as their associates the coot and other water-fowl. Mr. Trench, who examined the estate-books as agent, testifies that during the whole of the period every improvement was effected by the tenants.*

I found a somewhat similar state of things on the estates of the London Companies in Derry when, as judicial investiga-

* This is the author of a sensational book called *Realities of Irish Life;* and any statement in favor of tenants can be trusted, for he is an eminently hostile witness.

tor of arrears, I had to inquire into the condition of their tenants. The rent of holdings had been increased between the beginning of the present century and the time I sat—1882–3—in some cases by more than twelve times the rent at the former period. When the London Companies entered on their possessions, about the year 1610, the estates, including the valuable fisheries, did not realize more than £1,800 a year, more than half of which came from the fisheries. In 1880 the rental was £160,000 a year, while the income from the fisheries had not increased beyond the figures of 1610. In other words, estates which produced a rental of less than £900 in 1610 yielded £160,000 in 1880, and that without one particle of expenditure from the absentee landlords who guttled and guzzled it in their civic celebrations.

That these enormous advances in rent during so short a period were not exceptional must be gathered from the fact that, while the whole rental of Ireland in 1729 did not amount to £2,000,000, it stood in 1875 at the respectable figure of £15,000,000. The agricultural rental, or rather income, did not amount to this sum—because cities and towns must be excluded—but it went very considerably beyond £13,000,000—very nearly to £14,000,000. Then again, the rental of 1729, to which allusion has been made, included a proportionally higher return from towns and cities in the earlier year.

When, therefore, men like Mr. Lecky, Mr. Chamberlain, and other leading exponents of the Unionist cause, represent the Irish tenants as the spoiled children of legislation, while Parliament has behaved like a stepmother to English tenants, the reader can estimate the value of their statements. There is no parallel between the circumstances of the two classes. The improvements were all made by the Irish tenant, in no instance by his English brother. At once one sees, independently of any other consideration, that the former had an equitable interest in the land which owed most of its value to him—perhaps all its value to him.

It was the policy of the successive acts which constitute the Land Code to give to this equitable interest a legal sanction and authority. The object of the select committee was to ascertain how far they have succeeded.

From the report of the majority it appears that the total number of fair-rent applications disposed of by the Land Commission, by the county courts, and by agreement from the passing of the act of 1881 to March 31 last was 354,890. Of these

the total number of fair rents fixed was 294,654. The Land Commission courts fixed 157,178, the county courts 15,537, and 102,902 rents were fixed by agreements between the landlord and tenant lodged with the Land Commission or the county courts. By section 40 of the act rents can be fixed by arbitration, but there were only 37 dealt with in this manner.

The report says: "It is worthy of notice that in these 37 cases in which rents have been fixed by arbitration, the average reduction was 30.7 per cent., or one-half higher than the average reduction on the total rental dealt with by the courts and by agreements, which was 20.8 per cent."

The fact certainly is significant. It goes to prove that the landlords preferred to have recourse to the courts, and that the agreements were made under pressure put upon the tenants. That this was the character of the agreements will appear more clearly by and by.

With regard to rents fixed by the Land Commission the average reduction by chief commission and sub-commission taken together was in the case of yearly tenancies 21.2 per cent. The average reduction in the county courts was 23 4. or 2.2 more than the corresponding reduction given by the Land Commission courts. The average reduction made by agreements has been 17.7. It can be inferred that these agreements were not voluntary; that, in point of fact, the tenants were compelled to enter into them, either because they feared protracted litigation and its attendant expense, or that they stood in some way within the landlords' power.

The report says: "There is to be observed a still more remarkable difference between the reductions made in rents fixed by agreement and those settled by arbitration. As we have noted, the average reduction made by agreements lodged with the Land Commission was 17.7; . . . but the average reduction was no less than 30.7 in cases of rents determined by arbitration."

It goes on to point out that more than two-thirds of the agreements were made from the year ending August, 1882, to that ending August, 1885. In those years the reductions in the courts were much smaller than in subsequent years and down to the present time; and then proceeds: "The evidence given before your committee as to the course of prices and the cost of production between 1881 and 1885 have been since 1886, and are at the present time, materially excessive."

The report next calls attention to a paper handed in by Mr.

W. F. Bailey, legal assistant commissioner. It furnishes examples of fifty cases in his district in which agreements had been made between landlords and tenants within the period from 1882 to 1887, but the agreements, not having been filed as required by rule, were not binding between the parties, and the tenants came into court to have fair rents fixed in 1893 and 1894. "The result demands particular attention," the report justly observes. The old rents in the fifty cases had amounted to £790. The reductions made by agreement amounted to £142, leaving the rents as agreed upon £648. When the tenants came into court the £648 was further reduced by £168, bringing down the judicial rents to £480. "Thus, after an average reduction of 18 per cent. had been made by the agreements, a further reduction of 20 per cent. was ordered by the court."

A similar paper was handed in by another legal assistant commissioner and printed as part of the evidence. It was only owing to the omission to file these agreements the court was able to intervene; but the incidents shed a flood of light on the real character and value of the voluntary agreements between landlords and tenants fixing fair rents.

From the passing of the act of 1881 the landlords did all they could to render its provisions nugatory. Possessing wealth and social influence, they had every advantage over their needy and humble opponents. The social influence operated in a subtle but powerful manner. If assistant commissioners reduced rents with boldness they were denounced in the landlord press, which is supposed in England to reflect the opinion of the loyal portion of the community. They were held up among their own class as favorers of the refractory and dishonest masses who were endeavoring to escape from their legal obligations by terrorism. It appears that the sub-commissions upon the whole were very free from the stigma of aiding the tenants, and must be deemed to have exercised their judicial functions in the very teeth of the principal act, in order to assign to the landlords a great part of the interest of the tenants.

In this connection I shall quote from a very suggestive paragraph one or two points which will tend to illustrate some of the means by which a statute, intended to be greatly ameliorative of the state of the agricultural population, has done so little to bring about the improved condition of the tenants and as a consequence the public tranquillity expected from it. "The system of rehearing on all questions of value is one of the causes which, in our opinion, deter tenants from making appli-

cation to have fair rents fixed." It gives the grounds for the opinion, and I think the bare statement of them justifies it.

The rehearing—it is right to explain—is something in the nature of an appeal from a sub-commission court to the head commission. All the evidence given in the court below and any other evidence that may be forthcoming is to be received. In an appeal strictly so-called, the reception of additional evidence would not be allowed. Both parties should make their case before the court of first instance, so far as evidence, and stand or fall by it. But the head commission was in reality a court of first instance and not a court of appeal, so that the person in the situation of respondent might be in the dark concerning the new evidence he had to meet.

What the report then states as leading to the opinion expressed above is that the system of rehearing "entails grievous delays, it protracts uncertainty; it imposes heavy costs, oppressive to a humble class of suitors; it necessitates expenditure out of all proportion to the practical result." This is a very severe judgment on this very important part of the practice and procedure under the act of 1881. It is hardly too much to say that the effects cited would be enough to defeat the policy of the act. Reading the provisions of the statute, you see that the legislature intended that rent is to be fixed on an inquiry which should take into account the tenant's improvements and the value of his interest in the holding, and that no rent should be payable either on these improvements or that interest. This would seem to be clear enough. The improvements made by the tenant (and "tenant" included his predecessors in title) were to be his own property. If, as on the Draper's Company's estate in the County Derry, a rental of £5,000 a year in 1808 grew to £16,000 in 1845 by the labor and expenditure of the tenants, one would suppose, if the provision cited were then in force, a tenant paying £16 a year rent would be entitled to have it reduced to £5 a year. But the Land Commission, according to its method of estimating the tenant's right, would only reduce it to about £12 16*s.* 2*d.*

There is clearly some flaw here both in the act and its authoritative interpretation—later on I shall point out what the flaw is—but I desire to give the grounds as stated by themselves the committee had for concluding that the system of rehearing deterred tenants from applying to have fair rents fixed. "The rents fixed by the sub-commissions in the 19,655 cases subjected to rehearing amounted to £431,398; the net

result of the rehearings was to increase this amount by £1,282, or only 0.2 per cent."

It is estimated that the appeals from county court judges and the rehearings from sub-commissions cost £250,000. If we allow £28,000 to the appeals, a liberal allowance as their proportion, it will be found that to gain an addition of one-fiftieth to the rent fixed a cost was incurred which would be almost excessive if the rent were doubled on the rehearing. It must be clear from this that the Irish landlords were resolved to die hard, and that their tenacity was not without its effect on their kinsmen and allies in the service of the Land Commission.

The leading case of Adams *vs.* Dunseath, decided, by her Majesty's Court of Appeal, on appeal from a judgment of the Land Commission, laid down that the interpretation of the enactment, "no rent is to be allowed . . . in respect of the tenant's improvements," was that the tenant is entitled to an annual percentage of indefinite amount on his outlay in making the improvement, but that any remainder of letting value due to his improvement is to be divided between him and the landlord. The very complex code which is interwoven with the act of 1881 may have made that the correct meaning of the words above. In that decision unquestionably a minority of the judges of appeal, strong by great legal learning and ability, held that this recondite and mysterious meaning was not the true one, but the words were to be interpreted in their ordinary sense.

But one thing appears in favor of the tenant from the above decision, namely, that whatever residue over and above the outlay on his improvements there was should be shared with the landlord. That is to say, the remainder of the letting value resulting from his improvements beyond the percentage on the cost of making them was to be divided, according to the discretion of the Land Commission, between him and the landlord, regard being had to the interest of the landlord and tenant respectively.

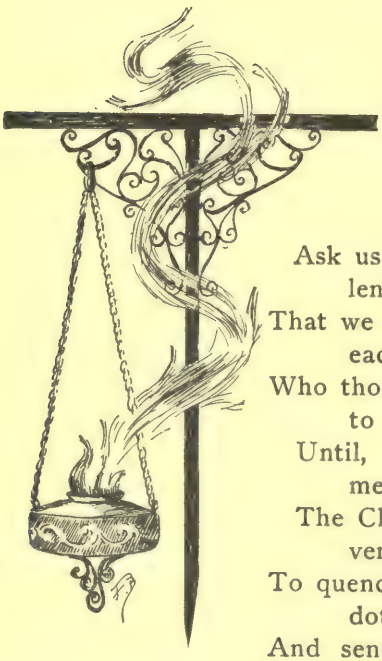
The committee find, though "this judgment, delivered in 1882, has been the law since then and is now the law, and during the interim of twelve years has been binding upon all administrators of the Land Act," that the practice is to give the landlord, after allowing the tenant a percentage on his outlay, any remainder of letting value due to the tenant's improvements. Several of the official witnesses proved this practice; and that it is the practice is abundantly clear from the basis on

which the rent is fixed—that rent which an outsider having no interest in the holding, no right of any kind in it, would pay for the use and occupation.

Yet Irish landlords and their champions were for ever talking of the confiscation of their property, the iniquitous legislation by which their tenants were forced upon them as partners. It is now put beyond all question that the practice which has grown up in the Land Commission court has made the dual ownership a myth, that all that the complicated machinery of the Land Code has secured to the tenant is the dubious advantage of perpetuity of tenure as long as he is able to pay a rack rent for the land which he has virtually created.

THE SUFFERING SOULS.

BY W. J. O'REILLY.



THOSE souls who for themselves can naught beseech
From Him—the Mighty One, the sinner's friend,
Ask us, to whom His ear He deigns to lend,
That we this month remember our friends each;
Who though not lost, yet Heaven forbade to reach
Until, as Holy Church doth now commend,
The Christian's humble prayers to Heaven ascend;
To quench the wrath that now those souls doth bleach,
And send them spotless to the King of kings;
Where, humbly bowing, each some friend recalls;
Ah, yes! a friend who oft for him did pray
To Jesus—Sov'reign Master of all things.
And now, in turn, before his Lord he falls,
Entreating for this pilgrim on the way.

MEN OF LETTERS AND EARLY TRAINING.

BY W. R. CLAXTON.

IT is an opinion, generally entertained, that what a man is bred to, is what he will best do; and, however true this may be in other cases, there is one class of men whose career seems to show that the rule is not of universal application.

Confining our attention to Great Britain, and selecting only a few examples, we find the very remarkable fact that, of her many men of letters, scarcely any of them started out in life to be a poet, a novelist, or an historian. For the most part these men, to whom every reader of English owes an unpayable debt of gratitude, commenced their adult career as soldiers, lawyers, clergymen, or doctors. And, what is no less surprising, most of them adopted literature because of unmistakable failure in their several professions.

Chaucer was a soldier and man of affairs; and not until he was about sixty years of age did he write the *Canterbury Tales*. He had held public office; he had been confined in prison for political reasons; and it was only after abandoning the course of life that he seemed destined, in his young days, to carry on to the end of the chapter, that he gained his true goal in literature.

Shakspere does not seem to have been an eminent success at his father's highly respectable trade, to follow which he was brought home from school.

"Rare Ben Jonson" soon grew weary of his stepfather's useful employment, and tried his luck as a soldier in the Low Countries. Next he appeared as an actor, and that not succeeding, he retired from the stage, to enrich it with his "Every Man in his Humour."

Sir John Suckling, whose verse about the feet "like little mice" must make him the object of every gallant's gratitude, was both a soldier and politician.

Spenser was one of the few who seem to have felt the divine afflatus from early life, and was allowed to follow his proper bent from the time that he entered Cambridge.

Bacon's fame rests, not upon the lawyer but upon the philosopher. Law, in conjunction with politics, was the means

used for gaining lucre, much of it the filthiest. Literature was the one disinterested affection of his life. "Libraries," as he says, "are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose." If, only, he had worshipped exclusively at those shrines!

Hakluyt was a clergyman, but it is not as a preacher that the world knows him. One might think, from reading his volumes, that all his life had been spent in voyages.

Camden was a school-master, but how little of his reputation is due to the Greek grammar that he prepared for his pupils.

Hobbes, after leaving Oxford, became tutor to Lord Cavendish, but it was not from such occupation that he conceived the opinions professed in the *Leviathan.*

Burton, as rector of a country parish, would probably never have been known. It was only by that quaint old volume, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, that he made his name to occupy a place in the memory of his countrymen, and of all lovers of original conceits.

Milton, even in his university days, was distinctly a man of letters. And yet until he had reached his fiftieth year, when he began *Paradise Lost*, he was more of a Puritan baiting the pope and prelacy, and a republican denouncing royalists, than devoted to his muse.

Dryden seems to have started out in life a writer, and to have never attempted to pursue any other calling.

But the list of Britain's lords of the pen need be extended no further; for, as it was with these early ones, so it has been, except in rare cases, with their successors. The men that have done most to glorify the English tongue have entered upon life with far other, and more economical, aims than the enlightenment and happiness of their kind.

How did it happen that those who had the control, in infancy and early childhood, of her poets, her historians, her novelists, her philosophers—in a word, her men of letters, failed to see that in these children England had a treasure, in comparison with which all her material wealth was nothing worth, so that their intellects might have been allowed to expand without any let or hindrance?

Or, was it only because of the absence of success that attended their efforts in the various professions and trades in which they first sought to gain a living, that these men themselves became conscious of their power?

Whatever be the true explanation, the fact remains that, notwithstanding the untowardness of their early surroundings, they finally became the pride and glory of the race.

Difficult as it is, and from the nature of things it ever must be, to discover in the earliest manifestation of an infant's intelligence just what he or she is best fitted to become, surely careful and minute observation, having this single end in view, cannot fail to detect at least some slight indication of what the child is most prone toward in the life of the intellect.

That most extraordinary and oft-quoted example of definite intellectual training, begun in earliest childhood, John Stuart Mill, shows what apparently unlimited results can be achieved in this direction.

James Mill seems to have thought that the normal human intellect, if taken in hand early enough, may, like modeller's wax, be moulded into any desired form, and as he wished his son to be a philosopher, like himself, he conducted the child's education so as to attain that end.

The experiment succeeded, but, for all this, the whole course of Stuart Mill's intellectual life goes far to show that, if only by a lucky accident, the discipline to which he was subjected was on the lines laid down by nature. What effect such an education attempted, say, on Goldsmith would have had, is a question more easily asked than answered. Assuming that the treatment accorded to Stuart Mill was, at most, an undue strain, but always in the right direction, of course the result attained, if a like education were attempted upon a less gifted child, would not have been nearly so satisfactory, and indeed would probably have been fatal.

One thing, however, in the strange case seems clear, and that is that, given a child with a marked predilection for some one form of intellectual activity, a vast deal can be done to develop it beyond what it would ever arrive at if left to itself.

Perhaps such a forcing process would be less successful if applied to a child whose imagination dominated his reason, because, on the one hand, of the danger of making the creatures of his fancy seem too real, or, on the other, of producing confusion among the inhabitants of his imagination. While the power of the intellect seems to be well-nigh unbounded, that of the imagination must always be limited by the data of the senses. Hence, not only the kind, but the degree, of training that would be helpful to one "born" a philosopher, would be harmful to one "born" a poet.

This all goes to show what immense care should be taken in the direction given to the first human manifestation of the infant, even if it shows nothing more.

But a something full of interest is, that each of these great writers of England, whatever was his life, whether joyful or sad, was not made like any other man, through mere similarity of environment or occupation.

Hakluyt and Burton were equally clergymen, but there is very little in common between the writer of the travels and the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Indeed, in no essential particular is it possible to trace similarity of effect from mere apparent similarity of cause, in any of the great writers. That there was always present something hidden, working with or against what is open to the sight in their several careers, is just as evident as that each one's activity took on a form different from that of his fellow-laborers in the field of literature.

That something, by whatever name it be called, is what made each one himself.

It is that which made Milton the author of *Paradise Lost*, and Pope the author of the *Essay on Man*.

Neither of these two very conspicuous examples of peculiarly English poetry has anything in common with the other, except that they are both addressed to the head, rather than to the heart, of humanity.

In certain external aspects, however, there was much alike in the early life of Milton and Pope. Each of them began to write in the morning of his youth, and each of them was a serious student during those years when most boys are much more bent upon mischief than upon books.

But for all this, how different was their work, and their purpose!

That humanity is plastic to a marked degree there can be no doubt; but, in spite of this, certain individual men seem to be independent of their surroundings. However genius may be defined—and defined it has been over-much—in its essence it must surpass all attempts to measure it, because in its essence it transcends the comprehension of the would-be definer. Even if one genius try to discover wherein consists the distinguishing greatness of another, he must fail in his effort, for the reason that no genius is one of a body of men that can be classified, but is a complete whole in himself. Were it otherwise genius would be nothing more than exceptional talent, in any department. At most, the common run of mankind can only re-

cognize the existence of a certain something, in a few of their fellows, that rises high up above the level upon which they stand, and which eludes their most eager and searching gaze.

We ordinary mortals can see what these exalted beings *do*, but we cannot hope to see *how* they do it.

To return again to the question how an exceptional child should be treated, in the first revelation that he makes of himself, is to present a very difficult problem.

If it be no easy task to know how to best direct the awakening intelligence of a child merely gifted beyond the average of children, how almost, if not quite, impossible it is to do aught than harm to one that is of a different, and entirely superior, order of humanity. To attempt even to direct such an intelligence seems, in itself, almost an absurdity, as being like an effort of a dwarf to support a giant. If, then, a parent could, without prejudice, be assured that his child were truly a genius, it seems that the best he could do for his future would be simply to supply whatever the child's mind and heart craved. But the trouble is that the parent generally has some prejudice where the child is concerned, and therefore his best intentions lead him to adopt a course of training that may be most harmful.

Luckily, as genius is so far superior to the highest talent as to be even unmeasurable by it, so it is so superior to its environment as to rise triumphant over it, in time. The chief cause for regret is that genius may be delayed in displaying itself by unfavorable conditions, but this seems almost inevitable. If a very young lad display unusual interest in, say, history, not for its stirring events but for its record of humanity, or if he show a decided love for any of the material sciences, it may be safe enough to supply him, during his youth, with standard works upon the subject that engrosses him, for in the case of history, and the material sciences alike, the subject is confined to facts of experience. When, on the other hand, the youth shows a predilection for metaphysics, whether in the moral or mental order, it is far more difficult to determine how best to supply what is most fitting; and this is true because, while metaphysics have a distinct human bearing, and therefore, like the other sciences, have to do with objects of experience, their principal subject is eternal and absolute truth. Indeed, without metaphysics, history and the material sciences—except in so far as one should confine itself to a simple narration of human actions, and the other to a simple statement of the re-

sults of observation and experiment—would be impossible. Hence it would seem that to guide aright the studies of a youth, in the former department of knowledge, would be a much easier task than an effort to the like end in the latter.

As for the budding poet, unless a parent would risk the chance of making of his son a mere imitator of one of the masters' melody or versification, it would require the most careful discrimination in the choice of models to be placed in the lad's hands.

As in all other departments of the world of letters, the poetic genius could, and would, rise triumphant over his untoward circumstances, but the mere poet of talent might be crushed by undesirable training.

If Pope had been less great than he was, it seems probable that he would have become a mere imitator by his delight in Dryden. Even as he was, he often used the melody of his favorite as a tune for his own verse.

When one considers how unconsciously the thoughts of others come to be accepted, often, as one's own thoughts, it certainly behooves a parent with an exceptional child to take care that he be not brought into very frequent contact with the works of any particular writer; lest, by intimacy with and fondness for the author, the child imbibe so much from him as to crowd out whatever of originality he may have.

Without any hope to solve the problem of what is the best training to give a child of promise, it seems at least probable that one step in the right direction would be diversity of reading, in the scope of his special gift. Whether, on the other hand, this even diversified specialization of training might not tend to weaken the other faculties than the one exercised by it, is a question worthy of serious thought. Perhaps if it were pursued during only the first few years of the child's intellectual activity and then discontinued, to be followed by a more general course of instruction, the results would be, on the whole, satisfactory.

Much, of course, would depend upon the child himself. If he were a genius, then he would surmount any and every unfavorable condition ; but if he were only gifted above others, a mistaken treatment applied to him might result in his complete undoing.

After the years of childhood have passed the boy necessarily must, in very great measure, be left to himself. But just then will he probably be most affected by the training of his childhood.

Whatever direction his mental activity has been given, in its awakening, it will probably pursue, and then will begin to

appear the poet, the philosopher, the historian, or whatever else he may have in him.

After all, it may be that the best thing to do with a child that seems to be exceptional is to treat him as though he were distinctly commonplace. For, as we have already noticed, the great men of letters in all their manifestations, so far at least as England is concerned, were for the most part, as children, treated as though they were of no special value.

Is it possible, then, that the neglect, the hard rubs, and the other seemingly adverse luck that accompanied them in their outset, were so many means necessary to the development of their greatness?

Who knows? If this be so, then the father that has a child apparently superior to other children, instead of trying to nurture and encourage the child's talents, would do well to treat him as though he were quite like ordinary children. Many men whose work in letters has made them famous have done some of the best of it under stress and strain, and this seems to afford some ground for belief in the spur, not only for horse but man; and yet one cannot help the feeling that peace of soul is necessary for the best effort of the soul.

It is impossible to say what effect other circumstances than his own would have upon any man; and so one cannot tell how far the particular experience of any individual has contributed to his essential self.

Shakspere, in his way; Newton, in his, seem so far above the heads of ordinary humanity, that one almost hesitates to speculate as to the possibility of their being greater than they were if they had had a different environment.

And yet when one considers how many writers there have been and are, and of them how comparatively few have added much to the real intellectual or moral treasures of the race, one can scarcely refrain from wishing at least that of the many the greater number had been prevented from wasting their own time on that for which they seem so ill-fitted, and the time of the many readers who peruse books simply because they fall into their hands.

Complaint is often made that, relatively speaking, so few persons read anything; but the truth appears to be that most persons read too much, and think too little. It is not venturing much to say that if all the readers of trash were to be enrolled in an army they would present an alarmingly large proportion of the whole population. And the very reason that so much

trash is read is precisely because most men abhor to think. What they crave is mere excitement of their imaginations, whether it be induced by intoxicating liquor or intoxicating print, for equally, in each case, the result is produced without mental effort.

In this day of societies for the prevention of so many other things, why is there none for the prevention of pseudo men of letters?

TWO SONGS UNSUNG.

By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

"BRING me a song from out thy harp," she said
Unto the wordless poet, musing there;
Yet not a chord rose on the waiting air,
Nor song uplifted as the maiden pled;
But lower bent the grave, denying head,
Worshipping the lilies on her brow, with ne'er
A blossom crushed—their perfume everywhere
About the life, through aisles of lilies led.
How could his notes, with all their power, bring
The beauty of those lily-laden days,
The incense of those lily-guarded ways?
So let his harp its reverent silence sing,
Knowing its best and purest music could
Not reach her high, white grace of maidenhood.

"Strike from your harp a song!" the wanton cried.
The poet sounded all his strings; but still
No harmony along the chords would thrill.
And when he all its hopeless discords tried,
He laid the jarring instrument aside.
She lightly laughed: "You use your art but ill;
And cannot e'en a little moment fill
With melody." The poet only sighed,
To miss from off her brow the stately flower;
While rose around her all the poisoned breath
Of lilies broken or sin-crushed to death.
"My harp was silenced by your maiden power—
Not sweet enough to sing you then, I vow;
Nor sad enough to sing you, woman, now."

THE PROPOSED AGNOSTIC AMENDMENT TO OUR STATE CONSTITUTION.

BY REV. THOMAS MCMILLAN.

PROFOUND students of social science recognize the dangers that threaten the peace and welfare of the commonwealth from the alarming growth of anarchy. Only a very small number of those devoted to the investigation of modern sociology attempt to seek out the causes for this increased strength of the dangerous classes. A rudimentary study of the question should convince any candid mind, honestly seeking for evidence, that the anarchist can easily gain adherents for his wild theories wherever the teaching of the Christian religion is unknown. Intellectually there is a close kinship between the anarchist and the agnostic. The latter, so far as he can be induced to make any affirmation, endeavors to show that as God is unknown or unknowable, rational beings are exempted from the study of religious truth. Hence the efforts of the church in maintaining teaching agencies for the promulgation of the Gospel are of no value in his estimation, and should be opposed in every enlightened country. The prevalence of such a theory among the discontented toilers who bear the burdens of the day prepares the way logically for the anarchist. Religion is his most formidable obstacle; it is removed out of sight from the domain of thought by the agnostic.

In a recent volume one of our most accomplished Catholic writers shows very plainly that "the state is not a machine dealing with dead matter. It is an organization of living men, in many of whom the hopes and the fears with which religion is concerned supply the mightiest and most masterful motives of their lives. The security and order of the state are the conditions of civilized life. It is manifest—all history teaches the lesson—that religion, more than anything else, makes for or against that security and order. It is the greatest instrument of union or division. It may be either peace or a sword" (*The Claims of Christianity*, by William Samuel Lilly, p. 230).

By the hasty action of the majority of the committee on education in the New York Constitutional Convention, endorsed

by the final vote of its delegates, an important victory has been gained for agnosticism. Henceforth, should this amendment be adopted by the vote of the people, the teaching of "any denominational tenet or doctrine" renders "any school or institution of learning" liable to examination or inspection. The school which is guilty of such a heinous offence wholly or in part, directly or indirectly, is to be deprived of any hope of compensation from public taxation, regardless of the conscientious convictions of its patrons, or the value of its instruction in the secular branches of knowledge. Any institution of learning under denominational control, no matter how distinguished may be the citizens exercising this control, is to be assigned to a place unworthy of notice. This proscription against every denomination is to be a new duty for the Empire State, which is empowered to act as supreme judge of the essential requisites of a tenet or doctrine.

It is safe to say that not one of the delegates of the convention, even among the numerous learned lawyers who took part in the discussion, claimed to have a complete knowledge of the mysterious ramifications of the agnostic amendment. Certainly no intelligible explanation has been given for the use of the word "or" eleven times in a condensed statement proposed as a luminous declaration of the separation of church and state. Nothing akin to this new declaration of what the State must do can be found in the records of previous legislation on this subject. As a curiosity in legal literature it is here presented for inspection.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

"Article IX.—Sec. 4.—Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning, wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught."

During one stage of the prolonged discussion there was a most vigorous condemnation of section four from delegates belonging to different Protestant denominations: the vote was sixty-eight to seventy-one in favor of its acceptance. At a critical point of the debate while this vote was going on President Choate aroused the fears of unwary delegates by announcing in explanation of his vote that he had discovered "the rankest sec-

tarianism" in a motion proposed by delegate Cassidy, whose religious preference is for the Baptist Church. No one would expect from a Baptist "the rankest sectarianism." Then the A. P. A. spectre was introduced by President Choate in these words: "There are those who believe—I am not one of them—that a great foreign hierarchy is attempting to extend the influence of its religion and its power over the institutions of this State." One thing particularly noticeable in this and other utterances from President Choate regarding the foreign element of our population was the gratuitous assumption that nothing else but his narrow view would be tolerated by the people of New York State. Before the people or any of their representatives can form a just judgment, they need all the evidence on this question accurately presented.

A STATE-MADE CHURCH.

Mr. Gilbert gave utterance to a strange medley of opinions evidently prepared for the higher instruction of clergymen having little to do except to draw large salaries. While admitting that Mr. Gerry was right in saying that irreligion leads to anarchy, he seemed quite sure that the people of his district could teach obedience to God, obedience to the Constitution, and obedience to law better than any existing denomination. He has no misgivings on the matter because his plan is as broad as "the great sky above," not requiring "figures or details." These are his words: "I maintain this proposition, namely, that there should be religious instruction in the schools of the State of New York. What do I mean by religious instruction as applied to schools? I will tell you exactly what I do not mean. I do not mean anything that is sectarian or denominational." He did not state whether the existence of God and the Ten Commandments would be ruled out, because taught by every denomination of Christians. What Mr. Gilbert really wants is a new nullifidian sect which shall be unlike all others in having his personal approval and the authority of the State.

Mr. E. R. Brown reminded the convention that many religious academies, founded by the churches, "have been the beacon lights in the rural districts of the State of New York for a hundred years, controlled by Methodists, controlled by Baptists, controlled by the Presbyterians very largely, controlled in some instances by the Roman Catholics."

Mr. McDonough contributed to the discussion valuable statistics, prepared by an official of the Regents, showing that the

school laws of Ireland, England, Scotland, Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, Hungary, and other countries of Europe, as well as Canada, contained just provisions for religious training by the various denominations. He made clear the fact so often ignored with malice aforethought, that nowhere has the State been requested to pay for religion. Public funds are devoted to paying the expenses of teaching reading, writing, arithmetic, and other secular branches prescribed in the course of public instruction. Christians worthy of the name desire the glory as well as the burden of making known the saving truths of the Gospel.

IT IS AGAINST ALL RELIGION.

He continues in this strain, after announcing that politically he has been a life-long Republican:

"What have the churches of this State done to the people that would lead us to think them so wicked that we should condemn them in the Constitution? What offence, I say, have they committed? Are you afraid of your liberties? Are you afraid if children are educated in the religion of their parents that they will destroy your liberties? You are aiming here at religious bodies and religious bodies only. Why, three years ago, one of the most eminent gentlemen of this State, who was a candidate for the nomination for governor, was turned down in a Republican Convention because he had written against religion. Now you propose to enact here an amendment in the Constitution that is an attack on all religious bodies. Why, if you said there should be no State aid in any schools in which socialism is encouraged, that there should be no State aid in any school in which nihilism is encouraged, or in any school in which anarchy is encouraged, and you embodied that in a proposed amendment to the Constitution and went to the people with it, every one in the State would say that your work amounted to a condemnation of anarchy, of nihilism, of socialism. What do you do now? You go to the people and say: 'Not a dollar of aid to any school in which religion is taught.' That is a condemnation of religion.

"Your proposed amendment says that no money is to be appropriated for 'institutions' of learning wholly or partly under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught. Any denominational tenet or doctrine? Very well; take away the distinctive doctrines of the Baptists, take away the distinctive

doctrines or tenets of the Methodists, take away the distinctive tenets of the Presbyterians, of the Episcopalians, of the Catholics, etc., and what have you left? What will schools teach? They will teach a state-made religion. It is a union of the church and state, instead of a separation."

THE ECONOMIC VIEW.

He puts the argument from an economic point of view in this way:

"There are in the common schools of this State, according to the census of 1890—I take the United States census—1,042,160 children. There are in public schools not common 7,810. There are in private schools, exclusive of parochial, 77,000. There are in parochial schools of this State 119,242 children educated. Of these, the Baptists have 1,991, the Catholics 108,152, the Lutherans 8,620, the Methodists 2,312, the Presbyterians 848, Protestant-Episcopal 3,736; all others, 3,147. Now, there are 108,000 Catholic children, about one-tenth as many as are in all the common schools of the State, educated in parochial schools, without costing this State one penny. Of these, there are 40,000 in New York City. It costs thirty dollars per head to educate a child in the common schools of New York City per annum. The Catholics educate 40,000 of them without costing the State one dollar. That is $1,200,000 a year that the State is saved. If they had to erect buildings for these 40,000 children, the City of New York would have to build at least thirty new school-houses, and with the enormous cost of property there, these school-houses would cost on a fair estimate $3,500,000. The annual interest on this sum is $175,000 at five per cent. interest. There is a saving, then, on interest, of $175,000. Outside the City of New York the 68,000 children educated, at fifteen dollars per head, would cost $1,020,000, and to provide them with school-houses would cost $1,000,000, the annual interest of which, at five per cent., would amount to $50,000 more; so that there is a total annual saving to the public by these parochial schools of $2,445,000; and Catholics ought to have credit for that. They are giving this to the State of New York. They are paying their taxes for the public schools also, and they do this for conscience' sake."

The final vote which sanctioned the educational amendment in the Constitutional Convention was the brief triumph of a majority not well informed on the facts of the case. It is to

be desired that the verdict of the people condemning it will give new courage to those who still hope, amid pessimistic wailings, for the triumph of justice and intelligence in establishing a common-school system broad enough to safeguard the interests of the State, and to utilize the volunteer forces under denominational control.

IT IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The Constitution of the United States plainly sets forth as one of its basic principles that "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.

"Congress shall make no laws respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

The first article of the Constitution adopted by New York in 1777 contains these words: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference shall for ever be allowed in this State to all mankind."

PROTESTANTS ALSO CONDEMN IT.

Some indications of the strong arguments urged by Mr. Cassidy, whose religious convictions are not at all with the Catholic Church, together with two notable letters from eminent Protestants, will furnish evidence of a clear grasp of first principles by earnest minds outside of the Catholic Church.

"I am opposed to this amendment as proposed by the committee on education," Mr. Cassidy says, "because I believe it to be unconstitutional, a surrender to bigotry and fanaticism, and at war with the generally accepted doctrine of separation of church and state. It merely seeks to outlaw some of the agencies in the State, because of their religious character. The principle involved in the separation of church and state is that the State, of right, exists merely for civil ends; that it should have nothing whatever to do with religion; that it should make no inquiries of its citizens, servants, or agents whether such and such religious tenets are held by them or not.

"The State ought never to consent to run with the bloodthirsty dogs eager to chase down their religious prey. Churches are not exercising the most deadly influences in government

to-day, and yet from the manner these A. P. A. dogs are barking you would think that no other influences for evil could equal them.

"A church, though primarily a religious body, is also a civil corporation. And the State may make grants to it for civil reasons the same as to a purely secular organization. For instance, if the State advertises for the use of a room or building, and the church offers one, the State may vote money to the church for the use of that room or building the same as it would for the use of a room in a railway depot. So, if the State makes grants to other parties for the shelter of the aged, poor, and orphans, or for giving instruction in geography, mathematics, and other secular branches, it may also make such grants to a church, asylum, or school, just the same as to one under purely secular control. For in that case the State is dealing with the church, not as a religious but as a civil organization. When a church-school renders the State a secular service by giving secular instruction, it may be given grants from the Regents' funds, just the same as any purely secular school.

"If a church-school renders the same secular service as a non-religious school, why should not the State make a grant to the former as well as to the latter? This amendment, however, proposes that the State shall establish a 'holy or unholy' inquisition, and shall hear and entertain charges that such and such doctrines are taught, and if such charges are proved, that such and such action shall be taken.

"The State, which exists merely for civil ends, has no more right to inquire into the religious character and teachings of school corporations than into the religious character and teachings of an individual. The State has nothing to do except with the civil character of a citizen, and it has nothing to do with the school except with its civil character and the nature of the secular instruction given therein. As the State could not rightly refuse a pension to a soldier because he belongs to a church or taught certain religious doctrines, so it cannot rightly refuse a grant to a school corporation on any such grounds. As the State would have no right to inquire into the religious tenets or teachings of a man who is a candidate, so it has no right to inquire into the religious character of a school."

Professor Norman Fox, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Cook Academy (Baptist) and of Rochester University, in a

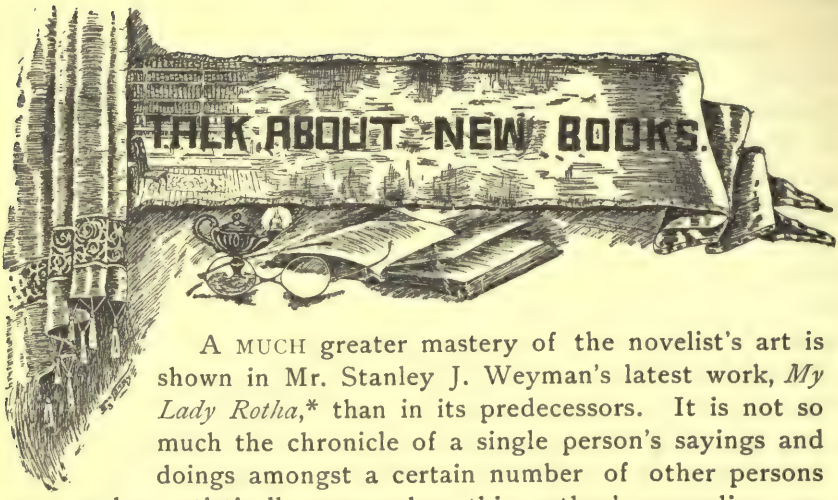
letter read before the convention puts the same argument in a cogent way. He says:

"The amendment is urged in the name of the separation of church and state. In fact it violates that principle. The separation of church and state implies that the State exists merely for civil ends and that it has nothing to do with religion. Now, as the State should not make a grant to a school simply because it is a religious school, so it should not refuse a grant on that ground. As the State has no right to inquire as to the religious character of a candidate for the position of postmaster or brigadier-general, so it has no right to inquire as to the religious character of a college which is a candidate for an agricultural college land grant or any other such State subvention. The State should judge of a school purely on its civil and secular character, simply on the character of its secular teaching. If it also teaches religion and denominational tenets, that is a thing of which the State should take no cognizance whatever. This amendment proposes that the State should institute an 'inquisition' and find out whether a school asking a grant does or does not teach this or that religious or ecclesiastical tenet. . . ."

Another letter from Professor A. C. Hill, a Protestant of Protestants, and one of the foremost educators of the State, says that "there are many schools 'wholly or in part' controlled by religious bodies that are now doing educational work in the State. Most of these teach no peculiar religious dogmas, but are engaged in strictly educational work. A majority of their trustees are by their charters required to belong to some particular sect or church, and from this fact come within the class referred to as 'partly under the control of religious denominations,' and are therefore shut out from State aid. These schools are doing no inconsiderable part of the educational work that would otherwise fall to the State to do, at small cost to tax-payers. They are doing no harm, but are rather giving a moral and religious tone to education in the State. Why then should such schools be singled out and thus discriminated against in the matter of State appropriations? A corporation, the majority of whose members are agnostics, atheists, or even anarchists, may establish schools and not come under the ban of the proposed constitutional enactment. The Masonic order, a farmer's club, or any other corporate body may found schools for which State aid may be granted; why should corporations composed of Christians or Jews alone be

prohibited? The measure is an infringement upon personal liberty, a step toward union of church and state, an introduction of a negation of religion into our State Constitution."

The letter of Professor Norman Fox in its entirety has intrinsic merits sufficient to claim the attention of honest minds. It has been honored by the editorial censure of the *Independent*, which rarely presents to its readers the best evidence in favor of Christian education. When it is a question of deciding what belongs to Christ in the training of a child and a future citizen, the *Independent* is a most unreliable guide; it encourages a most dangerous form of indifferentism, condemned by the most enlightened thinkers among non-Catholics. During the five months while the Constitutional Convention was in session, as well as long before, many of the opinions endorsed by the *Independent* clearly favored the advance of secularism. In an editorial notice of the work of the convention in its issue of September 30, 1894, these words are found: "The most important of these amendments are those which are designed to prevent hasty and ill-considered legislation." To be consistent the *Independent* should have inquired from professional educationists what was done in advance by the convention to prevent hasty and ill considered legislation on the school question, before praising the report of the educational committee.



A MUCH greater mastery of the novelist's art is shown in Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's latest work, *My Lady Rotha*,* than in its predecessors. It is not so much the chronicle of a single person's sayings and doings amongst a certain number of other persons more or less artistically arranged as this author's preceding novels chiefly were. It still partakes of that character, nevertheless, and may be regarded as a sort of panoramic novel; but it contains more of the arrangement and prevision of a connected and compacted story.

Mr. Weyman always makes his chief character tell the story in the first person singular. This literary arrangement offers the advantage of imparting greater force and *vraisemblance* to the work of fiction, and in the hands of a perfect master of style, who understands all the different chords of human feeling, must lead the delusion to the point where the fiction line melts into the horizon of reality, on the converse of the principle of the modern cyclorama, where the aim is to confuse the unreal perspective with the actual foreground. But the disadvantage it involves almost counterpoises this—at least when an author intends to write stories as long as he can get a ready market, He is driven to try to be versatile in his imaginary *egomets*, and this, as in the case of many actors, is too great a demand upon his intellectual resources. The make-up in all Mr. Weyman's story-tellers is somewhat different—in *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe* but slightly so—but the inner man is identical. And so it is in the case of the teller of this story, *My Lady Rotha*—a favorite domestic, half woodman, half major-domo, one Martin Schwarz. His mental fibre in love and war is of the same pattern as that of the two supposititious Frenchmen.

This literary peculiarity, however, will not strike the reader who takes up this book on its own merits. It is an able tale in many respects. The period at which it is laid is not often

* *My Lady Rotha.* By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

chosen by modern novelists. No one of note has touched it, if our memory be not elusive, since the days of the primordial six-novels-a-year writer, Mr. G. P. R. James. It is the period of Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War.

Mr. Weyman is no superficial reader. He has evidently pored over the history of his periods well, and mastered many details of geography and topography, as well as of national customs and the *zeitgeist* of each particular epoch. He is conscientious in his treatment of details, and his language is clear-cut, apt, and vivid. Hence his pictures of battle and perilous adventure, such as abound in this story just a trifle too much for many tastes, are such as hold the reader's interest well. He is no more bigoted than the usual run of Protestant authors.

The character of Lady Rotha, a German gentlewoman of the *petite noblesse*, is modelled on the severe classic ideal, rather than on the actual Teutonic type. She is a mixture of Portia and the Countess of Derby in the Roundhead days. She is a more sensible woman than most women of reality, for she rejects a handsome and brave young noble, but who sometimes gets drunk, for a husband in favor of a warrior who is not handsome and is not young.

The book has an interest and a value, however, altogether outside its doubtful claim as a novel. It gives an impressive idea of some of the horrors of the great continental struggle of the seventeenth century, and as good a notion of some of the leading characters of a portion of the drama as may be derived from careful study. The theme is sombre, if exciting at times, and the treatment is not calculated to lighten the effect. In this respect the historical novel is usually a failure ; and it was only by bringing the lighter qualities of the Celtic mind to its service that Sir Walter Scott made it a success.

A piece of strong secondary evidence of the progress of the Catholic movement in Great Britain may be recognized in the growing demand for the literature of the great Oxford secession. This literature is working its way on the British intellect slowly but irresistibly, even as the diamond drill cuts through the solid rock. It is a peculiar literature, the distinguishing marks of which are solidity, sobriety, and the earnestness begotten of the belief of immortal issues depending on the force and lucidity of words. One of the most notable books of this literature is the narrative entitled *A Life's Decision*,* in which the

* *A Life's Decision.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.

whilom Ritualist English clergyman, Mr. T. W. Allies, gives his reasons for his spiritual metempsychosis. It is worthy of note that although the author has published other works of a kindred character, bearing more or less directly on the same subject, a second edition of this particular work is now called for and has been issued.

It is impossible to avoid being struck with the evidently providential feature in the Oxford movement, from the course of Mr. Allies' narrative. His own mental Odyssey furnishes a curious example of the working of a great external force in the inchoate phase of that wonderful new departure. His life had been aimless up to the point of his encountering a great sorrow, the nature of which is not indicated in his disclosure. He had, like many other Englishmen of means and leisure, led a wandering life, untroubled by any doctrinal views, and being, indeed, rather nebulous, as it would appear, about religion or doctrine of any kind. When this great sorrow fell upon him it gave his thoughts a bent toward God. As Mr. Allies himself says, he had come back from travel perfectly irreligious, desirous of distinction, and with self for his only idol; but all this was changed by the chastening hand of affliction. His first movement was toward Anglican orders, yet, after having entered the diaconate, he confesses that his mind was entirely unformed in religious views. Of two things he had a horror in early life—the Catholic religion and theology; yet he was driven as by an irresistible destiny, step by step, to study the one until he could not help but embrace the other. Socially he was a rather friendless man, for those comrades he had known at Oxford in his school days had been lost sight of in the course of his subsequent wandering life. Hence, when the period of his spiritual struggle came he had no one to advise him, and this isolation he deplores as a misfortune, as it appears to him now that it was a matter of chance into what school of theological opinion he should drift. Yet it is plain from Mr. Allies' own narrative that there was nothing of chance in it, as he was being drawn by an invisible hand to Catholic modes of thought and Catholic belief, even when he himself had no suspicion that such was the case.

Later on the writer knew Newman and Ward, and other leading Tractarians, and the growing light which was breaking over their minds at last revealed itself to his.

It was not until he had been for thirteen years an ordained minister of the Anglican Church that Mr. Allies gave up formally his connection with that establishment and was received

into the bosom of the true fold by his friend, Dr. Newman. The story of his progress, step by step, each step being debated strenuously for and against, is an interesting piece of testimony. It involves, necessarily, a review of the entire ecclesiastical position during the long period which it covers, not only in England but in France and other countries where national sentiment in church matters found itself in antagonism with the broad universalism of the church. The correspondence of the reverend author with many of the leading figures in these controversies is not the least interesting feature in his work. The book may be studied usefully in connection with the other narratives of the period, for its individuality of thought as well as for a piece of close logical reasoning in the following up of gradually unfolding doctrinal and theological premises.

Fr. Pustet & Co. have issued another edition of *Suffering Souls*,* that excellent manual of devotion for those who weep and hope for their dead. The work in its original form was by the Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, and it has been enlarged by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion.

Mr. Du Maurier helps us a little in the discussion about the pure and the impure in art, by the publication of his novel of *Trilby*.* He gives us a good many glimpses of the inner life of the Bohemian crowd who make the pursuit of art an excuse for a life of irregularity and frivolity and unrestraint. These glimpses, so far as they relate to Paris, are not by any means overdrawn; any one who knows the quartier latin will admit that they err on the side of tenderness to its repute. There is always a fierce outcry whenever shocked sensibilities make a protest against the degradation of art by linking it with mere sensuality. The atmosphere in which the artist lives, it is claimed, is transcendental; neither he nor his models are conscious of any wrong. It is only in the spirit of truth and love of the beautiful that the sacrifice of modesty is made; or rather, the apparent sacrifice, for it is claimed that when the fences of modesty are thrown down a ring of delicate and chivalrous spirituality hedges in the votaries of art far more completely and effectually than the conventional canons and institutions of a coarse and evil-minded civilization. They become dead to ordinary feeling, and in fact completely metamorphosed, for the time, by the operation of a sublime chalybeate influence of some indefinable but universally admitted kind. The author gives us his own word for it, that "nothing is so chaste as nudity."

* *Trilby:* A novel. By George Du Maurier. New York: Harper Brothers.

Trilby ought to help a full disillusionment on this subject. It is confessedly the record of the author's own experience of the artistic and musical set amidst which he moved for many years. Those of us who have got any personal knowledge of it in our travels are constrained to admit the truth of the picture. The patter of the studios, the banter, the flashing wit, the easy indifference to outside opinion, the makeshift existence, the wild gaiety of the life, are all faithfully mirrored in those brilliant and audacious pages of *Trilby*.

It is difficult to find any standard in English letters by which to measure the workmanship of Mr. Du Maurier. It is ebullient in humor and just stops short at times of being extravaganza. Whenever the author is at a loss for a phrase he appropriates a good line from a poet or other authority and runs it into his own sentence as part and parcel of it. This is a trick of the tribe whom the story satirizes, adopted more from a force of habit than for lack of wit of their own. Sometimes the reader is almost inclined to imagine the author is laughing at him.

There is not so much of a story in *Trilby* as there is in *Vanity Fair*. It is a creation merely around which to group a series of satires upon men and women and opinions and habits such as the author found them in the peculiar vocation which he followed for so many years. A caricaturist is always naturally on the look-out for the foibles of human nature, and whatever instinctive qualities of detection he has had from nature to aid him become sharpened by training and the necessity of finding foibles where to other eyes they might be hidden. Religion, amongst other things, comes in for its share of scorn at the satirist's hands. One of his characters—Little Billee—delivers himself with very great effect against the shortcomings of Christianity and the absurdities of Scripture narrative. The way in which Little Billee puts these things is, of course, only the result of an imperfect early training and a prolonged sojourn in the atelier of M. Carrel.

Trilby, the heroine, is the personification of wronged model-hood, perhaps. She seems to be the result of a study of several characters, a strange amalgam. She is not virtuous, until the discovery of a pure love opens her eyes to the fact that posing as a nude model for a school of ribald students is indelicate, and immorality of conduct sinful. But she behaves nobly after she makes the discovery. She gives up the lover who has wrought her conversion because his mother points out how marriage with him would blight his career, and in her affection for the friends of her model days she is steadfast to the last. But she falls

under the evil influence of a great musician, and a great brute, named Sveganli, and he hypnotizes her into becoming not only a great singer, although she had no musical ear, but his most devoted slave. Cases of magnetism of this sort are not unknown; but the secret influence is generally fear; here it is unspecified; and, with all his loathsome repulsiveness, Trilby is portrayed as actually made to love this fellow. A character like Sveganli must have existed sometime and somewhere in the modern musical world, for Marion Crawford, in his *Roman Singer*, seems to have struck on him too.

Trilby is a tragedy of rare power, lighted up with innumerable flashes of tender pathos and fine touches of human sympathy. Its defect is that it minimizes the deadly effects of sin and shame on the most beautiful of all God's works—the woman's heart in youth, and by gilding over an evil state of things in art makes the average reader a sympathizer with the profane and licentious conditions which in some parts of the world surround it.

There appears to be something in the nature of the new "science" which, like the insane root, makes those who feed on it pugnacious and aggressive, if not demented. Some of its disciples seem to go out of their way to pick quarrels. Some go trailing their philosophical coats up and down the world, evolution cudgel in hand, inviting all who do not agree with them to tread on its tail. Aggressiveness towards the believers in a respectable origin, however, is not always accompanied by obtuseness to the amenities of scholarly society; and herein we find an eminent scientist, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, forming an unenviable precedent. A work of his on biology * bristles like a *chevaux-de-frise* with provoking polemics, and these are ushered in with a string of epithets about heretics, fagots, and the Inquisition which suggest an assiduous course in A. P. A. science rather than the calm search into the pages of nature.

Professor Shufeldt was lately invited by Bishop Keane to deliver a course of lectures before the students of the Catholic University. He says he felt gratified at the invitation, and, although not a Catholic, he hastened to accept it. He affects to be surprised that a Catholic University wants to know anything about science. Almost at the outset he sounds a note of battle, beginning with that not altogether original old bogey known as the Dark Ages, whose trade-marks are supposed to be ignorance,

* *Lectures on Biology*. Delivered before the Catholic University of America. By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. Reprinted from *The American Field*, Chicago, New York, London.

superstition, and monkish iniquity, in which formula the professor most profoundly believes. From this spring-board he quickly got on to the familiar vantage-ground of "the inquisition, the fagot, and the stake" as the merciless persecutors of science. These remarks were not received with enthusiastic applause, it seems, and Professor Shufeldt is painfully impressed with the want of good manners shown by Catholic papers in not giving his erudite discoveries in full. It may be that they had no adequate appreciation of such truths as this: "As to how long man has existed upon earth as man geologists are at variance in their opinions," or this profounder conclusion: "Many of our most competent living biologists are of the opinion—a belief shared by myself—that we are as yet in absolute ignorance of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter." "We are utterly in the dark," went on Professor Shufeldt, "about the origin of life." When we consider what a vast amount of learning was employed by this gentleman to arrive at this sapient conclusion, we cannot share his wonder that the auditory of the Catholic University were no more convinced by his reasoning than they were impressed by his politeness. The tone in which he refers to the subject in the introduction to this *résumé* reminds one of the astonished victim of similar ill-treatment who asked:

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

The science of biology, if we follow the professor, makes many demands upon study, and its claims go as far as religion does over the origin and the end of man. But so far as its conclusions go, according to him and all the other recognized authorities, they are no better than those of the much-maligned dark ages. It gives no comfort to the seeker after truth; it seems powerless to affect our civilization or to eliminate in man the primordial rudeness of the being who walked about in a suit of woad.

I.—THE HOLY LAND IN SCRIPTURE.*

This is one of many works now fast multiplying in every language on a portion of the domain of archæology that, of all others, most interests the civilized world. The countries bordering on the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, and extending inwards as far as the Persian Gulf, have engrossed the attention of mankind from time immemorial. They stand out

* *New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land.* By Basil T. A. Evetts, M.A.

in bold relief in every historical retrospect, whether pertaining to sacred or secular studies. In the former, for over twenty years, they have more than ever attracted attention, owing to the wonderful discoveries of priceless archæological treasures in Persia, Asiatic Turkey, and Egypt. Nothing like them in extent, variety, and intensity of interest were ever before found, so much so, indeed, that savants of every country feel under a kind of necessity to turn aside—or, at all events, to take time from other pursuits—to investigate them. The defenders of revealed religion and its opponents feel themselves more specially constrained to do so; for facts are here brought to light that cannot be gainsaid by either, and that have momentous consequences for both. The Bible narrative was not only called in question by the latter, but the persons and places referred to in it were said to be mythical. Not only was it declared that some of the narrators and writers did not exist, but it was *proved* (*?*) that the art of writing was not discovered at the time the earlier portions are said to have been written; that it was entirely unknown, at least in the country of some of the scribes, and so forth. Of all of this and much more the Assyrian, Egyptian, and Phœnician tablets, monuments, and inscribed cylinders now being unearthed—thousands of years after their execution—are a complete refutation. But they will effect more than this, much as it is. For the vast majority who cling the more loyally to the Written Word of God, the more it is impugned by sceptics, whether they be hypercritical philosophers or philosophical critics, have light thrown on obscure passages by these new witnesses that surpass the clearest illumination of the best commentators. Indeed, it is only by them that one can read aright many hitherto obscure passages of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Nehemiah, Esther, Kings, and other portions. Hence it is that each exhumation of Assyrian, Phœnician, and Egyptian monument is welcomed by an ever-widening circle of religiously interested people, as well as by the more select circle of professional archæologists. Works treating of them find a ready sale; and, happily, those lately published are so interesting as to add immensely to the already well-established wish for such literature.

Amongst the latest and best is that by Mr. Basil T. A. Evetts, M.A., entitled *New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land*, by the Cassell Publishing Co., N. Y. Mr. Evetts's connection with the Assyrian Department of the British Museum afforded him exceptional advantages for such special work. The result of his study and research he clothes in such simple and beautiful

language as brings it within reach of all, and insures both interest and delight to his readers. Whilst doing full justice to all the various explorers—amongst whom Catholic missionaries have been conspicuous—he wisely avoids all appearance of being a controversialist or special pleader, letting the facts speak for themselves, as they do most eloquently. One who peruses them calmly and dispassionately can come to but one conclusion, namely, that so far as these monuments give testimony, it is all in most striking vindication of the Hebrew Scriptures' accuracy, and against the critics who declared them in error because many names quoted corresponded not with those of the historians, and many eventful scenes referred to coincided not with the readings of classic history. As far as the cuneiform inscriptions have been deciphered, nothing contradictory of the Sacred Scriptures has been found, but a vast amount confirmatory and explanatory, as Mr. Evetts points out.

Of the value of the work for the purpose referred to it must, however, be stated that it could be greatly enhanced if it were less diffuse, more methodical, and had more illustrations, especially in maps, plans, and views of the more remarkable ancient works still existing. In reading the description of Persepolis, from page fifty-two onward, one longs for them in a special way; as no verbal description could possibly convey an accurate idea of such unique remains. An alphabetical index, too, would be a most desirable addition.

No educated person can afford to do without perusing this or some kindred work.

2.—THE ART OF PREACHING.*

Goldsmith, in his essay on the English Clergy and Popular Preachers, says that he never read a fine composition under the title of a sermon without thinking that the author had miscalled his piece. "For," said he, "the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well."

This distinction is clearly made by the writer of a bright brochure entitled *Hints on Preaching*, which comes before the *corpus ecclesiasticum* with a graceful approbation from Archbishop Ryan.

The desire of the author is to place the fruits of his ripened experience before his fellow-priests, to the end that the spoken word may attain to the fulness of its power.

"Be natural," he writes, and this is the keynote of the work

* *Hints on Preaching.* By Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

the entire tone of which is characterized by simplicity and sound sense.

Within the small compass of the book are found excellent suggestions for the care and cultivation of the speaking voice and for securing a clear and articulate pulpit delivery. The whole range of the preacher's needs is sententiously outlined, and this by one whose successful public experience outweighs much untried theory.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago; BURNS & OATES, London:

A Retreat, consisting of Thirty-three Discourses, with Meditations, for the use of the Clergy, Religious, and others. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York and London:

Animals' Rights, considered in relation to Social Progress, with a Bibliographical Appendix. By Henry S. Salt. Also, *An Essay on Vivisection.* By Albert Leffingwell, M.D.

THE ART AND BOOK COMPANY, London and Leamington:

Under the Cross-Keys: A Story of the Pontifical Zouaves. By Wilfrid C. Robinson.

J. T. HYLAND & CO., Chicago:

Life of Mary Monholland, Sister of the Order of Mercy. By a Member of the Order.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston:

Childhood in Literature and Art. By Horace E. Scudder. *In Sunshine Land.* By Edith M. Thomas. With illustrations by Katharine Pyle. *Following the Greek Cross; or, Memories of the Sixth Army Corps.* By Thomas W. Hyde, Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. *The Chase of Saint-Castin.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Life of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre. Translated from the French. *Student's Hand-book of British and American Literature.* By the Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M., S.S.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Boston:

Nature Stories for Young Readers: Animal Life. By Florence Bass.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York and London:

Papers of the American Society of Church History. Vol. vi. Edited by Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A., Secretary.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Gerald Ffrench's Friends. By George H. Jessop.

CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., New York:

(Sunshine Series.) *Nurse Elisia.* By G. Manville Fenn. *Half Brothers.* By Hesba Stretton.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic Summer-School of America, held on August 9, 1894, it was decided that the Catholic Summer-School assume the direction of all Reading Circles in this country that desire affiliation with it, on the following lines: That the Reading Circles in each district be organized so as to form a Central Board composed of representatives from the Circles; that from these central boards an Advisory Board be formed, which shall act as an auxiliary to the Directing Board; that this Directing Board prepare suitable, comprehensive, and homogeneous courses of reading with a view to prepare the members for the work of ensuing sessions; that these Central Boards shall co-operate in the dissemination of Catholic truth as occasion may require; that this Directing Board prepare a series of lectures in harmony with the course of reading, and suggest certain lecturers; that the official organ of this Summer-School be made to all intents and purposes a Catholic educational review for the furtherance of Reading Circles, schools, colleges, and academies; and that the proprietor of the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* be requested to change the name of said review to the *Champlain Review*, the organ of the Catholic Summer-School, devoted to the interests named above. The Reading Circle Union will have for its first board of directors Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Chairman, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Director of Cathedral Library, New York; Professor George E. Hardy, College of the City of New York.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, the following plan of Reading Courses for local Circles and individuals is announced by the Directing Board having in charge this department of the work of the Summer-School. The plan submitted is not as complete in matters of detail as the board intends to make it, but it is believed to be comprehensive enough for a beginning. The object is to encourage the diffusion of sound literature; to give those who desire to pursue their studies after leaving school an available opportunity to follow prescribed courses of the most approved reading; to enable others, who have made considerable progress in education, to review their past studies, and, particularly, to encourage individual *home* reading and study on systematic and Catholic lines.

A full course requires four years' study, but members may join for one year or longer. The term each year begins October 1 and ends July 1. Special or post-graduate courses will be prepared for those who complete the regular course. Any person of good character, Catholic or non-Catholic, who is desirous of truth and self-culture, may become a member of this Reading Circle Union. An annual fee of fifty cents shall be paid by each member. This fee is required to meet the necessary expenses incidental to the work, viz.: printing, postage, etc., and shall be remitted to the general secretary with the application. Applications may be sent in at any time to Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio. A membership card will be issued yearly to each member on the payment of annual fee.

The course of reading for the year 1894–95 is as follows:

1. Church History—First five centuries.
2. Early English Literature.
3. Science—Physics, Astronomy.
4. Sacred Scripture.
5. Topics of the Day and Current Literature.
6. Literary Studies.

The Course begins with the study of Church History.

One book only in each study required. The books selected are:

Church History—

A Popular Manual of Church History,	$0.60
Manual of Church History, Vols. I. and II., by Rev. T. Gilmartin (Vol. I. only necessary in the Course),	5.70
History of the Church, by Rev. J. A. Birkhaeuser,	3.00
History of the Catholic Church, by Dr. H. Brueck, translated by Rev. E. Pruente, 2 vols.,	3.00

Allies' Formation of Christendom, Allard's Persecutions, Northcote & Brownlow's Roma Sotterranea, an account of the Roman Catacombs, compiled from the works of De Rossi; Visit to the Roman Catacombs, cheap edition; Murphy's Chair of Peter; Newman's Athanasius, and Arians of the Fourth Century; Butler's Lives of the Saints; Fabiola, by Wiseman; Callista, by Newman; Dion and the Sibyls, by Keon; Martyrs of the Coliseum, by O'Reilly; Cineas; or, Rome Under Nero.

Early English Literature—

Development of Old English Thought, by Brother Azarias,	$1.25
Egan's Primer of English Literature,	.60
Brooke's English Literature,	.35
Arnold's Manual of English Literature, *Sixth Edition, Revised,*	2.00
Jenkins's Hand-book of English Literature,	1.25
Philosophy of Literature, by Brother Azarias,	1.50

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Balfour Stewart's Physics (required book),	.35
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Works in Physics by Ganot, Gage, Wright, Arnott, Steele.	
Brennan's Astronomy: New and Old,	1.00
Astronomy with an Opera-Glass,	1.50
Bible, Science, and Faith, $1.25; and Science and Scientists, by Zahm,	.75

Sacred Scripture—

Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures, by Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. (required book),	1.75

Christ in Type and Prophecy, by Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.; Preston's Protestantism and the Bible; The Bible and Belief, and The Written Word, by Rev. W. Humphrey, S.J.; Mullen's Canon of the Old Testament; Dixon's Introduction to the Sacred Scripture.

Topics of the Day, Current Literature, and Literary Studies will be treated of in special departments of the *Reading Circle Review.*

The recommendations contained in this outline will serve as an introduction. Other courses and books will be announced in a short time.

Circles or individuals that may have adopted other studies for the ensuing year than are announced in this course might, nevertheless, add at least one of the studies named herein, and thus become members of the large body of readers in the Reading Circle Union.

Books may be ordered from the office of the Secretary, Youngstown, Ohio, in sets or in single copies, as required in the order of reading. Orders for books will not receive attention unless accompanied by the price. No person will receive a discount on books who is not a member of the Reading Circle Union. A discount of ten to twenty per cent. will be allowed. The order of study recommended is:

October, November, and December.—Church History and Physics.

January, February, and March.—Church History, Sacred Scripture, and Physics.

April, May, and June.—Sacred Scripture and Early English Literature.

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The Columbian Reading Union has cheerfully welcomed every new force working for the extension of Reading Circles. We feel assured that all who have watched the growth of the movement as recorded in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD since the year 1888 will extend their best wishes to the Reading Circle Union of the Catholic Summer-School, whose directors have been wisely chosen, and are well qualified by past experience for the management of work assigned to them. Within the United States and Canada there are vast numbers of Catholics who should avail themselves of the advantages for self-improvement now within their reach.

M. C. M.

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THE

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VENITE ADOREMUS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

SACRED Night! Thy solemn splendor,
When thy face is calm and tender,
Fills us with ecstatic wonder
Day can never give.

Though thy mantle be full sombre,
Rich its jewels without number,
Yet as in the tomb their slumber
Did day for ever live.

To our eyes all viewless ever
Jehovah's marvellous endeavor,
Suns and systems bounded never,
Still unknown rolled on.

To thee, more, the favor given,
Last and greatest of all heaven,
In thine hours man's bondage riven
By the new-born One.

Thine it was to mark the anguish
Ended of the souls did languish,
Thine to see the Woman vanquish
The serpent of the ground.

Night of nights! the angels' singing
Filled the vault with pæans ringing,
Cowering fiends their flight took winging
At the glorious sound.

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In their tombs the prophets stirring
Felt the angels' pinions whirring,
And their souls, to earth recurring,
Consolation found.

"Be to God the highest glory,
Peace to man till time is hoary,
Love blots out the dismal story
Of his fall from grace!"

Such the canticle outringing
From the choirs celestial winging
Gentle shepherds heard, upspringing
From their watching place.

And the Magi saw the token
Of that promise never broken,
Of that Living Word outspoken,
In the Star of Hope.

Wisdom, science, royal station,
All that warps imagination,
With their yearning adoration
Vainly strove to cope.

Simple faith was yours, O Magi!
Choicest gift of heaven had ye
Ere assurance came to glad ye
In the Virgin's smile.

Changed all that with march of science,
Our wise men now seek alliance
With the brutes, in bold defiance
Of that Word the while.

We this science leave to revel
In its base ancestral level,
We who were redeemed from evil
Thence for evermore,

With the Magi's hope enchanting,
With the Magi's love all panting,
Joining with the angels' chanting,
Come, let us adore.

THE HILLWOOD CHRISTMAS BALL.

BY MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

BREAKFAST at Hillwood, the plantation home of old Judge Fancher, was a very enjoyable meal; and an attractive time to meet the cordial family. Hillwood was three miles from the capital city of one of the Southern States; and the period of which I write was in that halcyon epoch that still stands luminously in the Southern memory as "before the war." It was in the full effulgence of a decade before the breaking of the war-cloud.

At the long table, above the tall silver coffee-urn, rose the motherly face of Mrs. Fancher. At the other end sat the old judge himself. On either side were ranged six young people, four sons and two daughters. Of the sons two had reached man's estate: Lawrence, the oldest, tall, stalwart, and thoughtful of face; Joseph, handsome, dashing, and attractive in manner and appearance.

Near the dignified old judge sat his oldest daughter, Helen, a strikingly beautiful brunette of nineteen. Fred, the seventeen-year-old school-boy, and Gertrude, the school-girl of fifteen, just home for the Christmas holidays from the college and convent on the lower coast, came next in order. Beside his mother sits John, the thirteen-year-old "baby" and pet of the household. Near the judge, and opposite Helen, is a grave, intellectual young man, dark-haired and with keen blue eyes—a face Celtic of the best type. He is Professor Hunter, the tutor of John Fancher and three other young boys of the neighborhood.

Judge Fancher was an Irishman of the most genial and cultivated type. When a young, struggling lawyer, just from the Green Isle, he had won the affection of the only child of a wealthy, aristocratic planter of French descent. His fortunate marriage and his own ability soon placed him at the head of affairs, social and political, in the prosperous little city. Honors were heaped upon him, but he always preserved the same noble simplicity of thought and manner. A handsome family grew up

around him. His beautiful home was the centre of generous and refined hospitality.

"Well, young people," said the judge, "have you decided yet what night you will have the ball?" The Christmas ball at Hillwood was an event in the social history of the year.

Helen's dark eyes flashed merrily. "On the twenty-ninth, father. We cannot be ready any sooner. This is the twenty-second, and the dressmaker only came the day before yesterday."

"So, with the mantua-maker's permission, it will be on the twenty-ninth. Well, you young folks had better write your invitations to-day, and I will start Gilbert the first thing in the morning to deliver them. Ah! there is Gilbert now." The door opened, and a young colored man came in. He handed a bag of mail to the judge.

"The boat was late, sah."

"All right, Gilbert."

"Anybody come up from town?" asks Mrs. Fancher.

"Miss Lida Carew and her ma done git off de boat, ma'am."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Helen. "Lida will be here for the ball!"

Mrs. Fancher looks quietly at Lawrence, as does his brother Joseph. Professor Hunter lifts his eyes an instant, then drops them nervously on his plate. Everybody is reading his or her letter. Fred and Gertrude are chuckling over the merry epistles of school-mates left behind.

"Ah, here is good news!" said the judge, laying down a letter written in a delicate hand. "Father de la Croix will be up on the next boat; and we shall have Mass on Christmas morning."

This announcement gives general pleasure. Even Professor Hunter, though a Protestant, is politely interested.

"This just comes in good time," continued the judge, indicating the letter. "Helen, you must write to the Catholics around and tell them we will have Mass on Christmas morning. Gilbert can deliver these notices to-morrow, too. An odd combination," the old gentleman laughed: "invitations to Mass and to a ball; but life is made up of just such contrasts."

The family began to disperse for their various occupations. Gilbert was waiting at the gate with the judge's fine horse, which the old gentleman rode every day to his law-office in town.

"Come, father, with me to the smoke-house and the store-room till I see what is needed for the party." The judge followed his wife, pencil and note-book in hand.

Helen and Gertrude had gone to the library to write the invitations. Lawrence and Joseph were relieved from duty at their father's office, for be it understood the Christmas celebration in the old South lasted two, and sometimes three weeks—shared by white and black alike. Even now it is difficult to make the darkies understand that the week preceding and the week following Christmas are not seasons of rest and recreation.

Joe Fancher was busy cleaning his gun. "Mother!" he cried, as Mrs. Fancher came back from the smoke-house, "make Lawrence come with me. You know I cannot shoot enough ducks and wild turkeys by myself."

Mrs. Fancher looked at Lawrence.

"You must excuse me, mother; I am going to town to help father. He is very busy; but he would not say so, as he did not want to interfere with our holiday. I know he is anxious about a case he has, and I have been preparing the papers for him."

"O bother!" cried Joe. "Court doesn't convene for three weeks; and we can work up all the dry old cases before then."

Mrs. Fancher smiled indulgently at her handsome boy; but a softer light was in her eyes when she turned to Lawrence. "Yes, my son, go with your father. He has just turned the road; and if you ride quickly you can overtake him." When Lawrence had gone, she turned to Joe.

"You know, my dear, your brother does not care about hunting."

"I don't know what he does care about," grumbled Joe. "He don't care for hunting—says he can't bear to kill anything. He doesn't like racing, or cards, or even dancing, though he can get more music out of a fiddle than any one I ever heard. He doesn't even care about the girls. Now, there's Lida Carew, the prettiest girl in the county. I know he likes her; nobody could help liking her; and he treats her as if she were Gertrude and talks to her just as brotherly. Now, when I get a chance to talk to Miss Lida"—

"I have no doubt you have plenty to say and flirt with her, if she lets you. You make love to half the girls in the county, but you cannot be so free with Lida. For all that, Joe," she added, coming nearer, "I often think there may be something between Lawrence and Lida. I know she likes him very much. She is very reserved and all that; but I have watched her closely, and I really think she has a decided preference for Lawrence."

"Well, she'll have to propose to old Larry herself. He's the best fellow that ever lived. Why Charlie Carew and I are as particular what we say before Larry as we are before you and the girls. He's almost too good for this world."

"Hush! my son," the mother said. "I know you are only jesting, but Lawrence is indeed a good man, a good son, and a good brother. Brave and full of energy, he is as gentle as a girl. Sometimes I wonder what he will make of his life. He seems so different from all of you boys."

"Oh! Larry will just go on working up father's old musty law cases and playing the devoted to you, till some girl asks him to marry her; and then he will be the very best husband that ever lived in this world."

Joe was half way down the path when this sentence was finished. He called back to his mother: "I am going to get Charlie Carew to come out hunting with me. Professor Hunter is helping the girls to write the invitations."

"O Joe!" cried Helen, running out on the gallery, "if you are going to the Carew's, tell Lida to come over and we can talk about the ball."

"All right," replied Joe, shouldering his gun.

It was a glorious day. Only such a morning as can be seen in the South in midwinter. A slight frost that had sharpened the early hours had passed off, leaving just enough tingle in the air to make walking a delight through the sun-flooded fields and woodlands.

It was a merry party of young folks that set out on Christmas-eve morning to meet Father de la Croix. The pretty study, opening into the long parterres, had been converted into a chapel, and was tastefully decorated. Mrs. Fancher's rich old laces were brought out to drape the temporary altar. Several pairs of massive silver candlesticks, that tradition said came from France with Mrs. Fancher's ancestors, were filled with wax candles ready to be lighted.

All the family, except the judge and Mrs. Fancher, had started to the landing. Lawrence sat alone in the buggy, while the rest of the party went in the large spring wagon.

"Let's stop and take Lida," said Helen as they neared the handsome homestead of the Carews. Here dwelt Mrs. Carew, a wealthy widow, with her son and daughter.

"There's Miss Lida now, in the gallery," said Joe. "O Miss Lida! Miss Lida! Hurry up and come with us to the landing to meet Father de la Croix."

"Very well; just wait till I get my hat," Miss Carew responded. The young girl vanished into the broad hall and presently reappeared. Joe had sprung out of the wagon to meet her. Professor Hunter had risen in the wagon; but seeing Joe already on the ground, resumed his seat. The young Irishman's eyes were eagerly watching the graceful figure flitting down the flower-bordered walk.

"Lawrence," said Joe, noticing the vacant seat in the buggy, "perhaps you would like to take Miss Lida?" He was standing by the buggy speaking very softly. A few feet away, Lida Carew was almost at the gate. She too noticed the vacant place, and for a moment her heart bounded with a happy hope.

"I am going to bring back Father de la Croix," Lawrence said in surprise. "I would not like to ask Miss Lida and then not bring her back."

"Of course, of course!" Joe answered shortly. Then seeing how near she was, called to her cordially: "Come, Miss Lida, we must have you with us; there is plenty of room, and we all want you in the wagon." He opened the gate and helped her up to her place. A dancing light was in Professor Hunter's eyes as Lida took her seat. She seemed to be entirely unconscious of the discussion as to where she was to be placed; but in spite of her cordial greeting to every one, her ready answer and amiability, there was an indignant pain at her heart, a smouldering light in her deep blue eyes.

A wonderfully beautiful woman was Lida Carew—tall, statuesque, fair with bright golden hair. A manner gracious yet dignified, amiable but reserved. Helen Fancher, the sparkling brunette, showing in face and manner the brightness of two races, shared with the stately blonde the fame of grace and beauty far and near. Since they had left their convent school, two years before, they had been belles of several counties. No sense of rivalry disturbed their friendship. Even the difference in religion—Miss Carew being a Protestant—was only a matter of regret to Helen, but so associated was Lida with the Catholic household that there was no reason for estranging arguments. That Lida would be a Catholic some day, they all believed. In the meanwhile she was like one of the family, and in the young girl's own heart was a hope that she might indeed become a daughter and a sister of the household; but this hope hung on the word of a grave young man, who treated her as a child, and who was as frankly kind and interested in her as her own brother.

The boat had just made the landing. The darkies swung out the gang plank, and a small, neat, handsome old French gentleman stepped lightly on land. He wore the clerical black suit and a wide black hat. The wagon rounded the road and the merry occupants hailed him. Passengers and crew began to crowd the decks. Greetings were exchanged with the Hillwood party. Scraps of city news, plantation items from other landings, and inquiries for friends made a gay clatter, mingled with the orders of the captain and the singing of the boat-hands.

Father de la Croix looked affectionately at the group in the wagon. "I feel like a distinguished visitor. Why, my dear children, you have all come to meet me. Miss Lida too! That is surely a compliment. And you are all well, I can see."

It is impossible to put into words the courtly grace of this exquisite old gentleman, the type of many a member of the old French aristocracy who gave gentle, cultured lives in simplicity of sacrifice, to found the faith in the South-west.

"And I am to go with you, my dear Lawrence? Of course." One might have noticed that his greeting to Lawrence was more affectionate, the pressure of the hand a little longer than to the others.

The drive home through the woods was delightful. The postponed breakfast was a real feast of cordial good-fellowship. The slaves, all of whom were baptized Catholics, came in after breakfast to see their dear Father de la Croix; and it was only after Mrs. Fancher, with a peremptory word of dismissal, had dispersed servants and children, and had commanded Father de la Croix, in her pretty French way, to take his sorely needed rest, that the meeting disbanded.

That Christmas morning Mass made an unfading picture in Mrs. Fancher's memory. And it was a beautiful picture too; one to hold sacredly in after years, when the changes of time and the inevitable working out of individual destinies made such another household gathering impossible. There are such precious memories in every household, the remembrance of some day when all are gathered around the hearthstone, when the family tie is still one, unbroken chain. Then link by link it is severed, never to be reunited in this world. How near was the breaking of the first link none dreamed that happy morning.

The sun of the Southern winter came golden through the long, lace-draped windows; and shone on saintly celebrant at Mass, and earnest worshippers; on the handsome, cultured faces

of the Hillwood household; on the dark, devout faces of the negro slaves, who in simple faith knelt beside them.

At the organ Helen sat and played, while Lawrence's violin and Joe's flute added to the gentle harmonies. The simple hymns were joined in by all, the negro voices swelling the chorus. When the *Adeste Fideles* was sung all seemed to listen while Helen's clear soprano and Lida's rich contralto, with Charlie Carew's tenor and Professor Hunter's bass, rang out the glorious old anthem. And how Lawrence played! His violin seemed a very soul of worship, a very spirit of prayer. Always, to his mother, the central picture in that Christmas morning memory was her tall, grave, handsome first-born son. His face, then, was one to remember; its expression, as he bent over his violin, one to inspire the noblest emotions.

The news that Father de la Croix would remain until after New Year's was a great happiness to the family at Hillwood. True, they would not enjoy so much of his society as they would like, for there were the scattered Catholics to be visited, baptisms to be performed, the little ones instructed, and all the arduous duties of a missionary life in a thinly-populated country. But the daily Mass was a great privilege to those so remote from the frequent offices of the church. Then in the evenings there was a delightful fireside gathering, to which Judge Fancher and Lawrence hurried back from town, and where the conversation of the gentle, cultured old priest was a prime attraction.

The evening of the 27th came, and with it the Hillwood Christmas Ball.

"Ah! it is well my good bishop tell me himself to stay over New Year's; otherwise, he think I wait for the party."

"Why, Father de la Croix, of course you would have to stay for the party," laughed Joe. "Why, who else could help mother with the salads? She thinks, because you are French, you have an inspiration about salads that no one else has."

"Well, it is true anyway," said the judge, rising from the breakfast-table. "I never can get such a salad anywhere as you fix, father."

The old priest laughed merrily. "The bishop, he say so himself; and he tell me that is why I get so many invitations to the dinners. They want me to fix the salads."

"And then, in the fever years, father," said Mrs. Fancher, "you are worth two or three doctors."

"Oh, yes, madame!" Father de la Croix laughed again; "I am the nurse, the doctor, the cook; many things besides the priest."

And so he was; and in this was typical of a class of priests found, I believe, only among the pioneer clergy of the South. Their superior education and experiences of travel placed these priests in the position of advisers in diverse temporal and domestic matters, as well as in spiritual affairs.

Mrs. Fancher and Father de la Croix had arranged the tempting salads to their satisfaction. Dozens of hams, wild turkeys and ducks, with venison, graced the long tables on the galleries. Cakes and various sweets filled in the spaces.

The handsome double parlors, hung with holly and the glowing yaupon berry, were brilliantly lighted. The colored musicians, some from other plantations, were on a raised platform, tuning their instruments. The ebony faces shone with good humor. The orchestra was gorgeously arrayed in the largest of coats, the stiffest of collars, and the brightest of neck-handkerchiefs.

Lawrence and Joseph were coming out of their room on the upper hall. They were in evening dress, and were very attractive-looking youths. The carriage was waiting; for Lawrence was going to escort Miss Carew to the ball, and Joseph was to do a like duty for Miss Lida's guest, Miss Coralie Planche, a pretty French girl from New Orleans. Full of the coming festivity, Joe had bounded down the stairs.

"Wait a moment for me," said Lawrence from the upper landing.

"Well, don't be long," Joe suggested.

Lawrence went to the pretty room at the end of the hall, the one occupied by Father de la Croix.

"Ah! my son," the old priest said cordially, laying down his breviary, "let me see how you look for the ball. Miss Lida will have reason to congratulate herself on her cavalier."

A few moments passed in pleasant chat, and then the young man sat down on the other side of the little table. Half an hour passed; neither noticed the time. Twice Joe called up the stairs, fuming at the delay. Another half-hour and, could one have looked into Father de la Croix's room, he would have seen Lawrence Fancher with head bowed down upon the table, listening to the old priest, whose hands rested tremulously on the young man's shoulder. A strange solemnity pervaded the room; Father de la Croix's voice was low and earnest, and his

eyes not wholly clear of tears. Lawrence's face was lit with a nobility of expression, while his voice shook with strong emotion as he spoke; it was a strange prelude to a ball. At last the young man rose.

"God bless you always and ever, and guide you!" was the old priest's parting wish.

"I am coming, Joe," said Lawrence to the last frantic appeal of his brother. They entered the carriage and drove off. Joe grumbled and upbraided his brother for the delay, but to all his reproaches Lawrence was silent.

It was a pretty picture that greeted them in the Carew parlor. Lida was attired in pale-blue tulle, with silver trimmings; and dark-eyed Coralie in corn-color and black. This night, this ball, was to Lida Carew an event of importance. She felt that all her hopes were to be blessed or blighted on the issue of this evening. So her choice of dress, her manner and her speech, were all matters of tender solicitude.

Several times that gay evening Father de la Croix looked into the pretty parlors. The young people were gathering all the amusement possible out of the dance. Bright and beautiful, Lida Carew was exerting every womanly art in Lawrence Fancher's behalf. He was cordial, cheerful, and attentive to all his mother's guests.

Once, in the quadrille, as Lida crossed over and stood beside him, she looked up at him with a bewitching glance. He smiled down at her indulgently, as one would to a child; and the girl turned impatiently away.

"Ah, my poor, dear child!" Father de la Croix said to himself. "I wish it had only been some other besides my good Lawrence. A dear, sweet child she is, and ripe for the faith, if this disappointment does not chill her."

When the musicians went to supper there were loud calls for Lawrence to take the idle fiddle. Then such a "Virginia Reel" as he played! No one, with an atom of music in their being, could resist that reel. Even the older people joined in, catching the spirit of the dance. In the general merriment Professor Hunter forgot his timidity in Miss Carew's presence, and, taking her hand, led her out to the middle of the floor. Lawrence walked up and down with his fiddle. The dancers capered merrily, and when it was over every one pronounced that reel the best dance of the evening. Lawrence caught Father de la Croix's eye several times during the progress of the reel. A mist was in the old man's eyes, his gaze full of affection.

"My dear, dear Lawrence! How strange are the ways of God! This seems the dear boy's place in life, and yet how far and how different are his hopes and intentions!"

The simpler, more healthful life of these young people did not tell upon their energies as the more exacting social life of to-day tells upon its votaries. So it was but little later than usual next morning when the household of Hillwood gathered around the breakfast-table. The ball was discussed with great zest; and all united in pronouncing Lida Carew and her guest, Coralie Planche, the special belles of the evening. Then much good-natured banter was indulged in at Joe's expense over his very apparent admiration for the dark-eyed creole, as also over Charlie Carew's devotion to Helen.

Judge Fancher rose from the table. Lawrence pushed back his chair at the same moment.

"Father, I would like to see you and mother in the library for a few moments."

"Certainly, my son," Judge Fancher answered, going in that direction.

Lawrence drew his mother's hand through his arm and followed his father. A general smile passed around the table, except that it missed Professor Hunter's expressive face. He looked down nervously and played with his knife and fork.

"Lawrence is going to tell his engagement to Lida Carew," was the general thought as the trio disappeared.

Judge Fancher sat down in the roomy arm-chair; Lawrence drew up a cozy rocker for his mother. Then he went and stood leaning against the white marble mantel-piece. Mrs. Fancher looked up a moment at her handsome son. A pang, a mother's natural regret, filled her heart. Another love had come in between her and her idolized first-born; but little did she dream of the deathless, strong nature of this new love.

With his characteristic directness Lawrence proceeded at once to the matter in hand.

"Father, I expect you and mother will be surprised at what I am going to say; but, the truth is, the matter has only taken a clear, definite shape in my own mind within the last few days."

The old judge smiled slightly at the idea of their being surprised at what they had so long expected—his marriage with Lida Carew.

"Ever since I left college I have had a strong attraction towards one state of life. Lately it has become more than that.

It is now a great, almost irresistible yearning. It is no sudden fancy. I have thought it over well. I have mingled with the world; I have neglected neither my social duties, my professional labors, nor my obligations to my family and home. But at the end of it all is this great desire. I want to be a priest, if I am worthy. I will never be satisfied in any other life. The call of God is now so clear in my mind that I could not resist it and ever be happy or useful in the world."

Lawrence paused. Surprise had indeed overcome both father and mother. For several moments not a word was spoken. There seemed at first nothing at all to say; then Judge Fancher looked anxiously at his son.

"I thought, Lawrence, it was something of an entirely different nature that you wished to tell us. We have always looked to your marriage and your succeeding me at Hillwood and in my profession as a matter of course. There is nothing we can say against your entering the priesthood. It is a high and holy vocation. If you have thought well over it, neither your mother nor I can oppose your desire. We had believed, however, that you and Miss Lida Carew might marry, and that you would gradually take my place here."

The father's strong yearning to hold near him this helpful son spoke in the earnestness of the old judge's voice. Mrs. Fancher was wiping away the tears she could not control. The pang she had felt at the thought of his marriage grew greater now as she realized that his union with the church meant a wider, more complete separation and sacrifice than the forming of any earthly tie.

Lawrence was looking at her intently, anxious for her answer.

"My dear son," she said, "of course you must make your own choice of a life; but you must let us grow accustomed to this idea. It is, indeed, a holy calling, an awful responsibility. Think well over it—the sacrifices, the labors and hardships of a priest's life. Still, if you desire and decide to become a priest, we have only blessings to wish you in your new state. Have you spoken to Father de la Croix yet?"

"Yes; we talked it over last night. Strange to say, he too had taken up the idea that I intended to marry Miss Lida Carew. Miss Lida is almost as dear to me as Helen or Gertrude, but the idea of marrying her never once entered my mind. I do not believe she ever thought of such a thing herself. At least there has never been the slightest approach to sentiment on my part. I am sincerely fond of Lida. Nobody could help

liking her; and I know she has so many admirers that she does not think of me among her lovers."

"I am sure, my son," Judge Fancher said, "you have been perfectly honorable in this regard, as I believe you are with all the world. It was just an impression we had formed; because we are all so fond of Miss Lida, and it would have pleased us had you married her."

"Father de la Croix advises me to go to the college and make a nine days' retreat, then speak to the bishop. I would like to begin my studies at once."

"Just as you wish, my son. Perhaps you had better not come to town with me to-day. There will be so much for you to fix up here, and your mother will want you to stay. Are you going down on the boat with Father de la Croix?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you have left all the papers in the Stallworth case in such good shape that I will not need you at the office. Besides your mother and sisters will want to see all they can of you for the next few days."

No case in court ever gave Judge Fancher such serious reflection as he indulged in for the days that followed. At Lawrence's request the whole family had been informed of his wishes and intentions. A subdued, solemn air pervaded the house. It was almost as if death had entered its sunny portals. Never had the kind, thoughtful oldest brother and son seemed as dear, as indispensable as now.

The morning that Father de la Croix and Lawrence rode over to the landing they had only Gilbert, the driver, with them, for it seemed generally understood that Lawrence would prefer a quiet departure.

The nine days of his absence passed uneventfully at Hillwood, save for one memorable scene between Helen Fancher and Lida Carew. They had walked down to the pretty, fern-bordered spring, and were sitting under the moss-draped oaks. Gently, and with a wealth of sympathy she dared not express, Helen told Lida the purpose of Lawrence's visit to the city, his retreat at the college, and his probable immediate preparation for the priesthood. She knew this fact would be widely known in a little while, and she dreaded the sudden breaking of such tidings to Lida in some social gathering.

Never had Helen so loved her, so sorrowed for her friend, as she did when the full force of Lawrence's decision broke upon Lida. The hot tears stood in Miss Carew's blue eyes, and

with trembling lips she denounced the church that could so influence the sacrifice of its manhood. She upbraided Judge and Mrs. Fancher that they could consent to such a sacrifice, and scornfully wondered at Helen's acquiescence.

Helen listened patiently and sympathetically, too greatly touched by Lida's grief to resent her criticisms; and only glad that no other listener had heard this first impulsive outbreak.

By the time the news of Lawrence Fancher's retirement from the world had reached the entire circle of their friends, Lida had disciplined herself to discuss the matter like any disinterested friend, all the while her heart was full of bitterest disappointment.

There are but few more scenes for me to draw of the happy Hillwood household. I linger over them, however; I like to recall that mid-winter twilight, when Lawrence came back from his retreat. The family were gathered around the fireside in the dining-room, waiting for supper. Looking out of the window, Mrs. Fancher saw Lawrence coming up the avenue. The others saw him too, but none followed the mother as she went out to meet him. At the foot of the broad gallery stairs they met. It needed no word to tell the mother's quick intuition what the result of that visit had been. She kissed him tenderly, and in her yearning heart she knew she must give him up—but give him up only to God. Lawrence put his arm around his mother and helped her up the stairs, and together they entered the dining-room.

His stay at home was short. I like to recall that sunny January morning when he stood on the gallery to say good-by to family, friends, and slaves. How the darkies wept at the thought of losing their dear young master, whom they expected to rule over them in his father's place, and who they knew would prove a kind, thoughtful master!

The Carews had come over with the other neighbors; old Mrs. Carew disapproving the whole affair, Charlie wondering at such a step for a well-born young man, and Lida hiding the wound to her pride and affection under a manner of quiet, friendly regret. After Lawrence had left, it seemed as if nothing went right in Judge Fancher's office.

"Mother," he said one evening, after a wearying day, "I shall never make a lawyer out of Joe. I wish one of the other boys was old enough to take in the office. I think I will leave Joe to look after things out here. He really has no taste for

law, and now, as Lawrence has gone, Joe ought to learn how to manage the plantation, as it will go to him now, of course. I only wish I had some one in the office with me. We are overcrowded with work."

Professor Hunter was reading some letters in a corner by the window. He looked up eagerly; started toward Judge Fancher, then hesitated and stopped.

"Did you wish to speak to me, professor?" the old gentleman asked kindly.

"I was only going to say, sir, if you would take *me* in the office, I would be very glad to make myself useful to you. I want to study law, but I have no means of doing so; and if you would let me read law in your office, under your direction, I would do all in my power to be of service to you."

"Why certainly, professor. You are just the very man for the place. I must really let Joe go, for the whole business is a terrible grind on him. He is a born planter."

"John is ready for college I think, judge," said Mrs. Fancher, "and he could go with Fred this session." With wifely solicitude, she was anxious to make everything easy toward giving her husband the help he needed, and missed so early in Lawrence's absence.

So Professor Hunter took Lawrence's place in Judge Fancher's office. Talent and industry soon told in his favor, and it was not long until he was admitted as junior partner. In another direction he strove with all earnestness to take Lawrence's place, and that was in Lida Carew's regard. His respectful attentions, his worth and ability, all appealed to her better judgment. It was not long before the talented young Irishman was Miss Carew's accepted suitor, just as Charlie Carew was now Helen Fancher's affianced.

Many long and serious conversations had Lida and her betrothed over differences of religion, and when Charlie Carew, a few weeks before his marriage, asked to be received into the Catholic Church, Professor Hunter and Lida asked a similar favor of Father de la Croix.

It was a grand double wedding, the bishop coming from town with Father de la Croix to perform the ceremony. With them came Lawrence Fancher. After that brief visit he bade good-by for ever to the dear old home. None knew the depth of the sacrifice, the tenderness of his heart's clinging to Hillwood, as he looked his last on the beloved vistas of field and forest, meadow and homestead.

There is little more to tell, and yet many changes to chronicle in the lives of these young people. One parting glance at the group we found at the Hillwood breakfast-table that December morning, with apparently no more serious aim in life than the success of a Christmas ball.

The war-cloud broke. The South was prostrated; but through the darkness the Fanchers bravely worked out their individual destinies.

Joe married the pretty Louisianian, Miss Coralie Planche, and ruled over dear old Hillwood, as did Charlie Carew, with Helen, over his mother's plantation. These young men had won prosperity after the days of weary struggling that followed the war.

In the pretty river-side graveyard sleep the Judge and Mrs. Fancher. Fred and John are substantial merchants in the town adjacent to Hillwood.

Out in a far Western city Gertrude wears the black veil of a saintly, happy nun, the superioress of her convent.

In a Northern metropolis, zealous, tireless, eloquent, and beloved, Father Lawrence Fancher battles bravely with sin and evil. Often as he stands in the pulpit of his stately church, stirring hearts and lifting lives with his sacred eloquence, a handsome matron, sitting beside her distinguished husband, an eminent judge, raises humble eyes to the speaker, and thanks God, from a grateful, happy heart, that her once human selfish love did not stand in the way of so high a call, so holy a mission, as this priest has answered and followed.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA; OR, "WHY CONSTANTINOPLE FELL."

A CRITIQUE ON A RENOWNED WORK OF A RENOWNED AUTHOR.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

IT is now many years since I first became acquainted with the name of the author of *Ben Hur*. How well I remember the fascination which that little work exercised over me, the avidity with which I devoured it, its vivid descriptions, its thrilling narratives, and the ever-increasing interest it awakened. Truly, *Ben Hur* deserves its reputation, for it is a masterpiece of its kind. In after years a casual glance was cast at the *Fair God;* but it was not *Ben Hur*, and the book was laid aside.

About a year ago the study of the Greek Revolution, the one during which Byron ended his life, brought my mind back through centuries gone to the period of the Byzantine Empire. The Fall of Constantinople! What a subject for fiction, thought I. It seemed to me one that presented a virgin soil to the novelist, and I determined to weave its incidents into a story which has since seen the light, though, I regret to state, with one or two historical inaccuracies of little consequence which will be corrected in a future edition.

I say, that I had supposed the period of the fall of the Byzantine Empire to be one greatly neglected by the novelist. You may imagine my surprise when, having completed several chapters of *Dimitrios and Irene*, an article in the New York *World* drew my attention to the fact that Lew Wallace had a book ready on the very same subject. Of course my interest was awakened, and the book had hardly issued from the press of Harper & Brothers when I procured a copy of the elegantly bound volumes. I knew and admired *Ben Hur*, and being aware of the fact that General Wallace, as minister to Turkey, had possessed ample opportunity to render himself familiar with the antiquities of Constantinople, I expected wonders from his pen and a work of historical fiction that would even surpass *Ben Hur*.

You ask my impressions? I answer briefly that when I

compare the *Prince of India* with *Ben Hur*, I think of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The former is intrinsically immortal, the latter will live only on account of the name of its author. No! The *Prince of India* is not *Ben Hur*. Its style is still the concise, original style of "The Tale of the Christ," abounding in figures and sparkling with frequent flashes of bright ideas, but its interest, its genius, is not the same. In *Ben Hur* the interest of the reader never flags for a moment; it is kept up from cover to cover with growing intensity. It is not thus with the *Prince of India*. In the latter there are some thrilling episodes, it is true, but the narrative is overcharged with long-drawn-out discussions, and interest is too frequently permitted to wax cold by passages which, to the average reader at least, must appear dull.

And yet the *Prince of India* has its merit. The author shows deep study and a thorough acquaintance with the manners of Oriental nations, but the too abundant use of foreign expressions without a translation proves a source of annoyance to the reader, though it may heighten the appearance of the author's erudition.

The work is an historical romance, if you like, but many of its principal personages are imaginary, and its most important episodes are purely fictitious. In fact, its predominant idea, that expressed upon the title-page, "Why Constantinople Fell," is a creation of the author's brain. This certainly detracts from the merit of a historical romance, and it seems to be at variance with the practice of writers of this school, to obscure the great facts of history by fiction. If we seek the true reasons for the fall of Byzantium, we shall find them in the internal decay of the empire, its numerous divisions, the duplicity of the Greeks, the aggressiveness of the Turks, the spirit of Mohammedan propagandism, and last, but not least, in the slowness and apparent indifference of the other Christian nations, but we shall not seek them in the influence of the Wandering Jew, nor in the love of Mohammed II. for an imaginary Princess Irené. The story is based upon a trite and ridiculous legend which has repeatedly been told in poetry and fiction, that of the Wandering Jew.

To Christians in general, the reasonings of the Wandering Jew, the Prince of India, imply rationalism, deism, and the very destruction of Christianity, while to Roman Catholics and those of the Greek Church, both united and orthodox, the part acted by the monk Sergius is highly offensive.

The story begins in the year 1395, and we are at once introduced to the principal personage, the Wandering Jew, who finds the sword of Solomon and a treasure of jewels in the tomb of Hiram, near the ruins of Tyre. These he secretes on an island of the Sea of Marmora near Constantinople, to make use of in an emergency and to defray his expenses. He then disappears, and the first book is ended.

The Wandering Jew being the principal personage of the story, as Irené is its heroine, it will be well to pay brief attention to the legend which has given him to us. This is first mentioned in the thirteenth century, in the chronicle of Matthew Paris, and is said to have been received from an Armenian bishop who visited England in 1228. According to the legend as it first appears, Cartaphilus was a door-keeper of Pilate's palace, who, as Christ was led forth to execution, struck him a blow, saying: "Go, Jesus, go on faster; why dost thou linger?" The Saviour replied: "I go, but thou shalt remain waiting till I return." The unfortunate man afterwards became a Christian, and he was baptized by Ananias under the name of Joseph. At the time of the crucifixion he was thirty years of age; but whenever he completes a century he loses consciousness, and, on regaining it, finds himself once more in the full vigor of a man of thirty. It may be that this legend had been founded upon one of the many apocryphal gospels which existed in the early ages of Christianity. At all events, it made a considerable impression, and, at various times, even as late as the last century, persons have appeared in Germany, France, and England giving themselves out as the Wandering Jew.

The Prince of India, however, is by no means a Christian. After trying his hand at various schemes, instigating the nations to war and bloodshed, and fomenting the Crusades, in his final appearance, before the fall of Constantinople, he turns his attention to religion and conceives the idea of uniting the nations in a vast brotherhood and a simple creed, expressed by the word *God*. With this plan in his mind, he appears in the second book as the Prince of India, having assumed the guise of a Mussulman and taking part in the pilgrimage to Mecca, during which he makes the acquaintance of an emir of Sultan Amurath and a friend of Mohammed II. The Mohammedan nations do not appear to him ripe for his plans, and he determines to try Christianity, going to Constantinople. The descriptions in these first two books are vivid, as they are throughout the narrative.

"HE THEN DISAPPEARS." (Page 308)

In fact, the descriptive powers of the author are the principal source of attraction in the work. He paints with simple yet lively colors.

Here and there we find a statement or expression with which it is impossible to agree. For instance, in describing the tomb of Hiram, he writes: "Under the sword were the instruments sacred *then* and ever since to Master-Masons—a square, a gavel, a plummet, and an inscribing compass." Surely such a serious author can have no intention, as his words seem to indicate, of adding a sanction to the ridiculous and unhistorical fables of the Masonic ritual.

The author makes the Prince of India, in one of his monologues, speak thus: "The knoll on which the Byzantine built his Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not the Calvary. That the cowled liars call the Sepulchre never held the body of Christ. The tears of the millions of penitents have but watered a monkish deceit. . . . Fools and blasphemers! The Via Dolorosa led out of the Damascus gate on the north. The skull-shaped hill beyond that gate is the Golgotha, etc." Of course, if the Wandering Jew were a real person who had been present at the crucifixion, these words would command our attention and merit our respect; but, as it is, we strongly suspect that they express the opinions of the author, who herein is not original, but who follows Doctor Robinson against the venerable tradition of centuries, and the opinion of Warren, Tischendorff, and other learned archæologists.

The third book introduces us to the heroine of the story, the Princess Irené, a kinswoman of the last Byzantine emperor, who resides in the charming palace of Therapia, on the shores of the Bosphorus. Here the Russian monk, Sergius, a youth whose sentiments and opinions are closely linked to those of Irené, comes upon the scene. The latter, while in a boat with Sergius, is forced by a storm to seek refuge on the Asiatic shore, and she meets with the Prince of India and his adopted daughter, Lael, whom a similar circumstance has brought thither. Prince Mohammed happening to be at the White Castle in disguise, seeing Irené, falls in love with her, and thus another and a stronger incentive is added to those he already possesses for conquering Constantinople.

In the fourth book we are brought into the palace of Blacherne, where the Prince of India has an audience with Constantine, to whom he begins to expound his peculiar faith. In this book the plot is laid which will, later, culminate in the

abduction of Lael, and, by hastening the departure of the Prince of India, finally promote the designs of Mohammed and the fall of Constantinople. The religious opinions of Irené and Sergius begin to assume definite shape, and the latter falls in love with the Jewess, Lael.

Who is Irené? Is she an historical character?

This question, for lack of more abundant information, I hesitate to answer either in the affirmative or the negative. The author tells us that she was the daughter of Manuel, the illegitimate brother of Manuel Palæologus, the emperor; that he gained a naval victory over the Turks off Plati in 1412, that he was imprisoned by the emperor, and finally liberated by Constantine with his only surviving child, the Princess Irené. That this Manuel really existed is certain, that he had children with whom he was imprisoned after his victory over the Turks must be admitted as equally certain, but that he was ever liberated from prison and that one of his children was the Princess Irené, appears doubtful. Ducange, in his genealogy of the Byzantine families, writes as follows:

"Manuel Palæologus, illegitimate son of the Emperor John, is especially renowned among writers for the distinguished naval victory he gained in a battle with the Turkish Sultan Musa, which afterwards became the cause of his ruin. The Emperor Manuel fearing lest, elated by this success, he should covet the empire, or, as others say, being jealous of the glory of this brave man, cast Manuel, together with his children, into a prison in which he finally expired after the lapse of seventeen years." Ducange cites Phranza* as one of his authorities. There is, then, here an important disagreement between the historian and the novelist. The former makes Manuel die in captivity seventeen years after his imprisonment, that is, in 1429; while with the latter we find him still alive in 1448. If such a person as Irené Palæologina had been known to history, Ducange, who has made an exhaustive study of the Byzantine dynasties, would undoubtedly have mentioned her. He speaks, not only of those who were directly connected with the emperors, but also of the descendants of the family down to the sixteenth century among the Marquises of Montferrat, and of all those of the name of Palæologus whom he was able to find. I have looked in vain over these lists for the slightest trace of our Princess Irené. There is mention of several persons of the name of Irené among the Palæologi, but not one of them is the daughter of Manuel,

* *Familiæ Byzantinæ.*

the illegitimate son of John Palæologus. It is true the author may have had sources of information with which I am not acquainted, and for this reason I repeat that I dare not decide the question whether the Princess Irené is an historical person or not, though I strongly incline to the negative opinion.

The article in the New York *World* which I mentioned in the beginning says: "That there was a lady of the name of Irené among the slaves who were added to the harem of the conqueror may be accepted as a fact. But not all the historians who mention her name agree that she was in any way related to the Emperor Constantine. They greatly differ also in the stories concerning her fate." This story of Irené is related in Vertot's *History of the Knights of Malta* and in Knolle's *History of the Turks*. The former makes her a "young Greek lady of noble birth, called Irené, hardly seventeen years old." Gibbon doubts the truth of this story, and Von Hammer completely rejects it. Taking all circumstances into consideration, it appears to me that I am justified in calling our heroine an imaginary Princess Irené, for no trace of her is to be found among the Byzantine historians, and the legend which appears to have suggested her name to our author is extremely doubtful.

Having disposed of this important question, several of minor consequence draw our attention. In the twentieth chapter of the third book the Arab story-teller, who is no one else than Prince Mohammed in disguise, tells the Princess Irené that the Turkish prince (Mohammed) had had as teachers the best Arab professors from Cordova. This is evidently an oversight, for, at the period of the fall of Constantinople, more than two hundred years had elapsed since Cordova had passed from the hands of the Arabs to those of the Christians, and its venerable university was then only a thing of memory, for more than four centuries had gone by since the flourishing period of the learning of that once illustrious city. If any Moorish learning was left in Spain, it was to be found only in the kingdom of Granada.

The description in the fourth chapter of the fourth book, in which the anchorites are represented as a set of howling demoniacs taking part in the procession of the Pannychides, is an absurd exaggeration, which can find no verification in the annals of monasticism; for, though the abuse of this sacred state may have frequently been ridiculous and sometimes sinful, still we have no ground for believing that in the exercise of their religious functions the monks ever went over even to the state of Methodists in

a stage of over-excitement. There are three kinds of Caloyers, or Greek monks—the cenobites, the anchorites, and the recluses. The last-mentioned never leave their cells, nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that they would have taken part in a public procession, and I think the same may be said of the anchorites, who lead secluded lives in the neighborhood of monasteries. If, at the present day, the Greek monks are to a great extent in a condition of ignorance and degradation, we must remember that for four centuries the weight of Turkish domination has been pressing heavily upon their country and their institution, and that even the patriarch of Constantinople is practically a slave of the Turk. The procession the author here refers to is probably that in honor of the Panachia, the Blessed Virgin, which took place on the 15th of August and which is described by Constantine Porphyrogeneta. But several of the circumstances related here do not seem to agree with the procession of the Metástasis, or the Assumption.

We are told in the same book that the Hegumenos of the monastery of St. James of Manganese had a son, the young devil namely, member of the Academy of Epicurus, who succeeded in abducting Lael. This would indicate that the venerable superior of the monastery had been a married man before he became a monk. There is no other explanation, with the knowledge in our mind that celibacy is one of the most stringent obligations of Oriental monks, as well as of those in the West.

The differences between the Greeks and Latins are clearly set forth with one exception, which the context, however, shows must proceed either from a typographical error or an inadvertence. In regard to the procession of the Holy Ghost, the author makes the Greeks believe that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son (vol. i. p. 459); but the explanation which follows being in contradiction to this statement, consequently shows it to have been a slip. I, therefore, attach no importance to the inaccuracy.

A more serious error is that which makes Bessarion retract his subscription to the Council of Florence (p. 464), for inciting the words of the Greek members of the Council, on their return to Constantinople: "We have sold our faith—we have betrayed the pure sacrifice—we have become Azymites," the Hegumen says to Sergius, "Thus spake Bessarion; thus Balsamon, etc."

What proof is there that Bessarion spoke thus? He was one of the few who remained faithful to the council, and in the service of the Roman Church he afterwards filled the highest offices,

being honored with the purple only a few months after the Greeks had returned home, namely, in December, 1439, and once coming very near being elected to the highest dignity in the Church. Bessarion was one of the most highly esteemed cardinals of his day.

The author also falls into error when he states that the Greeks deny the existence of purgatory, and believe only in heaven and hell; for though they do not use the word purgatory, and deny the existence of material fire therein, they nevertheless admit a transitory state for certain souls after death, and the utility of prayers for the dead, which amounts to a belief in purgatory.

The author is guilty of an unpardonable error in the account of the life of St. Anthony which he places in the mouth of Demedes, the son of the Hegumenos (p. 471). He makes the saint fly from the vision of beautiful women, and follow some children of Islam into the desert. The tempting visions accompany him all through life; every day and night they stand before him for eighty-nine years, in spite of his macerations. What nonsense! Every student of hagiology—in fact, whoever has but glanced at the life of St. Anthony, sees the absurdity of associating the saint with Islam, which was not dreamt of in his day! St. Anthony died more than two hundred years before the founder of Islam was born. That the occasion of his flight into the desert was the vision of beautiful women is far from the truth, and we have only to refer the distinguished author to an authentic life of the saint. He need not go to the Bollandists; let him take Alban Butler. The saint was occasionally tempted by evil suggestions, but they were far from lasting all his life, troubling him at intervals chiefly in the beginning of his spiritual career, as his biographers tell us.

Another inaccuracy I cannot fail to note, I find (p. 481, vol. i.) where the beads, possibly used by Oriental monks to count the number of their prayers, are confounded with the Rosary, including its division into chaplets and mysteries, which is entirely of Latin origin. In fact, the practice of meditating upon the mysteries while reciting the Rosary had been recently introduced by a Dominican friar, Alan de la Roche, when Constantinople fell, and it is not probable that it was then adopted in the East.

The fifth book gives us the adventures of, and the singular change which takes place in the Emir Mirza, who, being sent

by Mohammed on a secret mission to Constantinople, discovers that he is an Italian nobleman, becomes a Christian, and falls in love with the Princess Irené.

The sixth and last book occupies itself with the siege of Constantinople, the tragic end of Constantine, the last emperor, and the marriage of Mohammed with Irené. The Prince of India disappears from the scene by undergoing his fourteenth transformation from old age to youth. This book contains several passages of striking beauty and interest.

If now we review the whole story, our attention is again drawn to several inaccuracies, and to the consideration of the most important personages, namely, Mohammed, the Prince of India, Sergius, and Irené.

On page 409, vol. i., in the description of George Scholarius, known by his monastic name of Gennadius, the author places before our imagination the monk with a Latin tonsure, for the band of hair around the scalp is the peculiar Roman tonsure, known as that of St. Peter, while the Oriental tonsure, or that of St. Paul, consisted in the shaving of the whole head. But Gennadius had no right to either tonsure, as he was not an ecclesiastic, and Helyot tells us that the Greek monks allow their hair to grow, although at the ceremony of their receiving the habit a portion of hair is cut off in the form of a cross. George Scholarius, having become a monk in the monastery of Pautocrator, was elected superior, but he remained a layman until after the fall of Constantinople, when, being elected patriarch with the sanction of Mohammed, he received orders. He is said to have afterwards resigned the patriarchate and retired to the monastery of St. Podronus, where he died.

In regard to the patriarch, in following the narrative of our author we find him still in Constantinople after the month of October, 1451 (see book v. chap. viii.); but this does not agree with the facts of history, for the learned Dominican, Father Le Quien, in his *Oriens Christianus*, tells us that the patriarch left Constantinople, never to return, in August, 1451. Gregorios Mamma, or Melissenus, was the last patriarch before the fall of Constantinople, although it is said that after his resignation another patriarch was elected by name Athanasius, but Father Le Quien denies the truth of this assertion. Gregorios was a relative of Duke Notaras, but, unlike him, he remained faithful to the decree of Union. The opposition brought against him was so great that, according to Phranza, he resigned his office and went into voluntary exile. He died in Rome in 1459.

On page 239, vol. ii., our author puts a grave historical error in the mouth of the emperor. When speaking of the heresiarch Arius, Constantine asks: "Him the first Constantine sent to prison for life, did he not?" Are we justified in supposing the last Constantine so ignorant of the history of his country? The fact is, that Arius was banished to Illyricum, but afterwards recalled to Constantinople, where he shortly expired.

Chapter vi. of the fifth book seems to indicate a rather superficial knowledge of the liturgy. About three o'clock in the afternoon Mass is celebrated in St. Sophia, the vestments of the celebrant are briefly given, and then "the venerable celebrant drew nearer the altar, and, after a prayer, took up a chalice and raised it as if in honor of an image of Christ on a cross in the agonies of crucifixion." This description was evidently written by one whose familiarity with the ancient liturgies is limited, as both Latins and Greeks who read it will easily understand. The same may be said of the disgraceful scenes described in the eighth chapter of the same book, in which the patriarch celebrates the Eucharist in St. Sophia. The ceremony consists merely in the distribution of the Holy Communion, the celebrant, clad in surplice and stole, communicating himself without celebrating Mass. But what is still more strikingly absurd, after communicating himself, still merely clad in surplice and stole, the patriarch "blessed the Body and the Blood and mixed them together in chalices ready for delivery to the company of servers kneeling about him." The author was probably present at a service of the Greek Church, and he observed some of the ceremonies he describes, but he, no doubt, failed to perceive their harmony. During his sojourn in Constantinople he might certainly have devoted closer attention to the venerable liturgy of St. John Chrysostom.

In the same chapter the distinguished author falls into a serious oversight, contradicting a correct statement he made in the seventh chapter of the fourth book. There he truly stated that one of the differences between the Latins and the Greeks consists herein, that the former use unleavened, the latter leavened bread in the Holy Eucharist. Here he makes the mistake of attributing the use of leavened bread to the Latins, when he writes that a certain party in the church "anathematized the attempt to impose leavened bread upon orthodox communicants as a scheme of the devil and his archlegate, the Bishop of Rome." However, this error is evidently not the fruit of ignorance, but rather of thoughtlessness.

We now proceed to the consideration of certain personages of the story and its bearing upon religion. In regard to Mohammed, the author draws a favorable and rather pleasing picture of the conqueror. He is young, handsome, learned, generous, and brave, but these qualities are offset by impetuosity, ambition, superstition, and cruelty towards those who resist him. On the whole, the portrait here presented to us is more flattering to Mohammed than that drawn by historians generally, notably by Gibbon and perhaps Von Hammer. It softens his savage features and mitigates his duplicity, while of his unnatural and licentious conduct not a trace appears. One would almost suspect that there is a tender spot for him in the author's heart.

The Prince of India is what we would call nowadays an old crank, and yet not a harmless crank. His restless character is filled with cunning, a burning thirst for revenge, and even cruelty. His conduct in abandoning Constantinople in the flames he had himself kindled, at the very moment when Sergius and his faithful Nilo are seeking for the lost Lael, is most unnatural, and not at all in keeping with the fatherly love he had professed for the young Jewess. But it is especially from a religious stand-point that he deserves our attention. His doctrine is entirely subversive of Christianity, and nothing else but a mixture of those preached by pantheists, rationalists, Unitarians, Theosophists, Freemasons, and what not of modern times. His arguments, accompanied with a great show of erudition, are specious sophistries, well calculated to ensnare the unwary intellect. They are placed before the reader, not as the opinions of the author, it is true, but as those of the Prince of India, yet they contain a subtle poison without a concomitant antidote. Argumentations are held against Christianity, the Emperor Constantine is foolishly made to admire the wisdom of the speaker, and no refutation is given. For this reason, at least, the book on which I have been requested to pass an opinion is, to my mind, a dangerous book. Error is subtle, and when the refutation is not forthcoming it may penetrate deep into the mind.

In regard to the Princess Irené and the monk Sergius, they are nothing more nor less than predecessors of the sixteenth century reformers, plus the practices of the Greek Church, such as the use of the sign of the cross, the veneration of images, and the belief in the Real Presence, though they look upon the latter more as a form than as an article of faith. Their creed

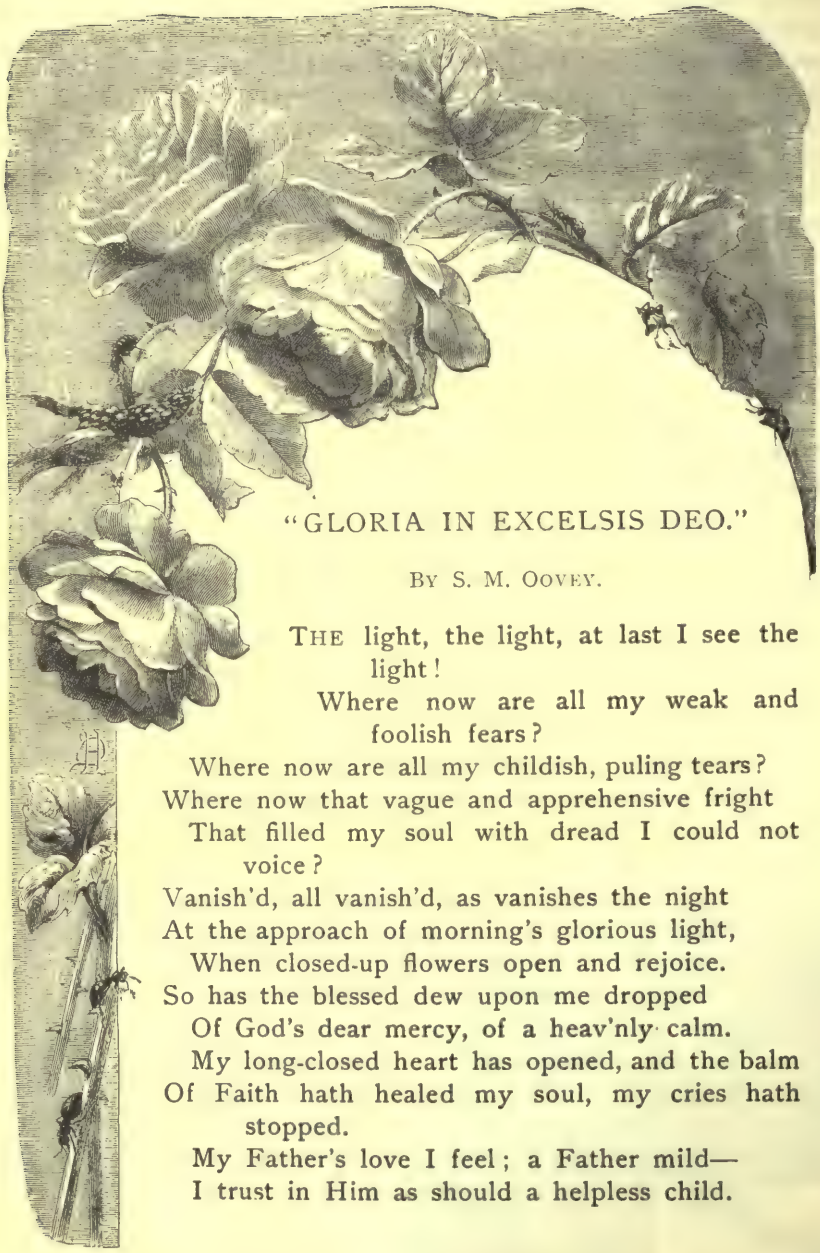
seems innocent enough, but when explained it is rank Protestantism with an addition of other errors. Hear Sergius in his discourse in St. Sophia: "It is well known to you that our Lord did not found a church during his life on earth, but gave authority for it to his Apostles. It is known to you also that what his Apostles founded was but a community. . . . But in time this community became known as the church, and there was nothing of it except our Lord's creed, in definition of the Faith, and two ordinances for the church—Baptism for the remission of sins, that the baptized might receive the Comforter, and the Sacraments, that the believers, often as they partook of the Body and Blood of Christ, might be reminded of him. . . . The three hundred bishops and presbyters from whom you have your creeds (Council of Nice) took the two articles from our Lord's creed, and then they added others. Thus, which of you can find a text of our Lord treating of his procession from the substance of God? Again, in what passage has our Lord required belief in the personage of the Holy Ghost as an article of faith essential to salvation?" This is what Sergius calls primitive Christianity. What is it? Unitarianism, a doctrine that would have been rejected as impious by those who framed the Confession of Augsburg.

And this Sergius, who is he? When he first appears upon the scene we are told that he is a deacon of the Russian monastery of Bielo Osero, raised to the deaconship by Father Hilarion, of whom there is no mention that he is a bishop, though we are all aware that only a bishop can confer the order of deacon. If Sergius were a deacon in the Russian Church, his order would have been recognized in Constantinople, for the Greeks and Russians were of the same communion, and yet the Russian monk, though admitted into the monastery of St. James of Manganese, is placed among the neophytes (newly converted). An absurdity! Did the author mean novices? Even for this fiction there is no ground. But we find a still greater contradiction. When Sergius first appears we are told that he is a deacon, but at the end of the work (p. 574) we read that "Sergius never took orders formally." From this and other passages, I incline to the belief that the author has a very poor conception of the Sacrament of Holy Orders, as well as of the nature of the monastic state. Whether Sergius were in orders or not, he was at least a monk, and as a monk he was bound to celibacy. The monastic vows are looked upon as of the strictest obligation both by

Greeks and Latins, and among the Russians those who break them are punished by perpetual imprisonment, nor can the bishops grant a dispensation.* And yet Sergius, in spite of his being a monk and a deacon in the monastery of Father Hilarion, marries Lael the Jewess, and remains the friend of Irené, who is wedded to Mahommed by the very man who made him a deacon, Father Hilarion, the Hegumenos of Bielo Osero. Some one may understand this transaction. I certainly cannot, except by lowering Sergius to the level of an apostate, and looking upon the Princess Irené and Father Hilarion as his abettors; but it may be that, having simplified their creed, they had come to regard monastic vows as a human institution of no binding power, as Luther did in the following century.

In fine, though the work, as I have said, possesses merit; though it frequently presents vivid and glowing pictures and rivets the attention by interesting episodes; though most probably written in good faith and with no intention to give offence, yet it cannot fail to be highly offensive to Christians generally, on account of the reasoning of the Prince of India, and to Catholics in particular, by the conduct of Sergius the Russian monk, and his patroness, the Princess Irené. This is my humble opinion of the *Prince of India*.

* Hélyot's *Histoire des Ordres Religieux* and Currier's *History of Religious Orders*, "Monks of St. Basil."



"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

By S. M. Oovey.

THE light, the light, at last I see the light!
Where now are all my weak and foolish fears?
Where now are all my childish, puling tears?
Where now that vague and apprehensive fright
That filled my soul with dread I could not voice?
Vanish'd, all vanish'd, as vanishes the night
At the approach of morning's glorious light,
When closed-up flowers open and rejoice.
So has the blessed dew upon me dropped
Of God's dear mercy, of a heav'nly calm.
My long-closed heart has opened, and the balm
Of Faith hath healed my soul, my cries hath stopped.
My Father's love I feel; a Father mild—
I trust in Him as should a helpless child.

"At the approach of Morning's glorious Light."

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Protestant Citeaux in the West.—Nashotah Founded on Monasticism.—Kip's Visit in 1847.—The Founders get Married.—St. Mary's Priory in the Adirondacks.—Episcopalian Sisterhoods.

THE last three chapters show how Tractarian doctrines, so rife at the Chelsea Seminary, acting upon a spirit of interior piety and zeal for the salvation of souls, and combining both of these together in the same bosoms, led on gradually to an eagerness to introduce something like monastic life into Anglicanism. Americans are a people too practical and enterprising to be much attracted by thumb-sucking saints. Even our transcendental pantheists of New England, inclined as they are betimes to contemplation and fond of Brahminical lore and legends, are not easily disposed to sit dreaming with their backs against the trunks of trees until their hair grows into the bark. At Brook Farm the stirring motto was

> Hast thou aught to teach, then teach it;
> Preach it
> Loud and long;
> Sing it if it be a song.
> Be thou prophet, be thou poet,
> If thou know it, go it—
> Strong.

When Dalgairns's *Life of St. Stephen Harding* first found its way across the water to Chelsea, the sensation it produced was intense. St. Bernard was not an Englishman, and his character and career could not easily be put forth directly in a series of Lives of the English Saints. But St. Stephen, the founder of Citeaux, could give his name to a volume which should bring forward luminously the career of the great St. Bernard, the master spirit of the Cistercian Order. St. Bernard was one of the very holiest of contemplatives; and yet, forced from the seclusion which he loved by his burning zeal, by the constant needs and pressing calls of Christendom, his voice was made to resound

throughout the whole Continent of Europe. He was, in truth, the very type of a missionary monk.

Something ike Citeaux was already existing in the Anglican Church of America. It was at Nashotah, in Wisconsin. This institute was in reality an attempt, under the name of a missionary station, to found a veritable monastery. Its founder was James Lloyd Breck, a graduate of the Chelsea Seminary of 1841. Associated with him were two of his classmates, William Adams and John Henry Hobart. That the intention was to found a monastery is evident from a letter, now in my possession, written by Breck to Wadhams, October 21, 1842, inviting him to come and join them. The letter says:

"If, dear Wadhams, you conclude to come, remember we receive you on the ground of our first principles, which are: (1) so long as connected with this institution to remain unmarried; (2) to yield implicit and full obedience to all the rules and regulations of the body; (3) community of goods so long as community of purpose; (4) teaching on the staunch Catholic principles; (5) preaching from place to place on circuits—route, mode, etc., to be determined by the bishop, or by one authorized by him."

An earlier letter to the same from Adams breathes the same spirit. "Dear brother," he writes, "if you can in almost every way deny yourself, can be content to remain unmarried for an indefinite period, to live on the coarsest food, to deny yourself the pleasure of cultivated society; then come to Wisconsin."

As Nashotah, then an object of longing interest to many hearts at the General Seminary, grew in a few years to be a flourishing institution, though far different from what its founders intended to make it, it may be well to give some further description of this institute and its locality, in its early days. Bishop Kip, of California, visited it as early as 1847. I gather the following materials from a pamphlet of his, published at that time, entitled *A few Days at Nashotah.* The lands of the Nashotah Mission were adjoining those of Bishop Kemper, then having charge of the territory in which this mission was included. On their first arrival Breck, Adams, and Hobart had assigned to them Prairieville, with a circuit of thirty miles around. After nine months they settled at the Nashotah Lakes. Bishop Kip thus describes their location:

"The whole of this part of the country is intersected by the most beautiful lakes, so that from a hill a few miles distant eleven can be counted in sight, while more than double that number can be found in a circle of twelve miles. They are of various sizes, the largest being about two miles in length—some

dotted with islands—the water perfectly clear, and the shore generally a high bluff, rising many feet above the surface. Two of these, which approach within a hundred feet of each other, and are united by a little brook, have retained the Indian name of *Nashotah*, or *Twin Lakes*. On the bank of one of them, where the shore rises fifty feet above the water, and then spreads out into a level *plateau*, covered with oak-trees standing in clumps (an oak opening), are the mission buildings." Across this lake and on a small prairie are remarkable Indian mounds, twelve feet high. One represents a tortoise, another a serpent, another a bear. Large trees grow on some of them, showing great age.

In 1847, when Kip wrote, the institution had grown from the one-story log-house, described in my Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams, to eight or ten low wooden buildings, and he tells us that "The view from this spot is probably one of the most enchanting that the world can furnish."

Breck, formerly at St. Paul's College, Flushing, L. I., had been a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, whose beautiful church on the corner of Twentieth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City, was building in 1843, and eagerly watched by us seminarians. We looked upon the worthy doctor as neither low nor high nor dry, but as a true Catholic in our romantic sense of the word. He was particularly a favorite among students of the ritualistic type. He was admired then as a poet, with a keen taste for church architecture, author of the beautiful hymn, "I would not live alway," now known also as the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, under the care of Episcopalian nuns. The Paulists in Fifty-ninth Street have a beautiful crucifixion by Guido, as a testimonial of gratitude to Father Deshon from Dr. Muhlenberg, for helping to guard his hospital during the draft riot in 1861.

Muhlenberg was visiting Breck's institute when Kip was there. At that time the washing of the institution was done by students for poverty's sake. They had also a baptistery there; *i. e.*, "a flight of steps leading into the water at a convenient depth for immersion, where a platform has been placed on the bottom." Bishop Kip gives as a reason for this, that many of the settlers around were Baptists; but from what I know of Breck, and that strong yearning existing then as now among Anglicans for some show of union with those happy Oriental Greek churches which practise immersion, they would have done the same thing if these modern Anabaptists had migrated further westward. Bishop Kip gives us the mode of immersion

at Nashotah, which, he says, is different from the way in which it is performed among the Baptists (*i. e.*, more genteel), where the individual is immersed backwards. Here he kneels in the water, the officiating priest places one hand behind his head, and, taking him at the same time by the hand, bends him forward till the immersion is complete, and then aids him in rising.

In addition to the practice of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, which, as we have seen, Breck and Adams announced to Wadhams as requirements of their institute, the principle attached to monasticism since the time of the earliest hermits and cenobites of the desert, that labor must be associated with prayer, was carried out after some fashion at Nashotah as late as Bishop Kip's visit. He tells us that during the summer vacation, which lasted from the middle of June to the middle of November, the studies were suspended and the students labored eight hours a day. Many of these were in the harvest field, where they were seen by Kip at work. "We found," said he, "about a dozen employed in getting in the wheat, on a tract which had been cleared and brought into cultivation since the mission was established." I find no account of contemplative prayer as filling up the hours not occupied by labor or study, but a routine of life is given in which appear hours for chapel service, with days for receiving communion, etc., as in ordinary seminaries and colleges.

This whole mission of Bishop Kemper, with the bishop's house and seminary at Nashotah for its centre, was the carrying out of a scheme to draw Episcopalian emigration and to colonize and Anglicanize the emigrants. It much resembles Archbishop Ireland's more recent colonization plan for Minneapolis and its neighborhood, and, like that plan, was eminently successful. The plan of the Nashotah plant contemplated at one and the same time colonization, missionary labor, and monastic life. The first two parts of this plan have succeeded wonderfully well. The success of the last was very short; love got into the tub and the bottom fell out.

This Nashotah property was held by the Rev. James Lloyd Breck, in trust, for the education of students both theological and academical. In 1841 they had one student. This number had increased at the time when Kip visited it, in 1847, to twenty-three students. At that time the members of the mission had seventeen stations for preaching and lay reading, within a circuit of thirty miles. The students acted as lay readers and catechists among the emigrants of the neighborhood. The idea of the three founders was to establish an institution which

should be essentially monastic. The bishop humored this idea, for Breck and his companions were valuable men, and, however visionary their special hopes might be, it would have been a dangerous thing to discourage them. The letters of Breck and Adams from which we have selected short extracts, but which are given at greater length in the Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams, show the eager anxiety for celibacy and monastic life which reigned in the bosoms of the writers. But the aim of Bishop Kemper is better disclosed by his friend, Dr. Kip, who writes not only to recommend the institution to the patronage of Episcopalians generally, but takes care to excuse and explain away certain apparent tendencies to Romanism which hover about the place. Dr. Kip writes:

"One of the most common charges against the institution is, that the doctrine of the *celibacy of the clergy* is inculcated. We take, therefore, this opportunity to deny it. Such is not the case. The only foundation for the story is, that a student upon joining the institution pledges himself not to form any engagement with reference to matrimony during his union with it. The moment he is ordained he is, of course, left free to do as he pleases. We believe that there is no one acquainted with the state of things in some other seminaries of our church but must feel that it would be better for the students if they were under the restriction of this rule. If there was less visiting, there would be more theology."

Dr. Kip's pleasant way of waving off the charges and suspicions against Nashotah agree as little with my own remembrances of the time as they do with Breck's own letters. I was one of several candidates for orders whose missionary aspirations blending with the love of solitude and a yearning for the graces attached to a spiritual life in the cloister drew me strongly to Nashotah, and I applied to my father for permission to join that institution and finish my studies there. But the rumors above mentioned had reached his ears and made him hesitate. He consulted Dr. Horatio Potter, afterward Bishop of New York, and then rector of St. Peter's Church in Albany. Dr. Potter advised him by no means to consent to it, as Puseyism reigned there in its worst forms. This ended the matter for me. Bishop Kemper utilized the zeal and labors of Breck and his Tractarian friends, but all for his own purposes, not for theirs. Breck's airy vision soon melted away like a mist.

Hobart left Nashotah in its infancy to take a wife. Six of its early students, finding that its monastic character was nothing but a thin garment cautiously tolerated by authority and for a

present purpose only, broke away from the delusion to unite with the Catholic Church. Three of these, McCurry, Graves, and Robinson, visited me at St. Peter's Church, Troy, in 1859, the time of their emancipation. McCurry, by my advice, attached himself to the diocese of Albany, and upon his ordination was appointed assistant priest in St. John's Church, in Albany City. A vacancy occurring in the church at Cooperstown, he was sent there to supply the place temporarily, and died there. He was a most valuable and pious priest. Graves also took orders in the Catholic Church, connecting himself with one of the Wisconsin dioceses. Robinson was rector of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, at Chicopee, Mass., but within the last few months he died.

Although John Henry Hobart's connection with Nashotah was so brief, yet the fact of his being a graduate of the Chelsea Seminary, with a memory still fresh in its halls, when I arrived there, as a forward Tractarian, the son of an illustrious bishop and himself remarkable for high personal qualifications, seems to demand further notice in these Reminiscences. I saw him and conversed with him only twice. The first time was at Saratoga Springs. It must have been, I think, in the summer of 1844. My object was to obtain such information as I might concerning the community and life at Nashotah. His answers to my inquiries impressed me very much in his favor as a young man of unusual intelligence, honorable feeling, and refined courtesy. He spoke frankly of the Nashotah Institute and of his former companions, Breck and Adams. His statements concerning the institute were always highly favorable, and of his friends there he spoke with much regard and affection. He did not attempt to make the least defence of his act in leaving them.

"You must not expect me, Mr. Walworth, to offer any excuse for my action," he said, "beyond my own weakness and instability of purpose. My companions were too noble and spiritual for me. Their vocation is a higher one than mine, and cheerfully will I recommend this community to any young man who can keep pace with such spirits as Breck and Adams, and make such sacrifices as they make. So far as I am concerned the public will be my judges, and will, no doubt, judge rightly."

There was a truthfulness and dignity in this frank and simple confession of weakness which, to my mind at the time, amounted to sublimity. I thought I saw in it a generosity of nature which made him worthy of his distinguished father and of his noble-minded sister, the convert-wife of Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, who became more distinguished as a Catholic lay-

man than he had been as Protestant bishop. He was near kinsman, moreover, to Mother Seton, foundress of Emmittsburg, the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity in this country; a kinsman, too, of James Roosevelt Bayley, who died Archbishop of Baltimore. Every soul is precious in the eyes of God. Is it an ill-directed sentiment to feel sad that a gifted young man, so connected with converts to the true church, should have died without its pale? His death occurred in 1889. He was assistant minister of Trinity Church, New York City.

Following Hobart's advice, I visited the Rev. Mr. Tucker, now and for many years past rector of Holy Cross Church, in Troy, well known as founded through the charity of Mrs. Warren of that city. Tucker was a graduate of Chelsea, well known there to us both and thoroughly intimate with Breck and Adams. I have no distinct recollection of my interview with Tucker except that it was a very pleasant one, and that he was well posted in what concerned Nashotah, of which institute he was a warm advocate.

The next time that I saw Hobart was also at Saratoga Springs, after I had become a Catholic. He was not at all surprised, nor did he express the least regret. I myself should not have felt the least surprise at that time had I heard of his doing the same thing, although in such a case, having matrimony in view, he would have been obliged, like Dr. Ives, his brother-in law, to live as a layman.

Adams was a better school-master than he was pioneer or monk. Breck's deeper spirituality and greater energy were in the beginning far more valuable in drawing zealous young Tractarians to what promised to be a life of mortification, devotion, and missionary enterprise. Bishop Kemper knew well how to avail himself of such qualities without letting his horse run away with him. As time advanced, however, students gathered and emigrants fell into line. This brought into greater prominence and gave more comparative value to the scholarly qualities and more sedentary habits of Adams. The institute at Nashotah shaped itself more and more to the ordinary wants and ways of an Episcopalian seminary and college, while playing monk became more of a nuisance to all interested parties, who really cared nothing for monk or cowl.

Adams soon took a wife. What special circumstances led to this I cannot tell, but it is a fact of history that Cupid smiled upon him in the form of his own bishop's daughter. His vocation became thus settled. He is still a professor at the Nashotah Seminary, his department being that of Systematic Divinity.

Mr. E. C. Arnold, a convert, now public librarian at Taunton, Mass., and once a bookseller at Milwaukee, was quite familiar with Nashotah in its early years. I have from him the following account of Breck's subsequent career:

"Adams's marriage to Bishop Kemper's daughter was a great grief to Breck, and as he felt unable to cope with the 'married influence,' he eventually turned his back on Nashotah and started a similar institution at Faribault, Minn. While there he paid Bishop Grace several visits, and we sent him books from Milwaukee; but ere long he got entangled matrimonially himself, and that put an end to his earlier dreams."

His last station was in California. He died rector of St. Paul's Church, Benicia, in that State. One monument to the busy life of this remarkable man is found in the "Breck Mission and Farm School," Wilder, Minnesota.

The only other attempt to introduce monasticism into the Episcopalian Church in the United States in which I took part, or of which I have any personal recollections, was a scheme which originated also at the General Seminary in the City of New York. The central figure in this scheme was Edgar P. Wadhams, a graduate of the class of 1843, who received deacon's orders immediately after graduation and was put in charge of the whole of Essex County. I suppose I must name myself as the second figure in the plan, since I was the only one of the cenobites that actually located himself at the proposed scene of operations, which was the village of Wadhams' Mills, in the old homestead of that family. Our actual community consisted of two, Deacon Wadhams and myself. We occupied the second story of the house, Widow Wadhams presiding over the lower story. Our flat (the convent which we dedicated to St. Mary) comprised two large rooms with hall and stairway. The room at the south end was the convent kitchen, with a bed for my accommodation. The room at the north end, a very large one, was at once the larder, general store-room, lumber loft, and carpenter's working shop. Wadhams occupied a small bed-chamber on the first floor, there being no place for him in the cloister above. Our chapel, to which we had no claim except on Sundays, was the village school-house. On Christmas we celebrated Episcopalian Mass in Widow Wadhams' parlor, which was richly decorated for the occasion with evergreens. We had no other common oratory than the community kitchen; the stove, cupboard, dining-table, bed, and washstand harmonizing sufficiently well with our simple devotions. For brevity's sake I may call this our Chapter-House.

Here also Wadhams and I had our spiritual readings when we two were alone. Sometimes, however, to please Widow Wadhams, this exercise was held in her kitchen, for she loved to assist at these readings when she could, especially when we read

Edgar P. Wadhams as Bishop of Ogdensburg.

from the Lives of the Saints. Alban Butler's simple "Lives" delighted her especially. On these occasions two of her grandsons, children of William Wadhams, a Presbyterian deacon, assisted, for they lodged and boarded with their grandmother. The kitchen-girl also could not always be absent, unless she

stayed outdoors. A stranger could not easily have distinguished, even in the premises outside the house, between the cloister and the world. The cow-house was under the jurisdiction of the convent, for Prior Wadhams owned the cow, and I kept her apartments clean for her "with my spade and shovel"; and I kept the cow. Prior Wadhams also owned a pony named *Beni*, who was lodged on the other side of the highway, in the stable of Deacon William Wadhams. All the other out-buildings belonged to Mrs. Wadhams, with all the pigs, hens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and doves that occupied or frequented them.

This location of our monastery was only a temporary one. About a mile distant to the northward lay a beautiful tract of land, where a large creek, after tumbling down from among the Adirondack Mountains, made a wide sweep around an extensive farm of meadow backed by woodland, then headed directly for the little village or corners named Wadhams' Mills, passing close behind our house, to leap over a fine fall and supply water for the village mill. Our future hopes were all centred in the farm just mentioned. It was the hereditary property of our prior. On it we saw in the dim future a noble monastic pile giving shelter and seclusion to a cowled community of contemplatives, missionaries, scholars, and a thousand other visionary things of religious dream-land. This vision melted away in the next spring-time, leaving nothing but a log hut that never received either community or roof. Our monastic pile, if it still remains, is only a pile of logs.

My memory recalls no fruitful experiments among Episcopalians to found monastic communities of men. Religious communities of women have had better success. The reader will remember that when Dr. Kip visited Nashotah he there met the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg on a similar visit. It may be that the latter had already at that time some enthusiastic predilection for monasticism. The first introduction of religious sisterhoods amongst Episcopalians in this country that I remember was when Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, put St. Luke's Hospital under charge of such women. Similar sisterhoods are now not at all unfrequent. A boarding-school for young ladies, named Kemper Hall, now exists at Kenosha, Wisconsin, under charge of ladies of this kind. They are called the Sisters of St. Mary. Other sisters bearing the same title are found at Memphis, Tenn.; Peekskill, N. Y.; Islip, L. I.; Rockaway Beach, and at six different locations in New York City. These seem to belong to one general order, the time of first foundation

reaching back as far as 1865. Besides these, other Episcopalian societies of religious ladies are to be found bearing various titles, such as the following: The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of the Holy Communion, of the Holy Child Jesus, of St. John the Evangelist, of SS. Philip and James, All Saints' Sisters of the Poor, Colored Sisters of St. Mary and All Saints, Sisters of St. Martha, of the Holy Nativity, of the Holy Name, of St. Monica. They are located at New York, Albany, St. Louis, Brooklyn, New Orleans, Baltimore, Louisville, Providence, Tyler in Texas, and Fond du Lac, Wis.

Some of these are branches of conventual institutes of the Church of England; for example, that of St. John Baptist, New York; that of St. Margaret, Boston; that of All Saints' Sisters of the Poor, Baltimore. So far as I know, and as I believe, all these sisters are considered as nuns. They wear some fashion of religious habit and are not easily to be distinguished at sight from Catholic sisters, except that their eyes are not much cloistered, and that their gait and walk have not received any apparent modification since they put off their secular dress. *The Church Almanac and Year Book for 1892* exhibits an existing and recognized order of deaconesses. What they are I cannot tell; whether they are nuns or not, nor when they first became a feature of Episcopalianism. They are specially educated to their work, one training-school being in New York and one in Philadelphia. A still older one, called the Church Home, has existed in Mobile since 1863.

To what extent the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are enjoined amongst these Protestant nuns is more than I can tell. I remember, however, that when Dr. Muhlenberg introduced his Sisters into St. Luke's Hospital it was said that their vocation was cemented by vows, and that the vow of chastity consisted in an obligation to remain single until it should please God to call them to some other state of life. One thing should be set down as undoubted; that no part of all this tendency toward the monastic life is an outcrop of Protestantism, but must be attributed to the Tractarian movement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DURHAM CANDLES.

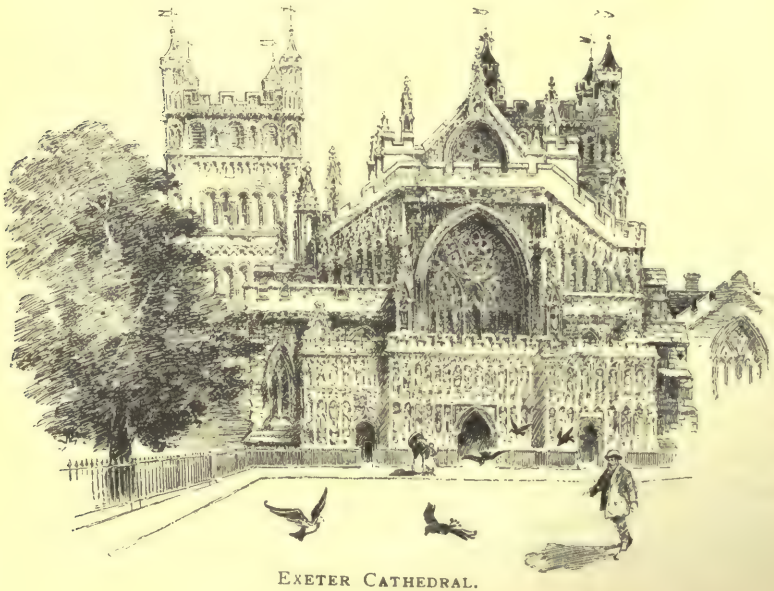
By Louise Imogen Guiney.

WAS when the rebel Tudor the wells of Joy defiled,
When greedily on altar gold the new evangel smiled,
Arose against that ruin the twain in great accord,
The Percy and the Neville, the young men of the Lord.

The Neville and the Percy, amid the reign's uproar,
At fall of even entered at Durham minster door;
Each with a little candle came to the lonely choir,
And set it up for symbol of his own heart afire.

"By agony of martyrs, by confessors' exile,
Twin rays of Faith immortal! live perfect here awhile";
"Live," said they, "till the morning, nor let your vigil cease:
One for England's pardon, and one for England's peace."

O unto whom may view thee in watchfulness and pain,
Sad Durham and dear Durham, those warder lights remain;
But see! they pale, they flicker, they die in the Dawn's increase,
So nigh are now to England her pardon and her peace.



Exeter Cathedral.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ADMISSIONS.

By William Barry, D.D.

II.—The End of Atheism.

I HAVE insisted at some length, in this Review, that the principles whereby what Professor Huxley has termed "Supernature" can be established, are precisely those on which the science of "Nature" proceeds and which it takes for granted. In other words, if Religion is a make-believe and a delusion, so is Science. "Nature" and "Supernature" stand or fall together. It is the same identical mind which affirms both; and in the last analysis we find ourselves face to face with principles *per se nota*, with inevitable and necessary assumptions, or intuitive axioms and postulates, whether we deal with matter or mind, the mechanical or the spiritual. This, it will surely be granted, is a point of the utmost importance. For if, at length, it is not bare experience, how cunningly soever manipulated, but reason affirming its own truths prior to any such experience, on which the certitude of our statements is founded, the whole aspect of Professor Huxley's "Controverted Question" undergoes a change, and that of the most surprising sort. The boast that science appeals to facts as its touchstone, while religion trusts to fancy, can no longer be maintained. Both are seen to be products of the intellect, equally valid or equally delusive; and Agnosticism, which in practice relies upon physical science to make an end of metaphysical, is thrown back on its own resources, these being neither more nor less than the old-world cavils of the sceptic or the Pyrrhonist.

SCIENCE STANDS OR FALLS WITH RELIGION.

Professor Huxley declares, as we have seen, that all science and all reasoning start from an "act of faith." But he really means by "faith" an affirmation of the reason which is self-certified, and which as little needs proof as it is capable of receiving any. The power, working on materials furnished by experience, which converts these into science, is the human mind

enlightened by its proper principles. Can that same power, in the strength of those principles, attain to the conviction of there being an intellect at work behind the facts of science, guiding and shaping them to a purpose, in some way not absolutely unlike the fashion of man's dealing with the world around him? An Objective Reason and a Rational Purpose—do we, or do we not, trace these in the operations of Nature? If we do, then Agnosticism has no standing-ground; it is refuted and overthrown. But if we do not, mark the alternative. Professor Huxley thinks we shall be left in possession of science. I say no; science will and must follow religion over the edge of the pit. For when we have emptied out of Nature the Objective Mind which reveals to us the God of Nature, by sheer force of logic we must go on to empty out the Subjective Mind, though it be our own, to which we are indebted for the "principle of uniformity," the "invariable order," and the "power of prediction," so constantly invoked as giving to science its necessary foundation. All this is implied, even if it has not been expressed, in Professor Du Bois Reymond's famous utterance that the "instinct of personification," out of which religion springs, is as deeply rooted in our nature as the "instinct of generalization," out of which science is developed. The mind which affirms an order of things, in number, weight, and measure, cognizable by the scientific student, affirms personality, distinct from its own and indefinitely more powerful and pervading, by the very fact that its "order of things" is necessarily an "order of ideas"—whoso grants that there are ideas in Nature, grants intellect, will and spirit, by the same stroke. His otherwise blind forces will then have sight in them, or else be directed by Him that sees—they will become manifestations of a mind, *Dei viventis et videntis*, to speak with St. Augustine. And man, instead of simply beholding his own face in the looking-glass—which is all that agnostic science amounts to—will contemplate, as in the Greek parable, the image of the sun in the water, even though the sun itself remain to him invisible. But quench the sun, and neither its reflection in the stream, nor the man's countenance in the mirror, will be any more accessible to sight. The universal darkness which totally eclipses religion cannot leave science illuminated.

COGITO, ERGO SUM.

And as science fares, so does common every-day knowledge, the stuff of experience, which indeed is science at its first stage,

and easily shown to be one with it in principle. For the simplest phenomena, the least and lowest act of feeling, and mere sensation which endures for a moment, all involve a subjective construction not furnished by themselves, and not depending on them for its validity. The great "act of faith" to which Professor Huxley allows so much, marks in us the presence and the power of an ideal element, call it by what name you will. There is no knowledge without it; and in this sense, all we conceive or imagine is an artistic product, that which we name Self or Ego being the artist. Intellect is an active power, governed by its own laws, responsible only to the necessary truths which it recognizes and to experience in so far as it has been certified by them. Deny that "if there is Thought there must be a Thinker," and the book of knowledge becomes so many blank pages and a dream without a reality. The Imprimatur which gave it a value has perished, and yea and nay have exactly the same meaning; that is to say, they have none at all.

My argument, it will be observed, is to this effect. Agnosticism, by the mouth of Professor Huxley, assigns to metaphysical science at the most an interrogative worth, and maintains that it asks unanswerable questions, while to physicial science it gives all the positive value of reality, as stating questions and solving them by experience. On this I remark that experience itself, *teste* Professor Huxley, is a matter of faith; and that the sceptic who shall choose to impugn that faith, by asking for the grounds on which uniformity in Nature is asserted, will be acting just as reasonably, and just as unreasonably, as the Professor when he calls in question Objective Intellect—since in either case, it is the mind's own authority by which the matter must be decided, and in precisely the same way. The sceptic will be told that if he were as sceptical as he pretends to be, he could not even ask a question, for how can he know that the question has a meaning? In like manner, I would ask Professor Huxley why he trusts his own mind when it exercises its instinct of generalization, but sternly declines to trust it when, with just the same inevitableness, it exercises its instinct of personification? If one is valid, why not the other? Because men have blundered in religion? Have they blundered less in science? I trace up both these instincts to the same intellect; and I affirm that either we must give up all prospect of attaining truth, on the ground that we are hopelessly anthropomorphic, or, distinguishing between the right exercise of a faculty and its occasional, but not therefore incurable, mis-

takes, we must accept its self-evident axioms and the conclusions drawn from them by accurate logic, as making known to us the reality of things. And in so affirming, I believe that it is the Theist, and not the Agnostic, who upholds the claims of reason.

To deny "Supernature," or even to make its existence an insoluble enigma, is to be profoundly irrational. What, indeed, is it but to precipitate mind from all things, and leave the world not a system or even a machine, so much as a *caput mortuum?* That alone which hinders the scheme of nature from lapsing into chaos is Mind—and not the mind of the experimentalist or the observer, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, while his registration of phenomena is fitful, intermit ent, and most fragmentary, but a Mind co-extensive, to say the least, with all space and all time, and viewing, as in one comprehensive scene, the beginning, the middle, and the end of those myriads upon myriads of details which, turn in what direction we may, at once sweep into our vision, dazzling the sight and confounding the memory of the wisest. Can we be sure of anything, if this is not certain? And is there a simpler, a more obvious and reasonable supposition, or one that the facts will more abundantly bear out, than that our experience and our knowledge represent intellect answering to intellect through the universe, and not merely the echo of our own voice, holloing into the void inane? I can understand the religious Agnosticism which transcends knowledge without denying it, which falters and even faints at the Alps rising beyond Alps in the realm of science. But how shall we speak in the same breath of knowing phenomena and not knowing whether the intellectual look they wear is due to our own fatal gift of fancy or no? Is not the nescience which doubts of Objective Mind the very same thing as subjective scepticism? Where are we to draw the line? Why at "personification," and not at "generalization"? And if all "ideas" stand in a like predicament, is anything left from this universal shipwreck worth calling knowledge? To me it seems that the notion of "phenomena," or of "Nature," is itself metaphysical; and that, if "substance" is to be relegated to the region of the unknowable, "accidents" must follow it; while the extremely subjective, intellectual, and reflex notion of "experience," is destined to share the fate of all such entities and quiddities as depend for their validity on the forms of the understanding. In a word, the doctrine of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* ought to be no less fatal to experience, assumed to be real, than to the *a priori*

notions, or the "act of faith," on which, by Professor Huxley's acknowledgment, that experience is founded.

UNFAIR AND DISCRIMINATING TESTS.

But in other phrases and sentences which I have marked the Professor undoubtedly does put science and religion on the same level, yet in such a way that science is permitted to hold by its "symbols," and religion is treated as fantastic and superstitious, though doing no more "I suppose," says our author indulgently, "that so long as the human mind exists, it will not escape its deep-seated instinct to personify its intellectual conceptions." By "personifying," let me observe once more, nothing else need be meant, or as a rule is meant, in these essays, than asserting the objective existence of an intellect pervading the universe and conscious of its own activity. That is the head and front of the Anthropomorphism to which Professor Huxley opposes his Agnostic "non-proven." However, he continues, "the science of the present day is as full of this particular form of intellectual shadow-worship as is the nescience of ignorant ages. The difference is that the philosopher who is worthy of the name knows that his personified hypotheses, such as law, and force, and ether, and the like, are merely useful symbols, while the ignorant and the careless take them for adequate expressions of reality." And he goes on to say that even "theological symbols," provided they be not converted into "idols," may serve a good purpose. Now, what is the precise difference between a "symbol" and an "idol"? I cannot be sure that the Professor has answered this question, unless when he deprecates our looking upon "personified hypotheses" in the light of "adequate expressions of reality." And if this be so, I could wish that he had given a little of his time to the study of St. Thomas Aquinas on the chapter of "rational distinctions," and of the relation of our intellect to the objects with which it is acquainted. Does he really suppose Christian Theists so utterly puffed up in their own conceit as that they believe human thought or language can furnish them with "adequate conceptions" of a Reality, confessed by them to be infinite in all perfections? Surely it is one thing to maintain our certain knowledge of a Mind without us, revealed in the universe of matter and spirit; and quite another to pretend that the ideas which we frame of that Eternal, Self-sustaining Consciousness, will do more than dimly shadow forth His unspeakable Existence and all its attributes. The "analogy"

upon which we assert a God is, I say, as clear and inevitable, as much a part of our necessary intellectual pronouncements, as that upon which we affirm an order of Nature. And in Nature itself we find its evidence. But to make our thought, which is but a "symbol" or an image of the Supreme, into a substitute for Him (as if it were not limited by the dependence of intellect on the senses, and by its own finite nature!), who could do so and not feel his conscience rebuke him in the very act?

Why should Professor Huxley raise these ghosts of his own imagining? The point at issue is not whether we have an "adequate conception" of the Eternal Mind—for no one dreams that we have—but whether our conception, such as it is, and confessedly unequal to its object, is, nevertheless, founded on reality as known to us and interpreted by the laws of the mind. Is it an hypothesis which explains phenomena, and without which they remain inexplicable? Is it demanded by reason, under penalty of stultifying all science by taking their objective value from the methods upon which science proceeds? That is the question, and the root of the matter. Again, can we account for the mind of man without postulating, or concluding to, a Mind from which his intellectual light is kindled? And what is there unscientific or irrational in arguing from the known to the unknown, in affirming purpose where we all admit purposive action, or in believing that the meaning which we read out of the Book of Nature, and which we term science, was there before we came to it and is not simply the coinage of our own brains? But this seems to me the only possible beginning of Theism in the natural order; and though it never can result in adequate ideas of the Supreme—ah no, at best they will be "mere imitations of the Inimitable"—it does, at any rate, snatch me from the lampless deep of Nescience, and enable me to believe that I have a Father in Heaven. Is that so small a thing, and shall I scorn it because even grander and more ideal conceptions, "pinnacled far" in some sky that I may never ascend, must yet fall short beyond all reckoning of the Deity they stammeringly express?

WANTS THE COURAGE OF HIS DOUBTS.

It is, at any rate, an impregnable idea. Let the reader take this assured and comforting truth home to himself. Professor Huxley would be an Atheist if he dared; but his science, his acquaintance even with philosophy, have made it impossible. He knows of no weapon in the logical armory, of no fact in the mil-

lionfold inductions of science, which will warrant him to stand up and say, "There is no God." Content though he may be—unlike the multitude of men and women who have suffered—to "warm both hands at the fire of life" and then depart into annihilation or oblivion; willing even to deduce "the laws of conduct" from "the laws of comfort," in spite of Christ and Calvary, still this accomplished man of science leaves ample room and verge enough for those who discern Thought in the nature of things, Reason in the hierarchy of laws, and a purpose in the development of human life and character. Is not that in the highest degree significant? Agnosticism, therefore, means that the whole assault upon our Faith in God, so long and vigorously sustained, so unsparing in its attack, so determined to make an end of what it accounted superstition, and so indefatigable in its pursuit of arguments against the Most High from every phase and mood of existence, has failed, has gone to froth and foam, and is given up by those who would have delighted in urging it on to victory, if victory were ever within its grasp. The wave which seems to be mounting on the shore of Christianity, and which threatens to lay waste so many venerable institutions, is, when we look to the quarter whence it comes, a recoil from the lonely seas of Atheism. It will fertilize where it has destroyed; and if it makes a silence instead of much loud and over-confident speaking on the one hand, is it not likely on the other to stop the mouth of sheer unbelief? To say that never has an argument been discovered, nor is one discoverable, which will disprove the first article of the Creed—and this in the name of inductive, experimental, unimpassioned science—is to throw open the Via Triumphalis by which religion shall one day go up to the Capitol of Humanity. For it is no vain syllogism which argues that if there *may be* a God, then there *is* a God. The possible, in this high region, can be nothing else than the actual, and so mankind will be assured when they have measured the significance of Professor Huxley's good confession, and of the commanding array of intellect, from Kant to Herbert Spencer, whose spokesman in this conjuncture he has made himself. I do not overlook the grounds of nescience common to all these "champions not of Christendom." But while there is a nescience which avails to put down atheism—for "who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor?"—it will avail nothing against the light we possess in our own intellect and in the make of the world. These are primordial facts to which

we can ever appeal; and the Agnostic who confounds his would-be friend, the Atheist, is himself in turn put to flight by the Dogmatist, relying on the necessary and eternal axiom that if we deny Thought we cannot explain Things. It is all we ask or need to build up our Theism. With thought alone we can go to the end of the Milky Way and beyond it, to the galaxies and the nebulas, and wherever space extends. And as it will take us through the depths and heights of matter, so, and much more, will it find itself at home in the kingdom of spirit, in the range of moral evolution where promise and prophecy, as the ages tell us, have been ever tending to coincide, and, so far as the most exact science can perceive, may at length issue in everlasting righteousness. To all this Agnosticism, represented by Professor Huxley, makes no objection from the side of logic; nor has it any facts to rehearse which would bar its fulfilment. It contents itself with a demand for evidence, and says that none is forthcoming.

"Without stepping beyond the analogy of that which is known," writes Professor Huxley, "it is easy to people the cosmos with entities in ascending scale, until we reach something practically indistinguishable from omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience." Of course he means to ridicule the notion that we should do well to go by "the analogy of what is known" to such an extent. Yet, in another place, he assures us that "the student of nature, who starts from the axiom of the universality of the law of causation, cannot refuse to admit an eternal existence; if he admits the conservation of energy, he cannot deny the possibility of an eternal energy; if he admits the existence of immaterial phenomena in the form of consciousness, he must admit the possibility, at any rate, of an eternal series of such phenomena; and if his studies have not been barren of the best fruits of the investigation of nature, he will have enough sense to see that when Spinoza says, "'Per Deum intelligo ens absolute infinitum, hoc est substantiam constantem infinitis attributis,' the God so conceived is one that only a very great fool would deny, even in his heart." Such is Professor Huxley's emphatic, if somewhat truculent Credo; and he subjoins with equal vehemence, that "physical science is as little Atheistic as it is Materialistic."

HETERODOX AGNOSTICISM.

But must we not conclude from so frank an admission that neither is science agnostic, if by that word we mean the refusal

of data, or the discrediting of methods, in virtue of which we may lay down that the "infinite substance," with its "infinite attributes," is nothing else than conscious Thought and Will, existing from eternity to eternity? How shall we express its infinitude better than in these or the like terms? And how shall we not be denying it to human ears if we say that we know not whether it be Thought or the opposite of Thought, and that, anyhow, we are resolved to have done with "the effete mythology of Spiritualism"? Does "spirit," in the language of metaphysicians or divines, signify anything except a "thinking substance," and was not Spinoza's substance Thought raised to the infinite? Once more, if Kant were listening to Professor Huxley when he enunciated the above remarkable sentences, would not the sage of Königsberg be well-warranted in declaring that this was a transcendental utterance of the largest scope, committing the scientific intellect to the Real Infinite, and carrying it beyond all limitary conceptions to the Eternal Self-existent? True it is that where the Professor talks of mere "possibility," the argument requires "actuality," in obedience to that axiom of "the law of causation" from which he starts; for how can a possible cause produce a real effect? But I will not insist on this point, momentous though it be. I am satisfied to contrast the Agnosticism which declines to know anything but phenomena with the rebuke administered in these words to him who would deny in his heart either eternal energy or a substance containing in itself all manner of perfection, and therefore the highest possible degree of Thought and Power. If this be not an acknowledgment of omnipotence and omniscience on the lips of Professor Huxley, it proves at all events that the "analogy" which he has elsewhere scouted is the natural dictate of reason. And perhaps I may venture to remark that a deeper consideration of all it involves will bring to light the true difficulty experienced by those who have seen Thought everywhere, in the Heavens above as in the heart of man, viz., not that of finding tokens and proofs of its all-pervading nature, but that of hindering the Finite from being absorbed and completely assimilated by the Infinite. So manifest are the Energy and the Purpose which Agnosticism would fain turn its back upon as a conjecture never and nowhere to be verified!

Now I must not omit the fact, well known from previous writings of this competent author, that, to his thinking, the doctrine of evolution, suppose even Darwin's, is not incompatible with final causes, with a Divine purpose, and the ordering of its every

stage and detail according to a plan which comprehends them all. Professor Huxley does, indeed, forsaking his Agnosticism on occasion, hold it impossible to reconcile foreknowledge of the "evolutionary process" with a "purely benevolent intention"; but in taking this attitude, he has a real and formidable problem in view, very unlike the suicidal revolt against Objective Thought which is at the bottom of his alleged nescience. Undoubtedly, the ideal of Perfect Benevolence, while it must find a place among Spinoza's "infinite attributes," is but dimly seen reflected in the struggle and the torment of conscious existences. Here, if anywhere, we must go by faith and not by light, comforting ourselves with the indications afforded on so many sides that pain is a means rather than an end, nor forgetting that moral evil implies choice, and that choice is self-determination. If it be true, in the language of Professor Huxley, that "each figure in that vast historical procession" which the Bible unrolls—and I suppose he would extend the saying to the whole of history—"earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its effort to do good and hate evil," and if, again, the stream of tendency does "make for righteousness," although by "roundabout ways," the solution of our hardest enigma is, it seems to me, already given in principle. When to this we add the Agnostic confession, recorded in these same pages, that immortality is not disproved by physical science; or, indeed, by any science; and that it is not upon "*à priori* considerations that objections, either to the supposed efficacy of prayer in modifying the course of events, or to the supposed occurrence of miracles, can be scientifically based," I think we must perceive that the air is beginning to clear, and that Atheism, and not religion, has had its day—if we ought not rather to say, its night and its twilight.

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

Cardinal Newman, as the Professor feels and is not slow to indicate, was one of the most sagacious apologists that ever wrote. And Cardinal Newman has laid down in the *Grammar of Assent* a doctrine which he was never weary of enforcing, viz., that evidence in the concrete depends for its momentum on the antecedent prejudices it may have to overcome, or the anticipations in its favor which, on the other hand, make it plausible and attractive. Professor Huxley has swept aside once for all the presumptions, falsely called proofs, on which Atheism was wont to rely. They are unscientific, unverifiable,

and without warrant from experience. And the human conscience, left to itself, rejects Atheism with loathing. But it neither does nor can reject Thought as the fundamental conception of science, as necessary to experience, and as an explanation of the things that exist and have existed. Nothing more does the Theist demand from those he would persuade. He means by spirit no "mythology," but the real consciousness to which every one may go back in his own breast. He desires to view the universe physical and psychical in the light of Reason, to trace its march and its presence through the countless worlds made accessible to research by astronomy, geology, chemistry; by the science of life, the certitudes of thought, and the dictates and postulates of conscience. If ever there was a rational enterprise, surely this is one. And though it would be a contradiction in terms to say that the Agnostic will be his ally to the end, he may well insist that an ally he is at the beginning, not as helping the Theist to manufacture knowledge out of nescience, or to affirm much because all is darkness, but in this most profound and striking sense, that the old atheistic prejudices are laid low by science even when science is handled by the coolest intellect; and that, supposing Theism were at last a matter of faith and aspiration, the utmost wealth of knowledge, and the severest scrutiny of experience, could not justify us in calling it unreasonable. But we may remind the Agnostic in turn of Sir Isaac Newton's far-reaching dictum, "Deus sine dominis, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud, est quam Fatum et Natura," requiring him at the same time to confess, what is the simple truth, that "Fate and Nature" to which Thought is lacking are either empty names or dead matter. If then he does not go forward to Rational Theism, logic and common sense will drive him back upon the materialism or the absolute and self destroying scepticism from which he thinks to have escaped. The one state in which neither he nor any man will permanently continue is that of "suspension of judgment" concerning the Intellect which made his own, and the Divine Purpose which gives life its meaning and its interest. No "laws of conduct," or perhaps even of "comfort," will long endure, when their foundation is so unstable an equilibrium. Shall we build the future of mankind upon this quaking bog?

DAYBREAK.

By Charleson Shane.

ITHOUT, the rain
Beats wildly 'gainst my window-pane.
The roaring wind
Seeks entrance; but, enraged to find
Himself debarred, his power defied,
With sullen clamor slinks aside.

Furious fast,
Wind-driven clouds rush madly past.
Th' awakened day
Peeps, startled, forth, as well he may,
And on the face of heaven sheds a light
That lends fair, wondrous splendor to the sight.

The clouds grow bright,
The rain has ceased, and lo! the morning light
Through heaven's bars
Gleams like a galaxy of daylight stars.
Stray sunbeams through the breaking gloom appear;
A smile the sky attempts, but—drops a tear.

With hellish guile
The pow'rs of darkness hide the smile.
Aside is cast
Aurora's promise by the northern blast—
Dull, grayish gloom has overspread the sky:
Alone, mayhap, I've seen the sunlight die.

Perish the thought!
For a good omen of my fight I sought
In yonder sun;
And, as the gloom of midnight blackness won,
E'en so, I fear, from heaven's darkened pole
The night will fall and overshade my soul.

The day dawns dark;
Of future brightness not a sign or mark.
Yes! Conqu'ring Hell
With legions bold has fought his battle well.
Tell me: shall I be vanquished in the fight?
Or shall the hand of God sustain the Right?

COUNT DE MUN: LEADER OF THE CATHOLIC REPUBLICAN DEPUTIES.

By Eugene Davis.

DURING the period of my residence in Paris, extending from 1879 to 1885, I used to visit the Chamber of Deputies on occasions when an exciting debate on some burning problem of the hour was anticipated. Being professionally a journalist, I had an *entrée* into the Press gallery. From this compartment I watched the din and tumult prevalent among members, whose political policy was denounced in sarcastic terms by the orator who stood for the time being on the tribune. Betimes pugilistic encounters were indulged in by opposing cliques, and sometimes blood was shed on these occasions. The French, who belong to the Celtic race, are very impulsive. Moreover, there are so many parties in the house that they turn it into a Bedlam, where disorder reigns predominant—at least once a week.

Count de Mun: Leader of the Catholic Republican Deputies.

On one occasion, when the Republican party was divided on the wisdom of Premier Ferry's policy of colonizing Tonkin, Clémenceau, the leader of the Radicals, denounced the invasion of that colony, "which," he exclaimed, "not only cost us the deaths of thousands of our gallant soldiers, owing to the malarial fever of that swampy land, but also the loss of several hundred million francs." Clémenceau's aggressive speech created a wild uproar among the supporters of Ferry.

The members of the opposing parties clutched each other in a vice-like grasp. Confusion and fisticuffs reigned paramount all over the assembly, except on the Bourbon benches. President Floquet, who sat behind a table on a dais or platform, over the tribune, where the members speak to their colleagues, rang a hand-bell incessantly in order to restore order from chaos; but still the bellowings of both parties of the Republican brigade increased with such intensity that Floquet adjourned the sitting.

During another debate on a bill introduced into the chamber by the then premier, Ferry, for the expulsion of the religious orders from France, the Count of Mun, who was at that time deputy for the arrondissement of Pontivy, province of Morbihan, Brittany, mounted the tribune, where he delivered one of his most powerful speeches against the government. Indignation, sarcasm, and satire flowed through his eloquent harangue. He lashed the Republicans' hides with a whip of scorn. The infuriated government deputies howled fiercely, like wolves, at the young orator, who, with an intrepid gaze at the opposition, stood calmly—his arms folded on his breast.

"*A bas les Clericaux!*"—Down with the Clericals! "*A bas les Jésuites!*"—Down with the Jesuits!—such were the cries of these bigoted fanatics that greeted his ears. Yet he continued to remain on the tribune till the voices of his enemies grew hoarse, and then he resumed his speech amid a solemn silence.

He has passed through such ordeals on many another occasion, denouncing godless schools, and condemning the conduct of the government of Paris, the municipal council, in dismissing the sisters from the hospitals, and replacing them by lay nurses, women who were unable to take such care of the health or soothe the dying hours of invalids as the religious did. Cat-calls, angry shouts, and hisses did not dismay the intrepid orator. He seemed to me a modern Godfrey de Bouillon facing the Saracen Republicans of the chamber.

The Count of Mun was born in 1841 in the château de Lumigny, situated in the department of the Seine-and-Marne. This edifice, and its surrounding estates, fell into the possession of Count Claude, the grandfather of the present Marquis de Mun, when he won the hand of the daughter of Helvetius, the well-known historian. Situated in a picturesque portion of the country, the château, crowned by two towers and a belfry, is still a solid and beautiful structure, flanked on every side, save in front, by forests where the wild deer and other animals roam through the green grasses.

Count Claude died in 1843. Mrs. Craven, a daughter of the noble Breton family of La Ferronnays, writes as follows of the count's last hours in her *Récit d'une Sœur:*

"I was reading to him those chapters of *The Imitation* which speak of heaven. He interrupted me before I had finished, and remarked, 'I have often read all that, but it is only now that I seem to understand it.' Then, with the charming simplicity that characterized him, he added: 'You must feel very much astonished that I have no fear of death. I should not myself have expected to feel thus, but I believe my dear

CHÂTEAU DE LUMIGNY EN BRIE, WHERE DE MUN WAS BORN.

friend, La Ferronnays (the father of Mrs. Craven), has obtained me grace from God.' Calm and courageous to the end, in this happy disposition he breathed his last."

His son Adrian, Marquis de Mun, the father of the subject of this memoir, was born in 1817. He married the daughter of Mrs. Craven, Mlle. Eugénie de la Ferronnays, whom he had the misfortune to lose three or four years after the nuptials.

Mrs. Craven gives in her volume the following pen-picture of Robert, the present heir to the marquisate, and Albert:

"I have a glimpse of Albert in his mother's arms. A few years after the death of the marquis's wife, he wedded a

daughter of a noble family, partly in order to insure a Christian education for his sons. The step-mother proved to be both kind and judicious. She succeeded in winning their affections, and developing in their youthful hearts the germs of piety which had been sown there. During his early years Albert was chiefly distinguished by his love of books, and his taste for solid reading. Before the time came for him to fix on a path in life his choice was already made. He came from a race of heroes, and his desire was to serve his country on the field of battle, as his ancestors had done."

In 1860, at the age of nineteen, he entered the military school of St. Cyr, Paris. After a brilliant career through the curriculum of studies he was awarded the epaulettes of a sous-lieutenant, and was ordered to join one of the cavalry regiments of the corps d'armée, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, whose commander-in-chief was General (afterwards Marshal) MacMahon, who was also the governor of Algiers. Here the rays of the hot sun bronzed the features of the young count. In the many skirmishes which the chasseurs had with the Algerine tribes De Mun distinguished himself by his courage and intrepidity.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique were ordered back to France by the minister of war in the fall of 1870. The count had now reached the rank of captain. In the early portion of the Franco-German campaign he fought bravely on the battle-fields of Borny, Rezonville, and Saint-Privat—towns that surrounded the fortifications of Metz. As a reward for his bravery he was awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor. Marshal Bazaine had under his command more than eighty thousand trained men, the very cream, so to speak, of the French army; but towards the close of the siege he never made the least effort to break through the enemy's lines. When he heard that a provisional government was established in Paris, and that Bonaparte was no longer emperor, he exclaimed:

"I will not swear loyalty to men like Rochefort, who are the leaders of a mob. I am still true to my emperor."

By remaining faithful to a dethroned potentate he betrayed his native land by surrendering his army, without striking a blow, to Prince Frederick Charles, the commander of the besieging forces. The Count de Mun was among the first band of officers who would be prepared to defend Metz to the end; but Bazaine's treachery handed officers and soldiers over to the Germans.

A few months after the surrender of Metz, Bazaine was de-

prived of his marshal's baton and sentenced to death by a court-martial held in Versailles. He took care never to return to France. He proceeded, disguised, to Madrid, where he supported himself, or rather eked out a miserable existence, as French professor. Bonaparte and all his other former friends abandoned him to his fate. In 1882 he died in an attic of the Spanish capital.

The count was taken prisoner of war with the rest of his comrades, refusing to give his parole of honor that he would not fight again if he were allowed his liberty. The French army were conveyed in trains to various fortresses in Germany. The regiment of chasseurs, of which the count was captain, were sent to one of the Bavarian fortresses. After the treaty of peace had been signed, all the imprisoned French officers and soldiers were escorted to the French frontier.

He returned to his native land in March, 1871. The Reign of Terror, under the Commune, had just been inaugurated. Its horrors had convinced the count that, in order to prevent any such calamity in the future, he must go among the people to instruct them in the lessons of Christianity, and reconcile them with the church.

In order to carry out this programme, he requested his brother Robert, and his friend, Commandant de la Tour du Pin, to assist him in laying the foundation of the Catholic societies of working-men all over France. Each of the three gentlemen selected a third part of that nation, where he would sow the good seed. In this tour the Count de Mun made his *début* as an orator gifted with a marvellous eloquence. He converted by arguments, which could not be refuted, thousands of former anti-clerical laborers on the fields and artisans in their work-shops.

In 1875 he sheathed his soldier's, and unsheathed his political sword in the championship of the Catholic cause. In the opening years of the Republican administration there existed no persecution of the church. The conservative element was in power. When the general elections took place in 1876 a Republican majority was elected. From that date, under the premierships of Ferry, Gambetta, Floquet, and other Republican leaders, up to three years ago, the Catholic Church was ruthlessly persecuted. Gambetta supplied the watchword to his followers—"*Le cléricalisme—voilà l'ennemie!*"

It was at this crisis in the destinies of his church and country that a deputation of the electors of Pontivy requested

the count to accept the candidature for the membership of the Chamber of Deputies as their representative. The count was always ready to fight against free thought and agnosticism. After a week's struggle, during which he addressed thousands of electors on the persecution of the church by a Republican cabinet, he triumphed over his Republican opponent. Owing to the anti-Catholic prejudices of the majority of the members of the Chamber of Deputies, he was unseated on the absurd accusation that the count's election was due to clerical influence. Re-elected in August, 1876, and afterwards at the election that followed the *coup d'état* of the 16th of May, he lost his seat once more in 1878, for the same "reasons" as on the previous occasion. In 1881, however, he was elected by such an overwhelming majority that the chamber did not dare to invalidate his election. Since then, with the exception of one brief interval, he has been one of its members. We may add that in his addresses to the voters of Pontivy he avowed himself a royalist. "The De Muns of old fought for the Bourbon lilies," he said, "and so shall I!" He was a staunch adherent of the then royal Pretender, the Count of Chambord, self-styled "Henri V.," who stood sponsor by proxy for one of the children of the count.

COUNT DE MUN AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

In his first speech in the chambers he exclaimed: "Thoroughly convinced, as I am, that the Catholic faith is the sole indispensable basis of national laws and institutions, of social and political order; that this faith alone is capable of counteracting the poison of revolution, averting the evils that its principles bring in their train, and of securing the welfare of my country, I am firmly resolved, in whatever position I may be placed, to devote myself unreservedly to the defence of religion. Open war is now declared against the church, and the hour has come for all Catholics to rally around her, to protest

against the projects of her adversaries, to defend her rights and liberties, to secure for their children a Christian education, and thus restore to France the peace and stability she has lost."

The count became subsequently aggressive, in the sense of visiting the citadels of Red Republicanism in Belleville and Montmartre, Paris, penetrating into Communistic dens, and conversing with the working-men. Many of these *ouvriers* he converted to the Catholic faith. He used to attend socialistic meetings, and mount the platform, where he defended the church against its defamers. He faced the maëlstrom of hisses defiantly. Still there were bloused sons of toil in the crowd who returned to the faith of their childhood, thanks to the count's logic and eloquence.

He became in the early eighties a decided propagandist or lay missionary among those who were Catholics originally, but whose faith had been ruined by the editors of most of the Paris newspapers, who preached deadly hostility to the Catholic Church. The comic prints contained odious caricatures of priests and Christian Brothers—the latter being called "*les ignorantins.*" *Farcical Lives of the Saints*, by Leo Taxil (who has since done penance for his sins), had a large circulation among the poorer classes of Paris and made most of them sceptics. The Catholic prelates and priests who denounced the tyranny of the government by their wanton persecution of the church were deprived of their stipends for a year.

Count de Mun's object was to kindle enthusiasm among the population of France for the personality of the statesman–Pope Leo XIII., and for those principles of Christianity that had died out owing to the cynical sneers and calumnies of free-thinking organs. "The women of France," he once exclaimed, "have still that intense faith which won for France the proud title of the Eldest Daughter of the Church! I hope, under God, to inspire the young men with the same holy feeling." With this object in view he formed all over the country associations of the Catholic youth. In his address to these young men he urged on them the necessity of illumining the minds of their friends and comrades who may be agnostics, and of bringing them back to the fold of their ancestors. His eloquence was so persuasive that in a few years he had rallied under the standard of Christ no less than two hundred and fifty thousand young men, many of whom were redeemed from spiritual darkness and became enthusiastic Catholics, thanks to the count's inexorable logic and power of oratory.

The idea of forming this society occurred to him at the Eucharistic Catholic Congress of Friburg, Switzerland, in 1885, where he became acquainted with the details and scope of that organization, which he subsequently adopted for his own society.

In the prime of life the count married the daughter of the Count d'Anlau, a devout lady, who bore him three children. Each of the infants, after baptism, was carried into the chapel attached to his mansion and laid at the feet of the statue of the Madonna, to whose service the baby was consecrated by one of the French prelates. His eldest boy died at the age of five. Later on, after the passing of the infamous Ferry bill by which the Jesuits were expelled from France, he accompanied his two boys to Canterbury, England, where the expatriated Jesuits had started a seminary for the education of the sons of the French nobility. Here they received a complete Catholic and secular education.

Throughout his public career Count de Mun has been a warm advocate for the welfare of the working-men. In 1882 he organized a deputation from the Catholic working-men's society, a body numbering several hundred thousand members, to accompany him on a pilgrimage to the Vatican, where they were very courteously received by the Holy Father, who endorsed the mediæval system of guilds, which formed the Christian socialism of the count. The cardinal principle of that doctrine is that Catholic employers of labor should act fairly and generously towards their employees, and that these latter should be given a few shares each in the factories, or business houses, in which they toil. This system has been adopted generally throughout the provinces, and more particularly in Brittany, where it is a complete success.

At the last general elections in France Count de Mun lost his seat for his old constituency of Lumigny, owing to his royalist principles. Many Catholics voted for the Republican candidate because Leo XIII., through the medium of the late Cardinal Lavigerie, advised the French Catholics to rally to the Republic, in order to secure religious peace under its administration. Times and political ideas were changed since the days when the Republic persecuted the Church. The present government has practically repealed the Ferry bill, and the result is that church and state are in harmony. Cardinal Lavigerie made a tour of France, and urged on the Catholics not to continue a wild-goose chase for the restoration of the monarchy. "The

overwhelming majority of Frenchmen have sworn allegiance to the Republic," he once observed. "You are now pariahs. Take advantage of your civil rights—adhere to the Republic, and many of you will be entitled to public positions in its employ."

Count de Mun received a personal letter from Cardinal Rampolla which intimated to the French Catholic leader that the Pope would advise him to become a Republican conservative. The count, of course, bowed respectfully to the advice of the Pontiff, and accepted it.* A vacancy having occurred in the constituency of Morlaix, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies for that town on a conservative Republican platform. He is now the acknowledged leader of that party in the house. There are only a score or so of Bourbons in the chamber at present. Very few of the former group of eighty in the preceding chamber survived the defeat that Leo XIII.'s adhesion to the French Republic dealt them.

To resume, the life so far and the labors of Count de Mun are indications of his Christian, his Catholic, political, and social character. He started out in public life as a devoted Royalist. Advised a year ago by Leo XIII. to support the Republic, he sacrifices his former monarchical principles and becomes a Republican. He has been the most successful missionary in modern times—thanks to the large number of his countrymen who, through him, returned to the Catholic fold. He has elevated thousands of working-men to a higher social scale by the shares given to them by their employers. He has organized the Catholics of France in societies which will preserve their faith for ever against the wiles of the agnostic pressmen.

*The Supreme Pontiff thanked him for his political conversion, and bestowed on him various medals emblematic of his love and esteem of the count.

A CHRISTMAS IN CLOUDLAND.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA,

ASSISTED BY THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTORS: MARIANNE KENT, "PEPITA CASADA," DOROTHY MONCKTON, AND MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

IN THE HOSPICE OF MONT ST. BERNARD.

S there one of the many millions of good souls who revel in the joys of Christmas by their happy firesides in the populous towns and the comfortable villages—is there a single soul in all the comfortable farm-houses and snug villas scattered over the far-stretching lowland who has ever cast a thought upon the lonely watchers away up in the realm of the clouds? Who can picture to himself the feelings and sensations of those devoted watchers, poised high between heaven and earth, as they keep the vigil of the Nativity in their solitary, ice-bound, storm-beaten eyrie near the summit of the Great St. Bernard?

Few wayfarers care to tempt the dangers of the Pass when the winter is so far advanced as the Christmas season. But even in the Alps the seasons are freakish; and the rare spectacle of traveller-guests around the great hospitable hearth of the Hospice was witnessed one Christmas a few years ago. Furthermore, the still rarer spectacle of a lady visitor amongst the number was the subject of general comment amongst the members of the brave community.

Dr. Redfern and his wife, a young American couple on their wedding-tour, had made the hospice early in the afternoon. They had started from Aosta, on the Italian side, early in the morning, and, being experienced Alpine climbers, had covered the distance between this point and the summit of the St. Bernard before nightfall. A French gentleman, travelling for a great wine firm, on his road to Turin, had come all the way from Chamounix, on the other side.

The trio, together with two of the "guest-fathers" of the community, were enjoying themselves around the cheerful blaze of the log-fire which glowed in the deep recesses of a great chimney.

"Yes, madame, it was in that chair over there Bonaparte

sat on the evening he arrived at the hospice," said Brother Ernest, the elder of the two "guest-fathers," in reply to the lady's eager questioning. "We do not let everybody into the secret, as the article of furniture would soon be in need of repair, I imagine."

"Are there any traditions of the great man's behavior on the occasion, father?" queried the lady, who, besides being pretty and shrewd-looking, seemed to have an extra allowance of the vivacity and inquisitiveness of her race. "We Americans have somehow got the idea that Bonaparte was boorish and overbearing in the extreme."

"Bonaparte was not a Frenchman, madame," answered Father Ernest, "and he had none whatever of the French politeness or polish about him, even to his friends, I have heard it said. His manner here, it is recorded, was suave enough. He was extremely glad to find such shelter as this roof could give him, and to escape the fall into the Drance from which he was saved by his guide."

"If he *had* fallen those few thousand feet that day," philosophized Dr. Redfern, "how different the state of Europe might have been now. There might have been no France, for instance; it may have been blotted from the map of Europe."

The eyes of the French traveller shot Alpine lightning, and there might have been an outburst were it not for the presence of the lady. The angry gleam, however, passed away in an instant, and a sarcastic curl of the lips and the flash of the white teeth under the black moustache only spoke the wounded spirit of the Gallic chanticleer.

"As well say that there would be no Alps, no Mont St. Bernard, no hospice, if there were no travellers to visit them," he laughed scornfully. "Napoleon could not make a France; it was only a France that could make a Napoleon. It is the country, monsieur, that makes the hero—the long tradition of glory, the imperishable consciousness of national genius."

"That is an ideal view of the matter, monsieur," said the American gentleman. "New countries that have had no sublime traditions, no monumental genius to encourage men to work for the degree of hero of the first rank, have developed some very respectable military talent. I speak nothing of my own country, where we have broken the world's record in revolution, in our own modest way, but I will merely instance successful adventurers like Cortez and Pizarro, who fought without any stimulus like that to which you refer."

"Pshaw! They were only respectable filibusters," returned the Frenchman contemptuously. "Men in armor, with gunpowder and artillery, fighting against naked barbarians."

"They founded very respectable empires, though," remarked Dr. Redfern.

"We give no credit to our own countrymen who founded Canada," replied M. De Brissac, as the French traveller was entered on the list-book,—"not even to men like De Frontenac and Montcalm, who held it so long against the British power. But we do give the palm of true heroism to the noble Jesuits who went amongst the savage Indians, with neither sword nor musket, to try to teach them Christianity. They were Frenchmen, for the most part, monsieur, and they represented the spirit that guarantees that France, *la belle* France, shall never die—never be blotted out from the map of Europe as long as a Frenchman lives."

"The Indians could hardly be worse towards those good men," suggested Dr. Redfern, "than Frenchmen themselves were when they pulled down throne and church. Indeed, the perfidy which marked the infamous *Noyades* was what no Indian would ever be guilty of. They would not entice men to their death under false promises, as those concerned in the wholesale drowning of the clergy at that time did."

"I have no excuse for the miscreants who were guilty of these barbarities," answered M. De Brissac. "But a few black sheep do not make the whole flock despicable. There were instances of heroism in the saving of the lives of priests at that time hardly less admirable, in very many cases, than that of the calm courage of the priests themselves."

"You are quite right, monsieur," chimed in Father Ernest. "My good mother often told us the story of the wonderful escape of the Abbé Croix, a friend of hers who lived in the south of France, and the heroic conduct of his mother, to which it was entirely owing."

"Perhaps you would tell us of it, Father Ernest. I am just dying to hear that story now, after that introduction," said Mrs. Redfern.

"I shall have much pleasure, but I must cut it short, madame, as I shall have to leave you at nine," replied the good père, as he looked at the clock with a view to the usual devotions. "It was to this effect."

THE ABBÉ OF ST. CROIX.

In the little village of St. Croix, in the far south of France, the inhabitants went on their tranquil way in happy ignorance of the evil days that were at hand. For, although the seeds of anarchy and rebellion had been sown broadcast over France, for awhile the agitators were too busy with the populations of big cities to trouble themselves with an out-of-the-way rural retreat like St. Croix. It is an ideal hamlet, surrounded by a wealth of vineyards and full of the beauties that nature alone can give. The people were chiefly peasants; and they were a hard-working, thrifty set—by far the largest proportion of them being women, as the conscription allowed few able-bodied men to linger in their native place. But the French peasant woman is a strong, active creature, and never afraid of work. From dawn to sunset she is busy carrying heavy loads, her wooden sabôts clinking over the rough, uneven stones of the village street, or toiling through the white, dusty roads among the vines. At this time the breath of irreligion had not swept over France, and its peasantry, at least, were an example of fervor and piety. Over each village a curé ruled, who was looked upon as the friend and father of his flock. Instead of the venerable pastor one would have expected to see, the Abbé of St. Croix was a very young man. With his strong, lithe figure, his bright dark eyes, and thick black hair, he was unquestionably handsome. He had won distinction at college, for he was a student of no small repute, which accounted for his so early gaining for himself the position of pastor. When he settled at St. Croix he devoted himself, with the ardor and enthusiasm of youth, to the work before him, and very soon he had won a warm place in the affections of his people.

In the little vine-clad presbytery lived the abbé's widowed mother. She was a gentle, sweet-faced old lady. She idolized her son, and was ever ready, with heart and hand, to assist him in his work. There was not a creature, old or young, in the village but had some cause for gratitude to "Madame la Mère," as she was universally called; indeed the mother and son held about equal places in the affections of the people.

As on some calm summer evening, when not a cloud is to be seen, we are conscious of a distant rumble of thunder, telling us that the elements are brewing for a storm, so it was that into this tranquil village-life there came vague rumors of trouble in Paris. Tales of deeds so dark that the very horror of them

made them seem untrue. Gradually, however, the rumors took a more definite form, and conviction was forced upon the most incredulous. The women of St. Croix gathered together, in little groups, talking shrilly of what they had heard, while the old men, sitting outside the village inn, drank their red wine and shook their heads over the evil fate that had come upon the nation.

For some time the young abbé did his best to encourage the people, making them hope that the stories they heard were exaggerated; but it was not long before he too realized the gravity of the situation. He heard how churches had been sacked and desecrated and the ministers of God put to a cruel and ignominious death, and he knew that at any moment a like fate might be his own. As he went about among his people he was conscious that they often looked at him wistfully, as if they too dreaded the thought of what the future might hold, and all the women, old and young, were filled with the tenderest pity for Madame la Mère.

The mother and son seldom spoke of the future, though they were much together in these days, and on the old lady's gentle face the lines of care and sorrow seemed to deepen as the hours went by.

At last the crisis came. A man arrived at St. Croix, from a village only twenty miles distant, bringing news of the terrible scenes he had just witnessed. On the previous day a large band of soldiers had entered his village and, after perpetrating many other outrages, the venerable curé—a man whose kindly presence was well known in St. Croix—had been seized and taken prisoner. The frail old man had been so roughly handled by his brutal captors that he had died while on the road to his destination.

It was not long before this tragic story reached the abbé and his mother. They said very little to those who brought the news, hearing them almost in silence; but when they were once more alone, the young man knelt by his mother's chair—his one thought for the anguish that he knew she was feeling—and besought her, in the most moving terms, not to despair. But he need have had no such fear, for a heart as heroic as that of Marie Antoinette's beat in the bosom of Madame la Mère. With a tender, caressing hand she smoothed back her son's dark hair.

"Louis," she said, "you are so young, and it seems that the good God must still have work for you to do. So let it be no fault of ours if some way of escape is not found for you."

"I have no wish to die," he said quickly. "I have health and strength, and life is very sweet; still, my mother, I must not desert my post—though I may be driven from it."

"You are right," she answered; "we have only to wait."

The waiting was not for long. The very next day it was known to all St. Croix that the soldiers were, even then, on their way to search for the young abbé.

Madame la Mère and her son had the presbytery entirely to themselves when these tidings reached them, for the old lady had allowed her little serving-maid to return to her friends—a permission which she had eagerly accepted, for an almost abject terror had seized upon all the villagers and there was not one among them who possessed the courage to offer a hiding place to their pastor.

After a thoughtful silence the abbé said:

"It seems to me that my wisest course is to allow myself to be taken without resistance, as there is no place for safe concealment here, and if I am discovered in hiding it will make matters worse for you."

But his mother would not hear of this.

"No, Louis," she said, "there is no justice now in France. Your only chance is in eluding your pursuers. There is, as you say, no place in this little house where you could hide; but, my son, I have a plan which, for the time at least, may save you." As she spoke she led him through the kitchen at the back of the house, the door of which stood open, showing a small yard paved with white, uneven stones. At the end of the yard was a wooden shed, and the door of this too hung wide open upon its rusty hinges. The shed was only used in the winter-time for the abbé's rough little pony, which all the summer through ran loose in the fields. The dry ground inside the shed was thickly strewn with straw and hay. The mid-day sun streamed in through the open doorway, rendering each corner visible. Nothing but the four bare walls and the loose straw upon the ground: it looked anything but a promising place for concealment.

The abbé turned to his mother for an explanation, as they stood together on the threshold. She entered, and lifting some of the straw aside, told him that her notion was that he should lie upon the ground, having the straw scattered over him; then with the door still standing open, she believed that the men might pass and repass and never imagine him to be there.

"Can you do this, Louis?" she asked anxiously; "remem-

ber it will tax your endurance to the uttermost to lie there, resolved not to stir hand or foot no matter what you may hear going on about you."

He hesitated for an instant, and his face was pale as death; then he answered quietly that it should be as she desired. But in his own heart the abbé felt that it would have been almost easier to go boldly out to meet his fate than to lie cowering there, liable at any moment to be dragged ignominiously forth, like a rat from its hole. Even as these thoughts passed through his mind, however, there was a distant noise; the trampling of many feet, mingled with shouts and cries, which warned them there was no time to delay, for the soldiers were actually in the village.

Quickly and silently the mother and son put the straw aside, and then the abbé stretched himself at full length. Lying with his broad chest pressed against the ground and his arms extended by his side, he turned his head so that his right cheek rested on the earth and his eyes looked in the direction of the door. The mother bent over him for an instant, her lips touched his dark curls, and then, with deft fingers, she arranged the straw over him so that he was completely covered. This done, she returned to the house and took her accustomed place in the little sitting-room, trying to work industriously. It was not long before there was a noisy rapping on the outer door, and, without giving time for it to be opened, the latch was unceremoniously lifted and a party of men entered, the leader asking in loud, peremptory tones for the citizen known as the Abbé Louis. Madame la Mère replied—and with perfect truth—that her son was not in the house. The men took little notice of her answer as they turned to begin a rigorous search.

There were only six small rooms in all, and in none of these was there a place where even a child could have been concealed with safety. At length the men stood together in the small kitchen, muttering angry imprecations. It was evident that they dreaded the consequence of failure in the task they had been set to do by the tyrants they served, in the name of Freedom. The poor mother sat motionless, while her heart went out in an agonized prayer of supplication as she heard the men's heavy boots clatter across the little yard. Out there in the sunshine they gazed about them, a couple of them peering in at the open doorway of the shed, and then remained just outside, discussing their plans, vowing that they would not

be baffled—that their prey could not be far off, and they would secure him yet. And not a dozen yards from where they stood their would-be captive lay, hearing each word they uttered, going through an agony of mind that no after experience would ever quite obliterate.

At first, as his pursuers neared his hiding place, the abbé's heart had stood still; then, with one sudden bound, it beat so fast and furiously that it seemed to him that the men must hear its throbs. He tried to hold his breath, but that was impossible, and as each panting, laboring sigh escaped his lips, the straw about his head stirred and rustled, so that he expected every instant that savage hands would seize and drag him forth. But the men heard no sound, and at last slowly and reluctantly turned to depart, saying to each other that they must search through the village, in case the abbé had found shelter with any of his people.

Soon after they had gone the mother came cautiously to the door of the shed, saying softly:

"My son, thank God! for a time, at least, the danger is past; but it is not yet safe that you should quit your hiding place, as the men may revisit us."

The abbé agreed to this, and Madame la Mère again returned to the house, where she busied herself quietly and methodically with her household tasks, feeling that at any moment she might be taken by surprise. She was not mistaken, for as the twilight deepened, without any warning of their approach, the soldiers again appeared. A search similar to that of the morning was gone through, and for the second time, with a very grateful feeling in her heart, the old lady saw them depart empty handed. She stood by the window, watching the leader of the party gather his men together into marching order, shouting out the name of the village that was to be their next scene of action, and where, no doubt, they hoped to find at least some trace of the Abbé Louis.

It was not until the whole village was quiet for the night that, stiff and cramped from the long hours he had lain there, the abbé emerged from his hiding place and entered the house. The mother still sat keeping her patient vigil. As her son stood before her in the lamp-light, she interrupted her exclamations of gratitude for his deliverance to cry out in alarm:

"Louis, my son, what has happened to you?

And indeed the young man presented a strange appearance. All the hair on one side of his head—the side that had lain

upon the ground—was bleached to a snowy whiteness, a startling proof of the agony of mind he had passed through.

The mother was deeply affected by the sight, and, for the first time in all that dreadful day, her self-command completely deserted her. The abbé did his best to comfort and reassure her, declaring it was of little moment—what did it signify?—were not wigs and powdered heads in vogue? and if he resorted to one or the other of these, who would know of the strange fate that had befallen him? But although he made light of it for his mother's sake, he was then, and ever afterwards, very sensitive upon the subject. He could not endure the thought that strangers' eyes would follow him curiously. He resorted to powder when effecting his escape and, although he lived for many years, never relinquished the habit, wearing his hair thickly powdered, drawn back, and secured at the ends by a black ribbon, after the manner of a wig—a fashion suited to the times and which gave him a somewhat picturesque appearance.

The concealment in the shed had only saved the abbé from immediate danger, and the mother and son fully realized this fact as they sat, on far into the night, anxiously discussing what was to be done. But no plan seemed feasible, and at length the mother begged her son to rest, saying that some fresh ideas would come to them in the morning; Providence would surely show them some way out of their difficulty.

The next day, before five o'clock, while her son still slept, Madame la Mère was astir. Her heart was very heavy as she stood gazing out upon the fresh beauty of the summer morning, when she saw a peasant, carrying a large basket, approaching the house. It was the wife of a farmer who lived a few miles out of St. Croix. She was a kindly creature, and often came with little gifts—the produce of her dairy—for Madame la Mère, to whom she was ever grateful for having befriended her son, a young soldier who had since died in the wars.

The old lady opened the house-door, and the farmer's wife entered, setting down her basket—which to-day seemed unusually large and heavy—upon the red bricks of the kitchen floor. The butter and eggs, nestling among folds of snowy linen, looked very tempting, but Madame la Mère, who as a rule was loud in their praise, said no word, and she and the peasant gazed at each other with anxious inquiring eyes. They were women of the same country, and of much the same time of life, though they were very different to look upon. The farmer's wife, her

back bent from the constant carrying of heavy loads, her wrinkled skin rough and coarse from exposure, her bony hands hard and sinewy from toil, was a striking contrast to the abbé's mother, frail and delicate as a piece of Dresden china. But there was a bond between these women that made them one, and that was the strong mother-love that filled either heart.

The peasant was the first to speak.

"Ah, madame!" she said under her breath, "Monsieur l'Abbé, is he safe—is he here?"

There was no answer for a moment, then Madame la Mère said gently:

"My good Marie, you are to be trusted, I know. Yes, my son is safe; though God only knows how long his safety will last."

Then she went on to recount the events of the previous day, ending by saying how sorely perplexed they were as to what was the next step to be taken.

The peasant's rough face beamed with happiness.

"Ah, madame!" she cried, "it may be that I can show you a way in which your son can escape in safety."

Then with careful hands she lifted the butter and eggs from her basket and drew forth a soldier's uniform. It was the full-dress uniform of an officer, and was in perfect condition, not an article being missing. The abbé's mother looked on in bewilderment, then suddenly the glad conviction came to her that now indeed escape was possible for Louis.

The good peasant went on to explain how, a few days before, a party of soldiers were in the neighborhood of her home when one of the officers was struck down by sun-stroke. He was carried into the farm and proved to be so ill that, after a time, his comrades were forced to go on their way leaving him behind. She had nursed him, she said, through many hours of fever and delirium, while her thoughts were ever with her dear abbé and his mother, wondering what had been their fate, for she knew only too well that the soldiers were searching the village. Then last night, as the sick man had lain unconscious, the idea came to her that it might be an easy matter for the young abbé to escape in the officer's clothes, and she at once resolved to lose no time in taking the uniform to the presbytery; so she packed it in her basket and set off as soon as it was light. She did not believe, she said in conclusion, that the sick officer had been one of the party who had been bound for

St. Croix. He seemed to be in a company of officers of superior rank who were returning direct to Bris.

Madame la Mère's heart went out in gratitude to the good woman who had proved herself such a friend in need. Then the farmer's wife declared that the abbé ought to lose no time in quitting St. Croix; the mother agreed to the wisdom of this, and went at once to rouse him.

The abbé was delighted with the notion of the officer's disguise. He knew it would require both tact and courage to carry it through; still there was something bold and inspiriting in the thought of meeting his foes face to face which would, in a measure, compensate for the ignominy of the previous day.

The uniform fitted to perfection, and his powdered hair only added to the disguise. The mother looked proudly at his strong, erect figure, while the peasant woman cried out, with tears in her eyes, that he was a true soldier.

The abbé's plans were soon arranged. He would make for the Pyrenees and so into Spain. He felt that his only real safety lay in quitting France. Whether he should ever return to his native land would depend upon after events. In the present turmoil it was hard to say what might happen, but should he be forced to stay in Spain his mother must follow him there; on this point he was very urgent.

Then the mother and son took a tender farewell, and the young abbé set out upon his way. It was still early morning and he walked through the village without coming into contact with any of the people. He could see some of them at work among the fields, but the majority were in their houses, having been too scared by the rough treatment of the soldiers the day before to care to venture out.

The abbé took care to walk with the steady, swinging step of a marching soldier, while his mind was full of plans by which he could render his escape more easy. About a mile outside the village, at a sudden turn of the road, he came upon a body of soldiers. They were no others than the search-party returning to St. Croix for one final attempt at his capture.

For an instant the abbé's heart beat as it had done while he lay under the straw close to these very men. Then he steadied himself and walked boldly forward.

The band of soldiers consisted of some twenty rough-looking men, in charge of a corporal. As they saw the officer approach they saluted him, and the corporal inquired if he had seen anything of the Abbé Louis.

The abbé replied in the negative, and then, in calm but authoritative tones, bade them continue their search. The men, having again saluted him respectfully, went on their way.

This encounter gave the abbé courage to push bravely on, until at length he reached Spain in safety, and there, devoted to his studies, he remained for a time in quiet seclusion while the Reign of Terror held its dread sway in France.

"Ah," sighed M. de Brissac, as the good father brought his impressive reminiscence to an end, "these were miserable times in France. All the noble impulses of her generous people seemed to be turned aside into wrong channels, like some of those torrents you see leaping down from the hills here suddenly diverted by a great shoulder of rock or the encroachments of the sliding glacier. I suppose there were many refugees from that unhappy country claiming the shelter of the hospice during these miserable years."

"I do not know that there were many; there were some. How many there really were will never be known in this world. You have seen the morgue, perhaps, as you drew near this building?"

"Yes, I saw it from the outside, helas! It was getting dark, and I had not time to look further," replied the Frenchman.

"Well, there are a good many bodies there which have never been identified. How many of these may have been those of refugees from France, lay or cleric, must remain a mystery. But there can be no doubt that there were some, for the Simplon Pass is one of the most frequented highways over the mountains. Many refugees passed over in those years; many, too, were found in the snow."

"I believe those bodies last here a long time, Father Ernest?" queried Dr. Redfern.

"Yes; they seem, many of them, as though they would never decompose," replied the monk. "We keep them as long as we can, when there is no means of identification, in the same dress as we found them in, leaving any papers or objects by which they might be identified prominently about them or beside them."

"And does identification often take place?" queried Mr. Redfern.

"There have been some instances, painful and startling in their circumstances," replied the monk. "But the number of cases are few in proportion to those who are lost in the snow."

"I am told that the bodies suffer little from decomposition; is that so, Father Ernest?" queried Mrs. Redfern.

"They preserve the flesh, and a remarkably life-like appearance, in most cases, for a very long period, madame. There is one group in the morgue—a mother holding her babe to her bosom—which looks startlingly real. The freezing of the body seems to act as a powerful antiseptic, and to ward off decay indefinitely."

"That is so," assented Dr. Redfern, "especially when the body has been healthy previous to death. A dead body packed in ice might take centuries to decompose. It is not many years since the body of a megatherium was found embedded in ice in North Siberia, in so perfect a condition that even the hair remained on the skin. The monster must have lain where he fell, when death seized him, for some thousands of years."

"I suppose you have lost all record of even the finding of some of the bodies placed in the morgue, father?" queried M. de Brissac.

"Oh, yes! in many cases. This monastery, you are doubtless aware, has existed for about a thousand years. The Simplon Pass was traversed by many of the hordes who poured into Italy from Gaul—Franks and Goths and Longobardi, Suevi, Alemani, and even Celts from Armorica and Ireland have used this highway into Italy. For aught we know, the bones of some of these marauders may be mingled with those of modern travellers. The dust of haughty chiefs, like Brennus and Alaric, may thus be mixed up with that of peaceful itinerant musicians or travelling peddlers. Our morgue is a great democratic institution."

"The house of death should be the same in character as the potentate himself, who is no favorer of rank," remarked Dr. Redfern. His impartiality was recognized even before the morgue was built:

"'Pallida Mors equo pulsat pede pauperumque tabernos Regisque turres.'"

"Your walls, my reverend host, appear to me the converse of the invisible monarch. They give comfort and protection to all ranks and classes of men without distinction. You welcome the peasant as freely as you have welcomed the king and the emperor."

"Yes, sir; they all have a common claim upon our charity—their desperate need," answered the gentle-faced monk.

"Your resources are pretty ample, yet I suppose they are often strained?" observed Mrs. Redfern.

"There are times when we are called upon to give shelter to several hundred visitors," answered the guest-father. "Even in summer, when the airs are the balmiest and most tranquil in the lowlands, the storms burst here with astounding suddenness. At such seasons the hills are crowded with tourists and peasants coming from fairs, and the rush for shelter then is many-footed. Fortunately we have a large building and our stores of supplies are usually commensurate to the strain. Firewood is the only thing we dread running out. It is the one thing that stands between us and death all through the winter season."

"Your winter season is a long one here, I should say," remarked Dr. Redfern.

"Yes, almost all through the summer, if I may use a paradox," answered Father Ernest. "The little lake that you may have observed glistening at the foot of the precipice outside the gate only melts in July and freezes again in September. The heat is never that of summer at any time—68 degrees is the highest yet recorded."

"Still the cold can never be so intense as in the Arctic regions, I should say," said M. de Brissac. "How, otherwise, would it be possible for your community to live here without being wrapped up in furs, as they do?"

"The monks are all hardy young men when they come here," replied Father Ernest. "They are selected because of their good constitution and robust *physique*, yet they succumb in a comparatively short time to the rigor of the place. Fourteen or fifteen years is the longest period that they can endure it without collapsing altogether. The cold is not, as you say, so intense as in the high northern regions, but it is constantly severe, and sometimes it reaches 29 degrees below Fahrenheit."

"That is trying enough," mused M. de Brissac; "and I believe whilst the cold becomes colder in a high atmosphere, the opposite principle is observed in regard to heat. For instance, it takes longer to cook food."

"Yes; it takes twice as long as in the lowlands, whilst the water used in cooking it boils at a much lower temperature—187 degrees, instead of the normal 212. This makes it terribly hard to keep up our supplies of firewood."

"Where do you get them, sir?" queried the doctor. "There is no timber visible for miles before you get here, and not even shrubbery or vegetation of any kind, so far as I could note."

"We have to go as far as the Val de Ferret for our firewood," replied the monk, "and that is twelve miles from this place. The labor of cutting it and drawing it up here is immense, but we would be glad if it could at all times be possible. But sometimes we are buried in snow here completely from thirty to forty feet. To dig our way out and fight our way down to the pine forest in the Val de Ferret is no small labor."

"I should say it would be one not unworthy of that mythical personage, Hercules," said M. de Brissac warmly. "When the winter snow has accumulated for a couple of months, I have been told, the danger from avalanches down the road to the valley is as deadly as on the battle-field."

"There is no exaggeration in the report, sir," answered the good monk. "Around here the avalanches hurl themselves down upon our houses at times in such mass and with such a shock that the walls of our buildings, stout as they are, are put to a severe strain. The noise of their on-rush is like that of artillery, and their descent is fearfully swift. Ah, here comes Gervase," he added, glancing with a relieved expression at a lay brother who had just entered, with a brace of noble hounds of the famous convent breed. "He could tell you some thrilling stories of the avalanches. Any news to-night, good Gervase? Is all quiet along the road?"

"Ay, father; as quiet as in the morgue yonder," replied the man addressed, as he unwound his heavy wrappings, which were frozen into suits of mail apparently. "Though the night is fine, no traveller cares to stir out. I went down as far as St. Remy, where the villagers are joyfully celebrating the *festa*. No one will come up from that side, I imagine, until the morning, when we shall have some at Mass; perhaps Bruno has gone down the Aosta side; he ought to be back shortly."

He drew a chair near the fire as he spoke, and the two dogs stretched themselves at full length before the glowing hearth, and regarded the assembled guests with a look of quiet welcome in their great brown, thoughtful-looking eyes. These animals looked the personification of calm courage and noble benevolence.

"Go and get a cup of warm coffee, Gervase," said Father Ernest, "and then, when you have seen to the wants of our visitors here, tell them of the adventure of the English agnostic and little Gretel; they want to hear something about the dangers of the avalanches. I must leave you to entertain them for a little while, for there goes the complin bell."

The young man addressed as Gervase, an athletic-looking, rosy-faced, fair-haired Teuton, whose countenance was the image of good-nature, smiled pleasantly.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "I think I could tell that story of little Gretel till I drop asleep. She is a very dear little fraulein, and a very good friend of mine. She comes from my own country, the Bavarian Alps. Now," he said, when he had helped himself and his listeners as desired, "you shall hear how my little fraulein saved an Englishman's life, and at the same time converted him from sneering infidelity. This is the story:"

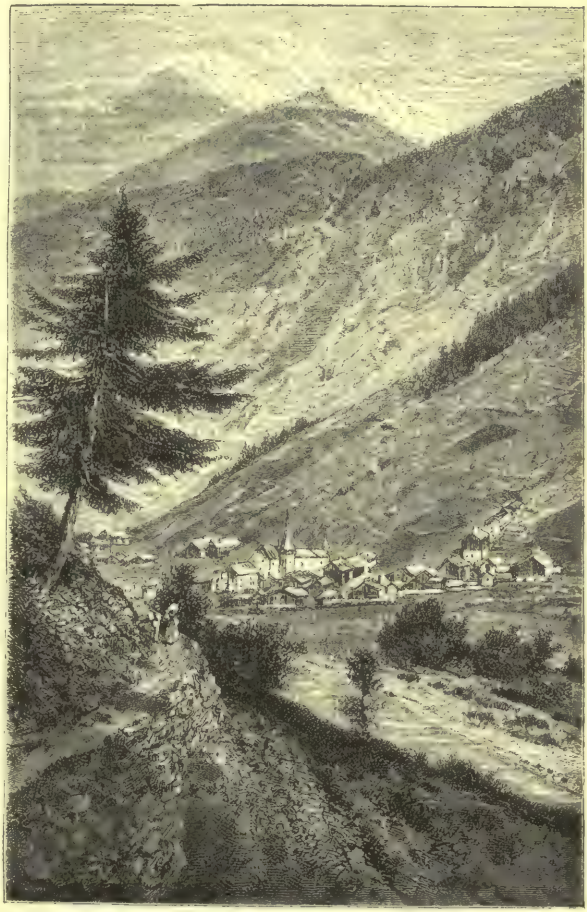
THE LITTLE SENNERIN OF ISELSTEIN.

The red October sun had just crept up in the east over the jagged peaks of the Bavarian Alps, clothing their snowy summits with a rosy mantle. Over the narrow valley a faint flaky vapor yet lingered, hiding the picturesque Alpine châlets, until the triumphal sun himself, throwing off his mantle of cloud, shot a few of his golden arrows athwart the shadowy veil, at the narrow, latticed windows, and proclaimed his reign.

In their path to the village the sunbeams lighted the narrow, slot-like windows of a little church which stood on the upper slope of the Iselstein—a spur of the Bavarian Alps—and bidding defiance with its massive walls and heavy doors to the terrors of the mountain. Avalanches thundered by from the summit of the Iselstein, crevasses yawned in the ice around, winter's bitter blasts raged against its sides, and the treacherous snow circled slowly, slyly down, burying it in a white sepulchre; but the little church, like its great prototype, stood firm on its rocky pedestal.

Somewhat more than a hundred years ago a prosperous hamlet nestled on the mountain side and had grown there in perfect security for slow centuries, when one calm spring night a landslide occurred carrying with it the village and the larger part of its inhabitants. The survivors and their friends from the neighborhood erected the church as a general tombstone or memento of those dear to them who had perished in the catastrophe. Its site was as nearly identical with that of the destroyed village as the havoc wrought by the landslide would allow them to judge. This morning the villagers were busy gathering in their harvests or collecting their flocks on the heights to bring them down to the lower pastures ere the snows of winter began to fall. Many of them had their vineyards on the mountain-

side, and the walk was long and the day short if one did not rise before the sun. Nevertheless both harvesters and *Sennerinnen*, the Alpine herdswomen, who were upon the pasture with their cattle, found time to go to the church whenever the good pastor climbed up there, which he still did twice weekly, to say Mass. The pastor was no mountaineer, but the ascent to that rocky Calvary was a labor of love to him.



Sunbeams lighted the narrow, slot-like Windows of the little Church.

Among the throng of worshippers on this autumnal morning was a girl of thirteen or fourteen years whose soft, childish face and innocent blue eyes were singularly out of keeping with the prematurely worried and troubled expression of her countenance. Around her mouth was that sorrowful droop which only comes from battling with trouble. She wore the costume of a Sennerin—a neat blue skirt and bodice, white chemisette and high, conical hat, quite unadorned by the glittering pins and coins with which even the humblest Alpine maiden loves to deck herself. Such as she was, however, poor, simple, and plainly clad, Gretel Bechart was perhaps the most respected Sennerin of the Iselstein. Just now poor Gretel was in dire trouble. Her mother, the only parent left her, was very ill with rheumatism, and had

not been able to leave the village or work at her lace-making all the summer. The young girl was obliged, therefore, to leave her to the kindly neighbors' care and go alone up to the upper pastures with her little herd of four cows. She slept in one of the miserable *sennhütte*—sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two companions, and went down to Altenstiel two or three times weekly to visit her mother and bring the supplies of milk and butter.

Things had gone very badly this year; two of the cows had sickened and died, the third was now bitten with the plague. Poor Gretel's heart was nearly broken with anxiety and worry as she stole away from the sick animal to pray God to spare her this last hope for the winter's sustenance.

Noiselessly the holy Sacrifice was proceeding; the humble folk with bent heads prayed in their quiet, earnest fashion; wearying cares and troubled thoughts dropped away from their minds, and even Gretel's wearied little heart grew comforted in that atmosphere of peace and rest. Not a sound, save the murmured words of the priest or the tinkle of the altar-bell, broke the stillness until with a vigorous thrust the door of the church was pushed suddenly open and a young man in hunter's costume, with his gun on his shoulder, tramped in. Although clad in the ordinary green dress of the mountaineer, there was an evident difference between him and the young peasants in the building; his delicate white hands and fair, untanned face bore no traces of the burning sun or biting frosts of the Alps.

At first he did not even think it necessary to remove his hat, probably not being quite sure as to where he was; but the moment he perceived that service was in progress he drew it from his head, disclosing a frank, clear-skinned face, wavy chestnut hair, and honest hazel eyes. After a somewhat puzzled stare around, as if he still hardly realized his whereabouts, he sank slowly on one knee, with a half shrug, and remained in that position gazing with unconcealed interest at the picturesque, intent worshippers and the crude statues and decorations.

Shortly before Mass was ended Gretel, who feared staying too long from the stricken cow, stole softly out, unperceived by any one save the stranger at the door. He arose instantly and followed her.

"Little girl, little girl!" he called after her as she darted towards the upward path with wonderful swiftness, "can you tell me where I shall find the road to Andreas Kloft's cottage?"

Andreas Kloft was one of the best-known guides and hunters of the Bavarian Alps.

"Of course I can, sir," she answered readily, speaking slowly and distinctly, as she divined at once from his accent that he was a foreigner. "I am going that way. Follow me."

He came up to her.

"You are very good," he said, raising his hat with a courtesy new and rather bewildering to the little Sennerin. She nodded, however, with quaint dignity and sped up the steep path before him with the agility of a young goat.

"Halt!" cried the young man at last, laughing good-humoredly if in gasps—"my feet are new to your mountains, and I cannot climb them like a chamois. Take pity on me and moderate your steps."

Gretel turned round with her sad little smile. "I will go slower," she said, in that grave, old-fashioned manner of hers, and immediately came down beside him. He looked at the anxious face kindly.

"You are in trouble?" he asked; his soft, cultivated voice, with its foreign accent, making the words sound almost tender.

Gretel's eyes filled with tears at the unexpected sympathy, but she brushed them away.

"Yes! I have great trouble. My mother is sick, and my cow is dying; but—but God is good and will not forget us in our sorrow."

She glanced upwards at the pure morning sky, as if she could see into that mysterious realm "where He abides." Her trusting confidence was beautiful in its simplicity.

A smile, half-pitying, half-contemptuous, curled the Englishman's lips.

"He will not forget you!" he repeated with unconcealed sarcasm. "Well, I hope not. It would be too bad to lose the mother and the cow."

Gretel's quick blue eyes flashed at his mocking words. She was not angry but, oh! so pained, so surprised.

"You do not believe God will help me?" she questioned, her astonishment audible even in her young voice.

He shrugged his shoulders. Why cavil at her simple faith or give open expression to his thoughts of her belief? It probably sufficed for the consolation of her unreasoning soul in its petty, self-engrossed channel—why disturb her by his sceptical opinion?

Acting upon this thought he answered aloud, carelessly but not irreverently:

"I know but little of his ways, and I'm sure I hope he may befriend you in your distress. You deserve that all would go well with you—a good, hard-working little Sennerin, as I've no doubt you are."

"Oh! I'm not good," she cried hastily, her fair face suffused with color; "I am often cross and disagreeable, and I even grow tired of praying. My mother never does—she is surely a saint—but I, though I know God will help me at last, I sometimes get weary of asking, although he is never weary of listening to our prayers."

Her pathetic self-reproach and childlike confidence touched the young Englishman. His face lost its sarcastic look and grew more thoughtful.

"I almost wish I had your faith, little one," he said gently, after a pause.

"Do you not believe in God?"

He shook his head slowly—half doubtfully, half sadly.

"And you never pray to him?"

It seemed as if the child could not realize how he lived without belief or prayer, those two necessaries of her life.

"I have not prayed since I was a little boy. My mother died before I was ten years old, and since then I have never been inside a church."

Her eager questioning had not displeased him, and now he found himself telling this little Sennerin something he would not confide to most of his world, and she was gazing at him with pitying earnestness; not the mildly reproving yet wholly condoning looks of the Pharisees for this spoiled, atheistical darling of society, but the sincere sorrow of a simple heart for one who had fallen away from the straight and narrow path, which alone leads to God.

"I am sorry for you," she said at length, in her grave little way.

The young man stared at her in astonishment. She, this sad, careworn mountain child, was sorry for him! Pity was the last thing Hugh Trafford was in the habit of receiving, and pity from such a source! To what was he coming.

"So you are sorry for me," he repeated, as soon as he had sufficiently controlled his feelings to speak. "Why? Because I have lost faith in God? Well, so far, that has not made me an object of pity. I have had most of the things I wanted or wished for without calling on his aid—"

"Oh, do not speak so, sir! It is he who gives all, both

the good and the bad. When your day of reckoning comes you will feel sorry you did not ask his help or counsel. Even before that day a time may come when you will wish you had a God to turn to for assistance."

Gretel spoke warmly, and her childish warning struck him more forcibly than a lecture on theology would have done. What truth might there not be in this innocent prophecy?

"Well, you must pray for me, little one—but only when you are not weary, remember—so that if that day comes, and I shall invoke God's help, he may not reject me."

He spoke lightly, but there was a vein of earnestness in his speech which Gretel was quick to note. His flippancy hurt her, for she was powerless to rebut it; yet, with childhood's unerring instinct, she felt that the flippancy was only skin-deep, and that a noble soul lay beneath the careless exterior, only awaiting God's touch to awaken into a new life.

They had quickened their steps the last few minutes, and a turn in the path brought them in sight of an old-fashioned châlet which stood outlined in fantastic beauty against the blue, cloudless sky. Gretel pointed to it.

"There is Kloft's cottage. Andreas and the gentlemen are at the door already. Hasten or they will have started."

With a hasty thanks, and slipping a gulden in her hand, Hugh Trafford ran down the path to join his friends on their chamois hunt, while Gretel toiled upwards to the pasture where she had left the dying cow—her gulden tightly clasped in one hand and the first prayer for the "Herr Engländer" on her lips.

Two days later a heavy snow-storm swept over the Alps. The Sennerinnen drove their cattle hurriedly into shelter; paths, precipices, and crevasses were nearly obliterated from even the experienced eyes of the Alpine herdswomen. In one of the sennhütte, crouched close to the small, smoky fire, sat Gretel, her hands folded listlessly in her lap; her eyes, with their wistful intense look, fixed on the fire. Two or three young Sennerinnen sat by the window, knitting and chatting.

"This will finish the upper pastures," remarked one of them after a glance at the eddying snow. "As soon as the ground clears from this I take my cows home!"

"And I, too, Annchen!" cried the other; "this will be no place for us now the winter has begun."

"No, Lizerl," said the first speaker, "winter has not come yet, even if we have a snow-flurry or two; but one can't

be too careful of one's cattle. How goes it with the sick cow, Gretel?" She turned to the little girl with a kindly glance.

"Better," answered the little one briefly.

"Did you bring her to shelter from the storm?" asked Lizerl garrulously.

"Should I be sitting here if I had not?" demanded Gretel quickly, and nothing more was needed. No Sennerin seeks for shelter until her herd is safe.

"Throwing off his Mantle of Cloud."

"Ah, dear heavens, but this is a storm!" cried another girl, running into the cabin, her clothes wet through, her hands and face blue from exposure. "I'm so thankful to see a fire again!"

"What brought you here, Mina? You always take refuge in the Iselstein huts."

"Ei! children, the Iselstein is threatened by an avalanche. I had my cows safe in one of the pens there, when Kloft's boy ran up and told me they had heard rumblings on the mountain top and feared an avalanche. His father went up there with some Englishmen two days ago, and they fear if he does not return soon that he will be surely killed. Well, when I heard that I just ran for my herd and hurried them over here. Why, Gretel, where are you going?"

The little girl, her shawl drawn tightly around her head and shoulders, was running towards the door.

"My cows—I left them in one of the Iselstein pens. I was going home to-night and came over this way when the storm drove me in here; but I must go back now. Don't hold me, Annchen; I cannot leave them to be swept away."

She sprang forth, heedless of the entreaties of the other women, and in another minute was breasting the furious storm, which whirled and raged on the bare mountain sides threatening to crush the frail child against the pine trunks or bury her under the drifting snow. But the small, sure feet never wavered, the little slender body swayed with the wind yet never touched the trees, and the keen blue eyes, undazzled by the snow, peered cautiously at each landmark along the well-known path. Her pale lips moved in incessant prayer, and despite the fury of the storm and the dangers of the way the look of perfect trust and confidence in God never left her face. God would not forget her, as she always said in her childish way, and with his constant guidance she felt no fear.

Already she had traversed the boundaries of the Iselstein and was rapidly hastening upward by the little church to the pen where she had housed the cows. She had put them there in the early morning, before starting homewards by a short cut over the Altenberg, and now she had come back to save them or die in the attempt.

A moment she paused at the door of the church—only a moment to ejaculate "Maria, hilf mir!"—when through the howlings of the gale and the ominous rumblings which echoed from the mountain peak came a voice—a voice, faint but distinct, crying aloud for help.

Gretel stood still and listened, her ears strained to their utmost.

Again the call rang out from the upper region of steep precipices and narrow, scanty pastures; fainter this time and half-drowned by the storm, but still a human cry. "Help, help!"

For a second Gretel stood irresolute; should she answer the appeal? Death to herself and her cherished cattle was coming nearer every minute. All the cows were down from the Alps, the hunters had fled before the fall of the avalanche; at best it was some stranger, some unknown tourist who called on her from the heights of the doomed mountain. Must she risk her life and the safety of her herd to bring him the help he sought for?

It did not take Gretel quite the second to weigh all these considerations in the balance and find them wanting. Before the third call came she was on her way to the unknown.

"Where are you?" she cried in her clear, loud voice, and the far-away muffled tones sounded clearer than before as they answered joyfully: "Here—on a ledge—above a great crevasse." Where had she heard that voice before, with its bad accent but grammatical speech? Ah! the young Englishman, who had gone with Andreas Kloft the day the cow sickened; she had prayed for him since, and was she now to bring him deliverance? God grant it! He was not so far off—the crevasse, she knew the one he must mean, was not more than a couple of hundred yards above the church, and it did not take her long to reach the ledge upon which he was standing. She crept cautiously but fearlessly along it until she suddenly found herself beside the young tourist. He was leaning against the precipice, his eyes strained in the direction from whence her voice had sounded up to him.

When he perceived her close beside him he gave a start and an exclamation of joy which broke off into a suppressed groan, and she noticed that despite the cold the sweat-drops stood on his forehead.

"Little one—is it really you? And so soon—you must climb like—"

She interrupted him at once.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have broken my arm, I believe," he answered as carelessly as he could, glancing at his limp coat-sleeve. "I slipped over the precipice and landed on this ledge, smashing my arm and maybe a rib or two. I was quite unconscious for some time from the shock, and when I revived I found myself utterly alone. Kloft and my companions, I imagine, gave me up for lost when I fell over the crevasse; anyway they must have gone on, for I have had no response to my calls until you answered. I kept moving along the ledge, but grew so exhausted at last that I had to stand still."

"Can you not walk?" she asked quickly; those awful thunders on the summit of the mountain were growing louder; she knew the avalanche was not far off. It was death sure and fearful to remain on that ledge another quarter of an hour; yet if he could not come to the shelter of the church she would not leave him to perish alone.

"Where to?" he asked vaguely. His eyes were clouded

and languid, his breath came in gasps, his few words to her seemed to have robbed him of his last strength.

"To the church, it is not far, and—" her voice faltered a little—"the avalanche is coming and it will sweep us from here."

He, too, paused. That deadly languor which was creeping over him made even death preferable to exertion. The pain was less intense now and the longing for rest irresistible. He almost wished he had not called for help, and then his eyes met hers, those true, patient eyes, so noble, so unselfish. She stood by him calmly, fearlessly ready to lead him to safety or face death by his side rather than leave a fellow-creature to die alone. He realized then the superior force and truth of character in this simple, God-loving child, and, with a mighty effort gathering himself together, he signed to her to go on. Placing his left hand on her shoulder, he followed her as quickly as his nervous strength would let him, she supporting him with all the ease of a child of labor, until they reached the old, snow-wreathed church. Already huge balls of snow and splinters of rock had torn by them, the first daring heralds of the advancing war. As the doors of the deserted chapel closed behind them the tumult on the mountain ceased; the heavy clouds were sailing slowly away, and the snow-flakes no longer fell; even the rumblings were stilled, and for a moment there was peace—that awful, ghastly peace when Nature waits with bated breath for the coming of disaster.

Then a strange darkness, or rather an intense gloom, spread over the heavens as, with the roar of a hundred cannon and the shrieks of infuriated demons, the avalanche started on its downward path of ruin and destruction.

Something stronger than physical pain or weariness kept Hugh Trafford near one of the narrow windows, gazing silently at the mad, whirling torrent, and as he looked it seemed to him as if all his puny beliefs and theories were being swept from his soul by the mighty flood surging before him. What was man's logic, after all, against the might and majesty of Him who rules the elements? Where was the work of earth strong or haughty enough to defy the hand which held weapons such as this in its grasp? Above all, who, looking at this wonderful, heaving mass of accumulated snow and ice, would dare to doubt —as Trafford had until this hour—the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom all nature bows in awe and answers to his will?

Gretel had crept to the altar-rail, trying with her hands over her ears to shut out the sounds of the tumult; but Trafford never moved from the window.

Still the avalanche raced on, so near the church that the branches of some of the writhing pines brushed the windows as they were borne onward in the rushing columns of snow, and the loosened fragments of rock threw themselves in mad fury against the stout stone walls, only to rebound into the fearful, tossing mass and be drawn downwards in the arms of that irresistible snow-maiden. In less time than it takes to write it, all was over; faint thunders still resounded upwards, while the torrent seethed around the base of the mountain, heaping and tumbling over itself ere it subsided into the narrow valley—its rage spent, its might exhausted—a gigantic, unsightly snow-heap from whence protruded huge broken stones and battered pine trunks.

Ere the last echoes of the dying storm ceased Gretel felt some one kneel beside her, and raising her head, perceived the form of her companion. His face was hidden by his left hand and his body leaned heavily against the altar-rail, but in spite of pain and languor he had come to make his peace with God.

Half an hour slipped by, but he did not move; Gretel stole softly to the door and looked around her. On the right of the church, as far as the eye could reach, the mountain side lay bare and desolate—the path of the avalanche had been truly one of annihilation; on the left, the side nearer the village, the damage had been slight. A few stray boulders or uprooted trees lay here and there on the path, but they were no obstacles to a descent to Altenstiel. In the west the sky had grown clearer, a faint line of amber light gleamed from behind the far-away Alpine peaks. Gretel glanced up to the snowy heights above her, where the walls of the pen wherein she had stabled her cattle gleamed yellow in the dull sunset glow. They were safe, thank God!—the storm had swept by, leaving them unharmed. Oh! how thankful she was to him for his care to-day.

A voice called from the interior of the church, and in another minute Trafford came out to her; very worn and weak he looked, but there was a light in his eyes which completely dominated the expression of suffering and weariness on his face. He took her hand gently in his left palm.

"I want to thank you now, Gretel," he said in quiet, subdued tones, "for what you have done for me. In the terror of our race before the avalanche I could not speak, but now—now

I will try to tell you, as far as words go, how deeply, heartily grateful I am to you. Not only did you risk your life to save mine, but—I saw it in your eyes—if I had given way to my pain and languor on the ledge you would have stayed and died too rather than leave me to meet death alone. O Gretel! if only my words were not cold and formal; but my tongue is so unfamiliar with your language that—"

"O sir!" interrupted the little Sennerin hastily, "you must not speak of it. I did nothing—nothing. It was God who sent me in time to hear your voice."

"Ay, Gretel, that is it! God sent you to save me; that same God I have neglected and forgotten since my boyhood did not forget me in my peril. Do you remember telling me I might one day long for some one to turn to for a helping hand and then regret my unfaith? How soon that day came! Yet as I stood maimed and helpless on that precipice, in the line of the coming disaster, I thought of your words, I yearned for some of your faith and confidence. Even as I stood waiting for my end, hopeless, despairing, a flash of memory brought to my mind the teachings of my youth. I remembered that God was merciful and forgiving, and that no repentant sinner need fear to cast himself before the throne of charity. And then I prayed—for the first time in how many years!"

"And yet God answered you?"

The bright eyes were fixed on him with such joyful certainty—had she not been herself God's messenger?

"Yes! He answered me through you," replied Trafford gravely. "It was the turning point in my existence; I had just entreated for another chance, a few years more of life, and I would turn to the right and go forward in the way my mother had taught me. It was not that I feared death, but I dreaded to meet my God. In a moment of awful agony and suspense life seems but a small thing; it is death, or rather what lies beyond death, which makes one cower and tremble. Well, just as I was yielding to despair, you came—a veritable answer to my prayer—and, in leading me back to life, you gave me anew the jewel of faith I lost so long ago. God grant I nevermore may forfeit it!"

"Amen!" said Gretel, with shining eyes. "I will always pray for you, Herr Engländer."

. . . . . .

Three weeks later Trafford left for England. His arm, thanks to the unremitting care of the Alpine doctor—who had earned

more in those three weeks than he would in three years among the mountaineers—was nearly well, but still in a sling. His accident and rescue by Gretel were the talk of the village for many a day, and the fact of his making extravagant purchases of lace and attending Mass the last Sunday before his departure singled him out as a prince among British tourists.

Before leaving he called to bid Gretel good-by and, notwithstanding his having bought more lace from her mother than that good woman dreamed of selling in ten years, he left behind on the little deal table a check for one hundred florins, with a short note for Gretel. "As a token of gratitude for your bravery," it ran, "in saving me on the Iselstein, and as a remembrance of your promise to pray for my perseverance in the new life which awoke in my soul."

"It might be assumed as a matter of course," remarked Dr. Redfern, "that a sojourn amidst those mountain regions disposes the mind toward devotion. The effect of such sublime scenery must be irresistible, even upon the most atheistically inclined."

"The assumption would be fallacious, like many others," rejoined M. de Brissac. "Distinguished infidels have written their names in the books of this hospice as well as distinguished believers. You will find there, as well as the name of Dante, the great Christian poet, the signature of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Many eminent geologists come to live in the Alps to study their favorite science; and these *savans* are mostly of the pronounced agnostic school."

"True," remarked the lay brother, "and there is a very good instance just to hand. There is one Professor Tyndall, a distinguished *savant*, I hear. He lives for a considerable time in the Alps every year, and he, I am told, is a devout agnostic. It is a strange result of scientific knowledge that it makes a man unable to see what the most ignorant peasant of the hills can see —the hand of the Almighty in the magnificent mountains and lovely valleys of the Alps."

"The peasantry all around are very devout, I believe," remarked Mrs. Redfern. "I have been told that these hills are full of legends of marvellous interpositions of Providence, in cases where death and destruction appeared to be inevitable."

"That is so, madame," answered M. de Brissac. "I have spent a good many years, off and on, amongst them, and I know they are as firmly convinced of such interposition at times

as they are of their own existence. Here is one of the stories of this kind, which is most generally believed in all about the village of St. Remy:"

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE OF THE SIMPLON.

A red light is burning dimly in the window of a poor hut almost buried beneath the snow. The bitter cold and intense darkness, unrelieved by even the pale rays of a winter moon, inspire only fear and dread in the heart of the lonely watcher within the wretched abode. In such depths of sadness and despair is that weary watcher, it would seem as though angel tidings would indeed be necessary to warm a heart so chilled with even a faint gleam of hope—and love, I was about to add, but love is there—maternal love, which eighteen hundred years ago that night found its completion and fullest benediction in the heart of the lowly Mother of Bethlehem.

Within the gloomiest recess of the hut, on a bed of straw, lies a boy about seven years of age. The sunken cheeks and emaciated form speak eloquently a pathetic tale of poverty and sickness, but the patient expression in the little face tells a story too—the story of suffering patiently endured. He has been a cripple since earliest infancy, and the daily inability to give him the necessary care, the constant vision of her child's suffering, seem to Margaret a burden almost too great to bear. The boy has been sleeping heavily, but wakens now and murmurs something about "father."

"What is it, my little Jean?" the mother asks, bending lovingly over him.

"Has father come back yet?"

"No, dear, but he will soon. Try to sleep until he comes." She speaks cheerfully, but is growing momentarily more anxious.

Early that morning her husband had started on a five-mile walk to the nearest village to sell, if possible, the needle-work which is their only means of sustenance, and so procure food at least for the boy, who is daily becoming weaker from lack of nourishment.

"I will try again to find work," he said to his wife upon leaving; "but in vain I fear, for workmen are being discharged rather than employed in these hard times."

It was not snowing when he started, and if all had gone well he should have reached home (if so poor a habitation can be called by that dear name) by three o'clock at the latest, and

Crevasses yawned in the Ice around.

now it is eight, and the storm which has arisen suddenly is increasing in violence every moment.

Margaret goes to the window, tries to make the light burn more brightly, then turns with a dreary sense of utter helplessness, takes up her knitting, and resumes her watch by the little sufferer. She bends lower than is necessary over the work to hide her face as much as possible from the watchful gaze of the child, fearing it may betray the anxiety she is struggling bravely to conceal. The boy is always quick to detect the slightest change in the beloved countenance of his mother. The precaution is unnecessary, however, for to-night the earnest eyes are not resting upon her, but are raised upward with an expression of deep thought not unmingled with brightness.

"What is my darling thinking of so deeply?" Margaret asks presently, becoming conscious of the child's abstraction.

"I am thinking about the Baby on the straw the old priest told us about that day."

"What priest? what day?" she asks wonderingly.

"Oh! don't you remember," the little fellow replies, an expression of disappointment crossing his face—"don't you remember the old man who came to see us last winter, and said he was a priest, and told us all about a little Baby in a stable, and how," the child continues eagerly, "the Baby was really God, who made the mountains and the trees, and that it was all for me, mother, to show me that he loved me though I am so little and can't walk?"

"I would not think too much about it, dear; try to sleep again," his mother answers gently, fearing the effect of too much thought upon the little brain, and noting how the pale cheeks have flushed with excitement and the effort of speaking.

"If I could dream again of the Christ-Child I would like to sleep; I thought I saw him when I slept that time, and he looked so beautiful that I asked him please to come back to earth again and come to see me, and I am sure he will, mother," he adds confidently.

"Yes, yes, dear!" she answers again, soothingly; "but rest now like a good boy, won't you?"

"Is he growing delirious?" Margaret asks herself anxiously. She remembers clearly now the incident to which he alludes. A year ago a venerable old priest had stopped at the hut, and craved permission to come in and rest awhile.

"I have been walking much," he said, "and still have some distance to go, though already fatigued."

"You are welcome," the woman replied hospitably, agreeably impressed by the kindly appearance of the old man, who entered, glad to stop for a time in however poor an abode. He had shown much sympathy and interest in the little cripple, and upon leaving expressed regret that, being a stranger in that part of the country, he might never see them again.

Margaret soon forgot the incident; not so little Jean, whose childish heart and mind had been deeply touched by the beautiful story of Bethlehem. With the unquestioning faith of a child—a faith so pleasing to the Most High that he bids us, his older children, to imitate it—he had accepted the sweet truths, and ever since tried to be patient "like the dear Baby in the manger," he thought in his simple way, "who came to lead me to a beautiful place called heaven, where I sha'n't be sick any more." He had, however, said nothing to his mother after the first day or two, feeling perhaps, with the instinctive perception which even very young children seem to possess,

that she did not quite believe the beautiful tale. Poor Margaret! she has had so hard a life, so little instruction in religious truth, it is scarcely surprising she has grown sceptical and embittered; and yet as she gazes upon the grand scenery by which she is unceasingly surrounded she often feels that there must exist an all-wise, all-merciful Creator. She is naturally of a thoughtful disposition, and in her many lonely walks during the pleasant months of the year Nature, so austere in her Alpine grandeur and yet so caressing in the pretty rural scenes which adorn the pass, fills her soul with loving, half-defined whispers of the divine Maker, and enables her to take up her daily life strengthened and comforted. But to-night she seems beyond the power of any comfort. Suppose her husband never returns?—many perish in the deep snow during the winter there—and little Jean! may he not die from want of food?

"O my God!" she exclaims, falling upon her knees, forgetful of everything as the agony of these thoughts overpowers her, "if you do exist, reveal yourself to me, your desolate creature, this night; bring back my husband, spare me my child." Almost as she prays a faint cry is heard, followed by a gentle knock at the door. Margaret hears both, but at first thinks it must be imagination; but no, cry and knock are both repeated, and she now springs to her feet with joy. May it not be her husband? But the joy dies away, giving place to wonder, as she opens the door and beholds standing upon the threshold a Boy about twelve years of age. "Will you give me shelter to-night?" asks a sweet voice in pleading accents. He looks very pale as he stands there, framed in by the darkness of the stormy night, and the woman instinctively throws the door wide open and bids him enter.

Slowly the Child Visitor obeys her, and she pours some water into a broken glass and turns to offer him the refreshment which, poor though it is, is all she has—but lo! the Boy, who in the uncertain light had looked faint and weak, is standing in the centre of the dimly-lighted room in an attitude of mingled command and entreaty; the light brown hair is tossed back from a brow low and dazzlingly white, the features chiselled as marble, while the whole countenance is illumined by an expression of such purity and calm that Margaret's heart grows hushed and reverent. "Not even a drop of cold water given in My Name shall go unrewarded." Clearly, sweetly, the words fall upon her wondering ear, and almost unconsciously she kneels. *Then* he smiles, and the poor abode, so dark and dreary

before, is filled with a radiance which envelops in its glory Margaret and little Jean, who lies gazing at the unbidden Guest with eyes in whose clear depths shines a look of recognition and of awe.

"I thought you would come," he murmurs softly.

"Yes, my little one; no one ever seeks Me and does not find Me, and I have come to comfort you to-night because you believed I would"; and then resting his hand caressingly upon the wasted one of the little cripple, in words so simple that even he could understand, yet with majesty unspeakable, the Christ-Child tells the story of his unrequited love for men. The cattle-shed with all its poor surroundings seems to rise visibly before them as he speaks; they see the stable, the darkness, the shivering Babe, whose unearthly beauty is thrown into relief by the light of Joseph's lantern that illumines softly the gentle face of the Virgin Mother as she kneels in lowly adoration before her Almighty Little One. Margaret, as she listens, feels that the mystery of sin and its atonement is at last made clear, and realizes how the rays of a love that is divine shines upon human suffering in its every form, giving to the soul that patiently endures a reward even here, in the "peace which surpasseth all understanding." The voice ceases, and the Speaker, bending, imprints a kiss upon the tiny face on its hard pillow. "I will come again, my little child," he whispers tenderly, and then, gliding past Margaret, vanishes as unexpectedly as he had appeared.

Scarcely had the door closed, when it is pushed vigorously open and an old man with long white beard and merry eyes enters hastily. "I know you will bid me welcome, my good woman," he says cheerily, "for, like the angels of old, I bring you glad tidings—your husband is safely housed in the hospice three miles from here."

"Thank God!" murmurs the wife. "O sir!" she continues, "such wonderful things are happening to-night, I tremble lest I wake and find them only a dream." Then in as few words as possible she tells him of their celestial Visitor.

The old priest's face grows very thoughtful as he listens. "Can it be that the Christ-Child has really visited this humble home this Christmas-eve?" "It may be," he thinks; "God is omnipotent and reveals himself often to little ones in ways unguessed by men"; and as he sees the light and peace in the childish face—a light not unreflected in Margaret's own homely countenance—he feels it must be true, and that the shadow of

that Heavenly Presence is still resting upon them both. "The Christ-Child has indeed been with you," he says solemnly; "may his benediction rest with you for ever." There is a pause of some minutes, and then the old man exclaims: "But come, Margaret; your husband awaits you with impatience."

"But Jean?" objects the woman.

"Oh! he will be all right; the storm has abated and I have plenty of warm coverings." So saying he takes the child up in his arms, wraps him in blankets, and in another moment they are speeding over the road, the sleigh bells tinkling merrily in the frosty air. On their way the monk tells Margaret how that night, when out on his accustomed mission, the dogs had darted some distance from him, but soon came bounding back barking and wagging their tails in greatest excitement.

"I knew what that meant, didn't I, old fellow," he says, patting the shaggy head of the huge beast that, big as he is, nestles comfortably at his feet and blinks a sleepy rejoinder with affectionate eyes. "In a few minutes," he continues, "the faithful creatures led me to a man lying almost buried beneath the snow; not seriously hurt, however," he hastily adds, noticing Margaret's alarmed expression, "only stunned and chilled; by the time we reached the hospice he was able, though faint, to tell me who he was, and of you, my good woman, and the little son."

At that moment a vision of a large square, white building rises before them. The hospice!—what memories of heroism and self-sacrifice are evoked by the mere name! How many distressed creatures have found comfort and shelter within that abode, standing in majestic solitude upon the highest, bleakest point of the gigantic pass. For nine months of the year the cold and dreariness are intense; but, however fiercely the elements may rage, the monks go daily out upon their perilous mission of charity. Hearts warmed by the fire of divine love rise superior to personal discomfort and danger. These noble men lead cheerfully their lives of constant self-sacrifice, content to receive their reward only from Him whose divine example has proved so eloquently that "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend."

"Ah! here we are," exclaims the monk, as they reach the house, a flood of light streaming through the doors open wide to receive them, and in another moment the mother, with the boy in her arms, is standing in the midst of a group of kindly faces, that cluster round eager to bid them welcome. Very

tenderly the little cripple is laid upon a sofa in the large, old-fashioned hall, and while Margaret joins her husband in an upper room, the monks warm Jean's little feet and hands and give him the nourishment he needs so much.

"Oh," the little fellow murmurs happily, "I think the Christ-Child must have sent me here to-night."

"Would you like to see the image of the Christ-child before you sleep?" asks the kindly monk, who, receiving an answer in the affirmative, once more takes the tiny form in his arms and carries it into the chapel.

It is almost time for the midnight Mass; the organ is play-

The Tumult on the Mountain Side ceased.

ing softly the Christmas carol. The chapel is filled with radiant light, and fragrant with holly and evergreen, and there, in a corner of the holy place, little Jean sees the dear story of Bethlehem faithfully represented—there is the stable, the manger, the Mother, and the venerable Joseph, but above all the infant Saviour—each lovingly, if imperfectly, portrayed. And as Margaret silently joins her child and kneels before the crib it seems as though the Divine Babe stretches his little arms out in a special welcome to them, and that the angels chant now, as

long ago, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace to men of good will."

Just a year from that night the Christ-Child fulfils his promise to return; but only the little cripple sees him this Christmas eve, and when the heavenly Guest vanishes this time he carries something in his arms, something so pure and bright that the angels are glad to welcome it into heaven—the soul of little Jean.

"I do not at all wonder," remarked Mrs. Redfern, "that the imagination easily lends itself to the romantic and the supernatural in these wild mountains. There seems to me something spectral at times in the towering crags half-veiled in mist, and showing their ghostly heads, in whose seams your fancy traces out rude features, above a belt of cloud. These heads and busts seem at such times to float upon nothing."

"I have heard of castles in the air," said M. de Brissac, "but I often thought I realized them when looking at some of the buildings perched upon the summits of the crags in these valleys, at many points."

"There is a very remarkable specimen of that sort of airy fortress on the road up from Aosta," said Dr. Redfern. "We passed it as we came up yesterday. The guide-books call it Fort Bard, and say it was battered down by Napoleon's guns during his dash down upon Marengo."

"Yes, that is true," replied M. de Brissac. "It was a fortress one, looking at it from the road, might deem impregnable. The Austrians held it then, and it checked the First Consul's advance for a considerable time. But our soldiers soon found there are crags higher than Fort Bard, and not very far from it, and they got up on them and dragged a cannon with them. With this they soon silenced Fort Bard, because it could not fire up in return."

"I never could bear those Austrians," said Mrs. Redfern, "because of the part they played in the dismemberment of Poland. My sympathies are always with that unhappy country, which is not strange for an American woman. The Poles played a gallant part in the liberation of our country, and we are not ever likely to forget it. There is, besides, another reason why I am interested in that noble nation, and as we are in the story-telling humor perhaps I had better let you hear it."

AGLAE LEVONOWSKI.

The usual exchange of question and answer incidental to that trying ordeal, engaging a new servant, had been gone through. But, as Mrs. Arlworth rose to intimate the conclusion of the audience, she bethought herself of an important omission which she repaired by the question, "I had almost forgotten to ask, what is your name?"

"Aglae Levonowski, madame."

"What an extraordinary name! But you are a Pole, of course, and Polish names have always an odd sound in Yankee ears. Were you born in America?"

"I have been but one year in this country, madame. We were unfortunate in our own land, and my father and I—the rest are with Christ—came to America a twelvemonth ago. My father's health failed here and his spirit was broken. He could get no work to do, and four weeks ago he died. Now I am all alone. My father's little store of money is all gone and I cannot content myself to remain idle any longer, a burden to the faithful friends who cared for me in my trouble and who are almost so poor as myself."

Her voice was tremulous but sweet and refined. It was manifestly an effort for her to speak of her grief. The kind-hearted woman watching her felt a touch of motherly pity as she listened.

"Is there nothing else that you can do? You speak like an educated person. Besides, you look very young."

"Alas, madame! what shall I do? It is true I have had good training. In my childhood the best masters were given me. But is not America filled with teachers of the piano and the languages? and without influence, where shall I get pupils? My Polish friends are only very poor people. They could not help me at all. A long while I have thought, and at last I decide; my best gift it is the household management my mother—who is with the saints—taught me long ago. And I do not fear, madame, but that I can do these things to your liking. I have not forgotten what my mother taught me, and I will try hard to please you, for your face is kind, madame. And for my age—I ask your pardon for neglecting your question so long—I am not young; I am twenty."

Mrs. Arlworth smiled and replied, "I feel sure we will get on well together. You will come to-morrow, then, Aglae? Good morning."

"Good morning, madame. In my country we say—but you would not know the Polish, and in English it means 'Good morning; God is good.'"

For fully ten minutes Mrs. Arlworth remained at the drawing-room window, watching with a puzzled smile the retreating figure of her new cook. Long after she was out of sight the lady was still abstractedly gazing before her.

Her reflections found voice later in the day when she communicated to her husband, at dinner, the morning's interview and ended her narrative with the remark: "She is the most remarkable-looking cook I have ever seen. It would not surprise me, John, if she turned out to be a countess in disguise."

"Or an adventuress," interposed the listening John.

"That is impossible. You will say so when you have seen her. But it is precisely like a man, and a lawyer, to suppose the worst of every one!"

"Very true, my dear. It is also very like a woman to give sympathy first place and capability second. How do you know that your Polish cook, of the unutterable name, *can* cook? That question would be, I confess, of prime interest to a mere *man*."

"I know all about her cooking," was the dignified response. But Mrs. Arlworth's heart sank with the certainty that she knew nothing whatever on the subject beyond the Pole's confident assertion. During the rest of the day she was tormented at intervals by the thought that Aglae might prove an impostor or an incapable, or—saddest reflection of all, and from long experience she knew it the most probable—she might never appear again.

Early the next morning her fears were set at rest by the appearance of the new cook and all her possessions. An excellent dinner manifested her possession of that subtle gift—I know not if it be a sixth sense or an infusion of genius—of fascinating the most *blasé* palate.

Mr. Arlworth tasted and deliberated; tasted again, and then made his decision known.

"Your new cook, my dear, would have been a *chef* had she been born a man. Destiny has been too much for her. A woman may become, nowadays, a doctor or a lawyer, or even a stock-broker; but leap the barrier that nature has erected between the cook and the *chef*—she cannot. However, as a cook, your 'Owski'—I sha'n't attempt to struggle with any other portion of her cognomen—is not to be beaten—that is to say, if this dinner be her regular gait. It may be a mere spurt for a starter, you know."

As time passed Mr. Arlworth discovered that Aglae—or, as he preferred to call her, Owski—kept the pace her first dinner had instituted. At the end of a week he delivered the following encomium, as he liberally helped himself a second time to the mayonnaise: "It is the first time in all my long experience

FROM THE MELTING SNOWS ABOVE.

of living and dining, in all my search through the maze of would-be mayonnaise for the genuine article, that I have found it—*prepared by a woman.* I would venture the assertion without fear of contradiction, my dear, even were you not the most amiable of women, that your Owski is absolutely the only game

or damsel in the United States whose soul is alive to, whose intellect has grasped, and whose hands have prepared—real mayonnaise. Your Owski, my love, is a Polish Koh-i noor."

"And you are the Koh-i-noor of absurd men," was the answer. "One would positively doubt, John, that this is your forty-fifth birthday."

"One would indeed," he answered with a tremendous sigh, "except that the top of one's head is not apt to become a polished ivory mirror at a more tender age."

While this and many similar snatches of talk took place in the dining-room or other family haunts, Aglae Levonowski was industriously at work in the kitchen. Noiselessly and skilfully she went about her work, as much a marvel to her fellow-servants as to her mistress, with the difference that, while one respected what was so unlike the ordinary look and manner and ability of her class, the others jeered at and were unfriendly to what was incomprehensible to them. Aglae, however, paid little attention to whatever treatment was accorded her, although her manner to her mistress was invariably grateful and respectful. No more of her story had she ever told, though Mrs. Arlworth had tried occasionally to win her confidence.

As time went on that lady became more and more convinced that her "Polish Koh-i-noor" had fallen from a rich and appropriate setting. She felt an occasional flick of trouble at the thought of the monotonous and unbefitting outlook before Aglae, but this feeling was generally allayed by the comforting reflection that her own worries anent the housekeeper's problem of problems, the servant question, were at an end. The possession of Aglae gave peace to her mind, placidity to her thoughts, leisure to her pursuits, and flesh to her bones. Had the Pole known her value, she would have raised her wages, or, being of nobler bent, have congratulated herself that she had been able to do good to her kind mistress. Such a thought would have, perhaps, sent a darker glow to the girl's soft hazel eyes, eyes that were sometimes amber and sometimes olive and sometimes a dark brown.

Taller than most of her countrywomen was Aglae; taller and not so thick-set, carrying her head with the superb dignity that belongs, proverbially, to the duchess, and that falls now and then, so contrary is nature, to the portion of the peasant. Her hair was a light gold, with a waviness through it that no brushing could quite subdue. Her complexion was the pale olive that is not uncommon among the Poles, and her mouth

and chin were beautifully moulded, firm but touched with melancholy. Her hands were well-shaped, and, more extraordinary, well cared for, in spite of the inevitable marks of hard work upon them.

Such was Aglae Levonowski as she sat one day, about two years after her coming to Mrs. Arlworth's house, in a comfortable wooden rocker at the kitchen window. It was one of her rare moments of rest, and she looked the image of comfort as she rocked to and fro and looked out of the open window. But one looking closely at her would have noticed that her mouth drooped more sadly than usual, and there was the softness of unshed tears in her eyes.

The same afternoon Mrs. Arlworth sat on her veranda reading. That is to say, a book was in her lap, a pile of newspapers and magazines on a little table beside her, but the book was closed, the periodicals uncut. Mrs. Arlworth had given herself up to an hour's dreamy, indolent enjoyment of the exquisite September day.

"What is the charm of such a day as this?" she thought. "Is it that one seems to penetrate the joy of life to the very core, or that its illusiveness pervades one's soul?"

Before she had answered the query to her own satisfaction, a voice broke in upon her reverie.

"Pardon me, madame, for disturbing you, but I wish to ask—"

At this point she aroused herself from her dreaming and turned her eyes and attention to the man before her. He was a foreigner undoubtedly. His appearance as well as his accent told that. He was handsome, too, and evidently a gentleman. His age might have been twenty-five or thirty. While she took this rapid observation of his appearance he continued: "I wish to ask if a young lady resides here called Aglae Levonowski?"

His voice was low and rapid. The last words were full of suppressed excitement, which communicated itself at once, by some strange trick of sympathy, not untouched with curiosity, to Mrs. Arlworth. She rose as she answered: "Aglae Levonowski does live here. You wish to see her?"

"If madame will be so kind."

"I will tell her. Come into the house, please."

She left him seated in the hall and went in search of Aglae. As she reached the kitchen it occurred to her she had neglected to ask his name. At the same time she decided to ask

Aglae no questions. The girl was still seated in the old wooden rocker, and so intently was she gazing through the window, and many a mile beyond, that she did not hear the door turn nor her mistress's step upon the floor.

A moment Mrs. Arlworth stood regarding her. Then she said softly: "Aglae, wake up! I have some news for you. There is a visitor to see you. You will find him in the hall, but you will be able to talk more comfortably together in the dining-room, perhaps."

Aglae started to her feet. A wave of color rushed over her face, then receded, leaving her unusually pale.

Mrs. Arlworth did not wait to hear her murmured thanks. As she reached the veranda, she heard Aglae walk swiftly into the hall and then she heard a low cry. After that silence. She did her best for the next half-hour to banish the occurrence from her mind and interest herself in her book.

At the end of that time the hall door opened and Aglae and her visitor stood before her, hand-in-hand.

"Madame," said the girl—was it the September sunshine that kindled cheek and eye as she spoke?—"will you permit me to present to you Stanislaus Krakowski, my betrothed?"

Mrs. Arlworth's inward vision showed her the image of herself without Aglae as the St. Zita of her kitchen. A weary, nerve-worn victim of intelligence offices, trial weeks of incompetent girls, unsuccessful attempts at teaching, with fingers cut, bruised, and burned—the invariable accompaniment of amateur cooking—thus she beheld herself, while outwardly her attention was entirely absorbed in the two people before her.

As Aglae spoke Mrs. Arlworth rose from her chair and, extending her hand to the young man, who took it with a very low bow, said: "Mr. Krakowski, I congratulate you very sincerely. I have good reason to know what a treasure you have won in Aglae. Do your best to make her happy. And, Aglae, what shall I say to you? I think," glancing at the girl's happy face, "that I may safely congratulate you also. And now sit down and tell me all about it."

There was a moment's pause, during which one glanced at the other. Finally Aglae began: "You are very kind, madame, and, indeed, I understand that it is right for me to tell you somewhat more of the circumstances of my life before it happened that I came into your good house.

"In my childhood my father was the possessor of large estates near Warsaw, which even then, owing to repeated govern-

ment seizures, had considerably dwindled from the original lands belonging for many generations to the family of Levonowski. In my sixteenth year came the first sorrow—the death of my dear mother. After that trouble knocked continually at our door. My little sisters, Olga and Maria, followed my mother. Sergius only, the oldest, and I were left with my father. Mercifully the first sharpness of our grief wore itself away. Then came an interval of peace, so serene that even yet it is sweet to look back upon. At that time it was that—"

Seeing that she hesitated blushingly, Stanislaus, glancing at her with a look full of tenderness and pride, took up her words.

"It was then, madame, that the Countess Aglae Levonowski did me the great honor of promising to become my wife."

Mrs. Arlworth remembered, with a feeling of pardonable exultation, her first surmise concerning her Polish cook. The remembrance imparted a more benevolent sweetness to the smile with which she regarded the look exchanged between the lovers.

"I was then eighteen," Aglae went on. "The interval of peace, alas! was not of long duration. In a few weeks an insurrection, which had been plotting for some time, broke out. It was headed by my father and Count Paul Krakowski, the father of Stanislaus. Sergius and Stanislaus, too, were among the leaders. It was a mad attempt. It is only the intense and despairing love of my countrymen for the land they still, unreasoningly, call their country, that gives the faintest excuse for such recklessness.

"To finish my story, madame. The insurrection ended as every similar attempt for Poland has done. In a fortnight the peasants, of whom the band was mostly composed, were killed or imprisoned. My brave brother fell, shot through the heart. My father was wounded; Count Paul Krakowski was taken prisoner, and—"

"Do not fear to say it, Aglae," interposed Krakowski, with pale face and blazing eyes. "His life was the forfeit, madame, for his love of Poland. The last acre of our estates was confiscated. The old Count Levonowski and myself were reduced to beggary, to accepting the charity of the peasants who had refused to join us, and who gave us food and shelter until we could safely leave the country. O Aglae!" he cried passionately, "shall I ever forget the agony of the moment when I bade you farewell, and gave my word of honor to your father that I would not claim your promise until I could offer you comfort and independence?"

Aglae's hand closed tenderly over his, and there were tears in her eyes and his as they looked at each other.

After a slight pause, she continued: "When my father had recovered sufficiently and could safely venture to leave his hiding-place, we made our way to America. When we left our home I took with me my mother's jewel-casket. It was by the sale of its contents that we contrived to reach America and live here until my father's death. After that I found employment and a good home with you, madame. And there is no more to tell, for Stanislaus has come to seek me."

"I thank you, madame, for the kindness Aglae has received in your home. She has not told you, because she has not yet heard, by what blessing of heaven I am enabled at last to claim her without violating the promise I make to her father. In one word it is told. Luck, if you will—Providence, I prefer. Enough that from the ends of the earth—so should I call the diamond-fields of Africa, where the never-to-be-forgotten kindness of a friend enabled me to settle and invest—I have brought a modest fortune. I have worked hard and suffered much, but my reward is exceedingly great."

And as Mrs. Arlworth observed the smile that illuminated Aglae's face she heartily agreed with the close of his speech.

"I hope, dear madame," the Pole continued, "you will not think me unreasonable if I am in haste—as only those can be who have loved and waited as we have—to claim my reward. In one week, I have told Aglae, she must be my wife."

As Mrs. Arlworth could interpose no reasonable objection to this arrangement, the wedding took place the following week.

Never, they say, before or since, has there knelt in St. Adelbert's Church—that edifice which, erected by the poor Poles of one of our large American cities, almost vies with some of the old world cathedrals—so beautiful a bride.

In accordance with the Polish custom, the ceremony was followed by a drive around the city, in which all the wedding guests participated, after which Stanislaus and Aglae, blissfully certain that they had well earned an extended holiday, departed on the conventional wedding journey. On their return they decided to remain in the city where Aglae had spent such lonely and laborious but peaceful years. Krakowski built a fine house in the Polish settlement, where Aglae soon came to be known and loved as the ministering angel to all who were sick or sorrowful.

"Almost as romantic a story as that of 'The Bohemian Girl,'" remarked Dr. Redfern. "But the fact is that the imagination of

poet or novelist never conceived of situations in romance half so wonderful as many things which happen under our own eyes almost every day. But what on earth can be going on outside?"

A faint shriek outside the door, followed by a succession of hoarse shouts of delight in a man's voice, and then a sound of mingled sobbing and laughter, was the tumult which called forth this exclamation. Gervase rose hastily and opened the door. The others rose also and followed at a little distance.

"Ha, Bruno!" called Gervase, as several large dogs came bounding into the room, "what has happened with you? You have found somebody in the Pass."

The tinkling of bells was heard, and Gervase, looking out, saw his comrade assisting a woman from the back of a mule. Beside another mule stood a young man with his left arm in a sling, and around his curly head, from which his fur cap had fallen, a bandage was wound. With his sound limb he was endeavoring to help Bruno to lift the form of the woman from the mule's back. The dogs ran in and out barking joyously, as though they felt themselves important actors in a great drama.

"Found somebody! Well may you say so, Gervase. And that somebody has found somebody else who was given up for dead. Praise be to God! Oh, it is wonderful!"

All crowded around to hear, heedless of the keen air.

"This good girl here," went on Brother Bruno—"this is Lisette Fauchon, the housekeeper at the Château Belvoir, who was married five years ago to the gardener, Pierre Lebrun, that young fellow there. They were the happiest pair in the village until like a thunderclap came the order for Pierre to go to the war. He was drawn in the conscription, poor lad, and had not the money to buy a substitute.

"Well, to cut a long story short, it was soon given out that Pierre Lebrun had fallen in the war. It was reported he was killed in one of the battles, I forget which; and Lisette mourned him as dead.

"But Lisette had a dream last night which made her resolve to come to the Hospice to-night to attend the midnight Mass. I picked her up as she came up the Pass from my side, and just as we got here we met none other than Pierre Lebrun himself coming back from the wars to look for his good wife. He was not killed but lay under a heap of dead, and got off with the loss of only an arm. But he was reported amongst those dead, and he was unable to write or do anything else, poor fellow, for a long time, his case was so bad. And they met here at the very door."

"Parbleu! A wonderful confirmation of your profound reflection, monsieur," exclaimed M. de Brissac, turning to the doctor. "It is one touching reunion—one *dénoûment* most affecting."

"Let us go in and talk over it," replied Dr. Redfern. "Come, Bella dear, or you will take cold."

"Oh! let me stay here just for a moment," pleaded his wife. Did you ever see so glorious a sight? One can never have another view like this in all their lifetime."

She pointed upwards as she spoke, and Dr. Redfern for the first time cast his eyes in the same direction. He stood as if spellbound by the sublimity of the spectacle. An irresistible feeling of worship was the sensation which instantly fell upon both as they gazed out upon the vast profound.

Is there any power in mortal pen to depict the awful magnificence of a mid-winter night on the summits of these Alpine peaks? There is none able to approach the task even remotely. Such splendor of the heavens, such mysterious beauty of the enigmatical gulf of infinite space, such endless succession of clusters of constellations, such majesty of blazing planets, such incessant gleaming of iris-hued meteors, such vast phantoms of mountain-peaks shimmering in lakes of ether, such thundering of torrents in the rocky abysses below.

But the stars—the overpowering beauty of the shining hosts of stars that cover the vast mantle of night—who can conceive of their wondrous lustre, as it is revealed in those great altitudes in the thin, clear air? They seem to grow in bewildering number, until the sight recoils in pain from the labor of tracking each constellation through space; the larger orbs gleam upon us in steely beauty like near electric globes; rays of prisms dance around them; shafts of light bridge incessantly the immeasurable gulf of space which lies between the eye and them.

But even in the summer he must be a hardy wight who stands long in the open air to watch the stars and the spectral mountains in the region of the Alps, on such a height as that of the great St. Bernard. Every night, even during the summer, the frost is keen in the air.

"Come, dear, let us tear ourselves away," said the doctor, at last drawing his wife's arm tenderly within his own. "Let us go inside and look at the Crib; they tell me it is very beautiful. It will not be long until we shall hear the bell for the midnight Mass. Thank God there is such a place as the Alps—such a house as the Hospice on them to bear witness to his love and charity, as well as the sublimity of his handiwork."

ANCIENT MAMMALS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

SOME millions of years ago, before the dawn of the Tertiary age—which is divided into three epochs, namely the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene—the old world, as well as the new, was inhabited by low, generalized forms of mammals, apparently marsupials,* known mostly by scattered teeth and portions of the backbone; and it is from them that other and higher types were evolved. We say *evolved*, for, as the root of all progress lies in a correct system of thought, if we abandon the working hypothesis of evolution, we may as well give up the study of natural history. It is interesting to observe that marsupials first appear in different parts of the globe at the same geological horizon, viz., the Triassic. Before this period no traces of them are discovered, and whether non-placental mammals had their earliest habitat in the so-called Old World or in America is uncertain; it has even been suggested that the primitive marsupials may have originated in some continent now covered by the sea.

EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

With the opening of the tertiary age the placental mammalian fauna, which, as we know, are of a higher type of life than the marsupials and egg-laying monotremes, become so abundant that this portion of the world's history has been called the age of mammals.

But let us remark that in passing from the reptile to the mammal era there is no abrupt change in the life system; and in no part of the world is the transition so clearly perceived as in North America. In Colorado and Wyoming we have a continuous series of conformable rocks, deposited in brackish water changing gradually into fresh, where dinosaurian reptiles are found side by side with tertiary plants. And through the efforts of Professor Marsh these rocks, which pass without a break from the cretaceous into the tertiary, and which are known as the *Laramie*, have yielded lately a number of mammal teeth.

* Semi-oviparous mammals, in which the embryonic development is completed *outside* the uterus in the pouch (marsupium).

Indeed, we may accept it as true that wherever there appears to be a gap in the record, a break in the life-system, it is owing to our not having yet discovered the intermediate forms. But every few years, as the record of the rocks is further and more carefully searched, some new link comes to light which diminishes the distance between one genus and another genus, and every transition form thus discovered tells in favor of the hypothesis of evolution. At the very base of the eocene, in the *Wahsatch* beds of western North America, we find the *Phenacodus*, the most generalized placental mammal yet known. It has five toes on each foot, and each toe ends in a blunt nail which is neither claw nor hoof, but intermediate between the two: and the *Phenacodus* is now considered to be the common ancestor of all the odd and even toed ungulates or hoofed mammals, while good authorities hold it to be also the common ancestor of other orders now widely distinct. And when we study the early tertiary mammals—all of which have exceedingly small brains even when accompanied by immense bodies—they certainly impress us as the growth of several stems from a common root; as time goes on these stems become more and more developed and differentiated, until at length some turn into carnivorous and others into herbivorous mammals. It is also interesting to find that more than one genus in the early tertiary is the very same in Europe as in America; and this points not only to unity of origin, but also to the former connection of two widely separated portions of the earth. During the first division of the tertiary (eocene) the high plateau of western North America was occupied by several very large lakes, and the climate was tropical.

A SIX-HORNED MONSTER.

Among the wonderful animals that roamed along the shores of these lakes the most curious belonged to an extinct order—the Dinocerata.* These creatures, which were discovered by Marsh in 1870, looked half elephant and half rhinoceros. The legs, however, were shorter than an elephant's, there were five toes on each foot, and it is calculated that when alive the dinoceras must have weighed between two and three tons. Besides having six horns, it had in the upper jaw two razor-like teeth; but well-armed as it was, it must have been a stupid beast, for no other mammal living or extinct had so small a brain in proportion to its bulk. Yet in this respect, viz., small-

* See Marsh's monograph, *The Dinocerata*, in United States Geological Survey, vol. x.

ness of brain, it resembled all the early tertiary mammals. The dinoceras may be considered to be a generalized type; that is to say, it combined characters which are found in several kinds of existing quadrupeds.

Towards the close of the eocene epoch the dinoceras disappeared, and Marsh attributes its extinction to its not being able to adapt itself to new conditions, perhaps of geography. But the geological record does not furnish evidence of any sudden change great enough to account for the dying out of these elephantine beasts. May it not be that, instead of becoming extinct, the dinocerata migrated to more favorable regions? For the fact that their fossil remains have not been discovered elsewhere is no proof against migration.

PROBABLE MIGRATION OF LOST SPECIES.

In the same eocene sediment of Wyoming, along with the dinoceras is preserved the Eohippus, the first of the series of fossil horses. It was a small animal, not bigger than a fox, with four toes and a rudimentary one on its fore feet, and three toes on its hind feet, which shows that this primitive ancestor of *Equus* had already diverged somewhat from the other five-toed mammals among which it lived. At a little later horizon of this same epoch we find the eohippus developed into the orohippus. The orohippus is larger, it has lost the rudimentary toe of the fore foot, and is more like the animal we call a horse than the eohippus. During the same period as the dinoceras and eohippus there flourished in the Rocky Mountain region a mammal that is now found only in Mexico and South America, viz., the tapir.

We also discover in the eocene strata of our continent the typical American pig, and we can trace this pig upwards through the several succeeding epochs to our own day, where it is represented by the existing peccary. We also find near the base of the eocene the line of ruminants leading up to the llama and camel. But like the primeval horse, this cameloid form is very generalized, and it is not until long afterwards that it develops into the true camel and llama. But when the true camel does appear it is as abundant in North America as the true horse: and let us say that both horse and camel survived here until up to a comparatively recent date; while the llama still survives in South America. We may also remark that the better opinion is that the old world received its camels from America by way of the land-bridge at Behring's Straits.

THE ADVENT OF THE CAT.

Although in the eocene epoch the typical *felidæ* had not yet appeared, nevertheless towards the close of this first division of the tertiary there abounded in the Rocky Mountain region a carnivorous animal, the *Limnofelis*, which was allied to the cats and almost as big as a lion. Another group of animals found in the eocene strata of New Mexico, and at its very base, are the *Primates*. They are, as we know, the highest in the class of mammals. But as might be expected, these earliest forms were low, generalized types allied to the lemurs (at present confined chiefly to Madagascar) and showing affinities with the carnivores and ungulates. These early primates were also at this period widely spread over Europe, Asia, and Africa. But it is a curious fact that the true monkeys are not found in North America after the succeeding miocene epoch (and they are all below the old world monkeys). While man, the highest in the order, does not appear with certainty until the post-pliocene; although, according to Marsh, there exists some slender evidence that he lived in the American pliocene. But all the fossil remains that have till now come to light on our continent since this epoch belong undoubtedly to *Genus Homo* and to only one species of the genus, namely, the American Indian.

THE ANCESTOR OF THE WHALE.

It is in the middle of the eocene that the first aquatic mammal, the *Zeuglodon*, makes its appearance; and good authorities hold that in this whale-like creature (which was probably seventy feet long, and whose fossil remains are plentiful in Georgia and Alabama) we have the transition form which connects the existing whales, porpoises, and dolphins with the other mammals. And certainly no mammals are more interesting than those which have assumed the shape of fish. These warm-blooded creatures suckle their young like other members of the class, and they are obliged now and again to rise to the surface in order to breathe. Their fore-limbs have become modified into a pair of flippers, while their hind-limbs have quite disappeared externally, and in the whale only faint traces of them are discovered deeply buried in the muscles. Their skin is smooth and naked, instead of being covered with scales, while around the mouth of the young whale are often found a small number of bristles, and these bristles point to its descent from ordinary mammals. We may add that only for the

layer of fat which encloses the whole body, the whale's blood would soon become chilled by the water.

MIOCENE.

We have now arrived at the second division of the tertiary, viz., the Miocene. By this time the dinoceras, as we have said, had either become extinct or had migrated. But another mammal equally huge makes its appearance, namely, the *Brontops*, which was more closely allied to the existing rhinoceros than to any other living animal. It had one pair of horns and probably a flexible nose, like the tapir.

In this epoch we also discover the fossil remains of the Mesohippus, which is even more horse-like than orohippus. The fore feet have only three toes and a rudimentary splint, and there are still three toes on the hind feet. Mesohippus was as big as a sheep.

During the miocene epoch there also lived in North America a singular animal called the *Oreodon*. It was of a highly generalized structure, for we find blended in it the characters of the hog, deer, and camel; and Professor Leidy has named it a ruminating hog. Let us add that the oreodon, which was so abundant during this epoch, did not survive beyond the following pliocene.

SIMULTANEOUS ARRIVAL OF THE APE AND THE TIGER.

Towards the end of the miocene a dangerous animal, the Machairodus, appeared in Europe. We might call it a sabre-toothed tiger, from its sharp, curved tusks, which projected eight inches beyond the mouth. At about the same time the first true monkeys are found in the Old World: previous to this the lemurs had been the sole representatives of the primates outside of America. And let us add that the non-placental mammals—the marsupials—which had seemingly become extinct in America at the beginning of the eocene, now show themselves again in this epoch as opossums.

It is commonly held, too, by scientists that it was during the miocene that the horse, rhinoceros, camel, pig, and deer (all distinctively American types) made their way into Asia by way of the isthmus at Behring's Straits; while the bear and the antelope, which are not considered as primitive American types, proceeded in a contrary direction—from Asia to America. But the giraffe, hippopotamus, and hyena did not reach America at all owing to the fact that the miocene land-bridge had disappeared by the time they got to Behring's Straits.

PLIOCENE.

When we ascend from the Miocene strata into the Pliocene one of the first fossils we meet with is the *Protohippus*, which is decidedly more like a horse than mesohippus. It is as big as a pony; each foot still preserves three toes, but of these three only one—the middle one—touches the ground. And here let us say that the American protohippus corresponds very closely to the *Hipparion* of Europe. A little higher in the pliocene strata we discover the *Pliohippus*, which has only one toe, or, as we say, hoof, and is even still more horse-like than protohippus. But it is not until we reach the very topmost strata of this last division of the tertiary that the evolutionary change is complete and the true horse makes its appearance. It is almost unnecessary to add that in this unbroken genealogy of *Equus* we have the best evidence of evolution that can be given at present, and for these several transition forms, beginning with the diminutive eohippus of the eocene and leading up to the large and noble animal of our day, we are solely indebted to Professor Marsh, whose unequalled collection in the Yale College museum is worth going far to see. Let us observe, moreover, that when a scientific theory puts us in the way of correctly predicting what is to be discovered, this theory is thereby greatly strengthened and confirmed. Now, in 1870, Huxley wrote: "If the expectation raised by the splints of the horses, that in some ancestor of the horses these splints would be found to be complete digits, has been verified, we are furnished with very strong reasons for looking for a no less complete verification that the three-toed plagiolophus-like 'avus' of the horse must have had a five-toed 'atavus' at some earlier period. No such five-toed 'atavus,' however, has yet made its appearance." But since this was written eohippus, as we know, has been discovered with four well marked toes and one rudimentary toe, and this certainly comes very near to the desired five-toed ancestor.

But equus is not the only animal whose genealogy, by the discovery of missing links, has been completed by Marsh. He has also traced the pedigree of the rhinoceros up from the lower eocene; nor was its primitive ancestor, which was found embedded in the Wyoming lake basins, much larger than the primitive ancestor of the horse. And like equus, the American rhinoceros became extinct long ago; it disappeared in this epoch, the pliocene, but what caused it to disappear we do not know.

DIFFERENT TYPES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

It is at the beginning of this last division of the tertiary that the bison and mastodon make their appearance in the Mississippi valley; but the genus *Elephas* is not found here until near the close of the epoch. It is also an interesting fact that during the pliocene, but not earlier, we discover in South America North American types, and in North America South American types; and this would indicate that the Isthmus of Panama did not rise above the sea until this epoch, and it was probably a much broader isthmus then than now. There were, however, many peculiar animals in South America long before the pliocene. And let us add that the hoofed mammals of South America are extremely isolated and differ widely from those of North America, while the South American marsupials comprise not only the opossum, but other non-placental forms nearly allied to those which have only recently become extinct in Australia; and this last fact would seem to render more plausible the theory of a former land connection between Patagonia and the Australian region. Von Zittel, in his learned work, lately translated, *The Geological Development of the Mammalia*, holds it not unreasonable to suppose that South America may at an early period of the tertiary have been connected with South Africa as well as with Australia, and that from these parts of the world it may have received its first mammals.

THE HAIRY MAMMOTH.

With the close of the Tertiary, divided, as we have said, into the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene epochs, we find ourselves approaching what is called the Ice age, or glacial period, when from some cause, not yet satisfactorily explained, a good part of the northern hemisphere suffered a temporary change of climate, and extensive glaciers spread far to the south. It was now that the mammoth, erroneously named *Elephas primigenius*, appeared, whose hairy covering made it well suited to endure the cold. The musk ox—an aberrant form allied to the sheep—was also quite common at this time in regions where to-day it does not exist, owing to the heat; while in France the reindeer wandered down even to the Pyrenees. But in North America the mammoth did not go east of the Rocky Mountains, nor south of the Columbia River.

THE RUMINANTS.

Compared with the epochs which preceded the ice age we may be said to be living to-day in an impoverished world as regards the larger mammals, the dominant type of which at

present are ruminants, such as oxen, antelope, deer. And let us remark that the function of chewing the cud, or ruminating, is no doubt of advantage to such of these animals as have remained wild, while in past ages it must have been of even greater advantage to them. Rumination, as we know, consists in reversing the muscles of the throat, and thereby throwing up into the mouth the grass and leaves which had been swallowed as soon as plucked and then deposited in a special compartment of the stomach. When the food is thus thrown up into the mouth it is masticated and then sent down again—but this time into the stomach proper—to be digested. Now, the advantage of rumination is that it allows the animal to rapidly take in a large amount of food (all herbivores are great eaters), and after this food has been swallowed the animal may scamper off to its hiding place and there digest it at leisure.

In our age ruminants are provided with antlers and horns; but we know by fossil remains that there was a time when they either had no such weapons, or when their horns and antlers were too small and weak to be of any use.

We may also observe that far apart as the two groups were placed in the life-time of Cuvier, it is now ascertained, through late palæontological researches, that the cud-chewing mammals and the swine are nearly related and in extinct forms the transition between them can be plainly perceived.

ANTIQUITY OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

We conclude by saying that no part of the yet geologically explored world has yielded such wonderful treasures as the ancient lake basins of western North America, and for discovering and describing these fossils we are indebted to the American scientists Marsh, Cope, and Leidy; and what they have brought to light has greatly changed our ideas of mammalian evolution. We know now that mammals with claws and mammals with hoofs are merely variations from a common ancestral type which appeared at the very dawn of the mammal era.* And in studying the fossil mammalia of North America we are struck by an interesting fact, viz., that the fauna of our Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene epochs are not the exact equivalents of those epochs in the old world: the American mammals appear to be older. And this confirms what is beginning to be generally recognized, viz., that it was from here that the majority of mammals first migrated, and that America is in reality the Old World.

* The point of union between mammals and reptiles will probably be found in a type connecting monotremes and marsupials.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES ON THE "CLEVELAND PLAN."

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

MISSION AT GREEN SPRING.

FOUR nights were all that we could give to this little village, our first mission in the diocese of Cleveland; and we were sorry not to be able to give more. Fifty persons listened to the opening lecture, ninety to the second, and one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and seventy respectively, to the last two. Not a minister appeared in the hall, though there are three resident in the place, and very few Protestant women came, for they have been led through misrepresentation to look upon our priesthood as something unclean. Catholics are scarce in the neighborhood, nor had we more than a score of them any night—some stalwarts, some weaklings. Among our most attentive hearers were some fallen-off Catholics.

Two nights we drove to and from the pastor's town, six miles away, having missed the train, or the train having missed us by being late. The rain held back our audience the first two nights—dismal autumnal showers. As we sat waiting for our hour of opening, and for our audience, we both felt and finally said to each other that there should be no such village in America without its annual series of public meetings conducted by Catholic missionaries—or semi-annual ones. Should any neighborhood in free America remain unevangelized?

There is a little Catholic church at Green Spring, attended once a month. The Catholics, few and badly scattered, are practically without public life. How they hailed our meetings! How glad they were to see their Protestant neighbors, even in small numbers, listening to their religion, publicly called on to question its representatives. Even the good-natured Protestants are pleased to see the Catholic Church stepping out into the open, its reticence broken by a loud appeal to fair play as well as to the religious sense, taking its place among the claimants for spiritual allegiance. How soon shall we not see Holy Church easily first before men's eyes, once she emerges from the catacombs.

My pastor is a tall man of fine bearing and manly beauty. Part of our advertisement was to parade together through the short street of the village, smiling and bowing right and left, as if to say "Look at the big, hearty American men who are among you to speak about the old Catholic Church—come and hear us!" Often the passers-by would stand and gaze after us.

In the question box our only abundant matter was furnished by the Seventh-day Adventists, for their propaganda had won over a little band of fanatics. They seemed to be surprised that I took the Protestant side of the controversy on the question of Sunday observance, and then they deluged us with angry interrogatories. I maintained that, first, a "Bible Christian," one who holds to the private interpretation of the Scriptures as the only rule of faith, can and must believe that the entire ceremonial law of the Jews is totally abolished by Christ, including all liturgical observances whatever, no less the Jewish Sabbath than the Jewish sacrifice. Second, I maintained with the Catechism of the Council of Trent that there is evidence in the New Testament of the selection by the Apostles of the Sunday as a substitute for the Mosaic Sabbath; and if the texts are not conclusive of an obligation, they are still plainly indicative of the apostolic origin of the new custom. That gave me ample opportunity to demonstrate the need of church authority in such matters; but the two points above stated compel us, I am sure, to take sides against the Adventists. I dread their fanaticism. If they ever grow strong, the Sunday is gone from our public courts and legislatures, from the industrial and domestic life of the people—an incalculable loss to religion. These new sectarians are making converts in many places, full of deadly hatred of the Catholic Church, some of whose exponents have, unhappily, supplied them with their most effective weapons to unsettle Protestant belief and practice on the question of Sunday observance.

The mayor of the village, a fine old veteran, attended every lecture. After our last one he said: "Gentlemen, this is the best thing for our town that has happened for many a day. The idea that a Catholic priest would appear openly in a public hall to lecture on religion, offering to answer all questions, was something never thought possible. A Catholic priest was looked on as something like a lion, mostly concealed in his lair, and only appearing outside when it was safe to do so; and then only for purposes of depredation."

The question box here was not fruitful of novelties. Nuns,

why they cannot "talk to the public," the difference between them and Sisters of Charity, why nuns do not marry, why priests do not marry, why Catholics allow habitual drunkards to remain in the church, where purgatory is, what sinning against the Holy Ghost is, whether secret societies are a benefit or a curse to this nation—such were the common run of our questions, in addition to the perplexities of the Sabbatarians. "They can't run down the Catholic sisters to me," said an old soldier to us, as we waited for the train after our closing lecture; "they saved my life in the Nashville Hospital, where I was suffering from a severe wound in the spring and summer of 1863."

And so we were done with Green Spring—and very sorry that we could not stay longer, very hopeful to be able to go there again.

MISSION AT THOMASVILLE.

Armory Hall, in which we held our six meetings, was the scene of the annual reunion of the Seventy-second Regiment a few days before we opened. Both the pastor and myself were invited to speak to the veterans and their friends, and this served to introduce us to the Thomasville public. They saw us associated with the leading men of the place, and they heard our profession of faith in the American Republic.

The town, whose population does not reach three thousand, is full of bigots. The A. P. A. movement is strong, and its venom is peculiarly bitter. Though it has no help from the local press, which has been won and held for the right side by the pastor, it counts many members and openly boasts of its power. Yet, curiously enough, from first to last we had a representation of the lodge at the lectures. When the night for their own meeting came they postponed it, and the foremost agitators, with a good contingent of other members, were in our audience. The effect can only be a good one. These lodges have but a precarious existence at best. They constantly have to contend against many of the better-informed Protestants, whose condemnation of them is outright and even public, and is scornful and quite unsparing. Meantime, since they are a vote-making institution, they soon fall under control of local politicians; after that the zealots quickly begin to tire of being handled by vote-brokers, and the movement dwindles and disappears.

We opened Monday night, and had an audience of three hundred, something over half being non-Catholics. By Wednes-

day night we had over four hundred and fifty and the hall looked crowded, many additional seats being brought in. But Thursday night it rained hard, and our space was only half filled, and the same may be said of Friday night; but at the close, on Saturday night, though it rained some and threatened to rain hard, we had a splendid attendance, and said good-by in a high state of good humor.

Among our most attentive listeners was the superintendent of the public schools, a man of much intelligence and respectable scholastic acquirements. But consider this: he wanted to know, through the query box, how we could reconcile the admitted cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition with the doctrine of church infallibility, as that dogma supposes the church to be wholly saved from every moral as well as doctrinal failing. Of course it was easy to answer that infallibility of the church does not mean security of her rulers from all wrong-doing, and also to show that Catholicity is not responsible for the Spanish Inquisition; but it is pitiful that a man may be the head of the state schools in a bright Ohio town and need to be told such a thing as that. He is to be blamed himself, yet he is an honest man; and may God soon send us such a propaganda of Catholic truth as will prevent the possibility of any educated American being similarly deluded!

As at Green Spring so here, no Protestant ministers attended. Nor did we get a hearing from the prominent church officials; but many members of churches were present. It enlivens one to face such an audience as was gathered in Armory Hall. There were our own Catholic people making sacrifices to attend, many of them having driven several miles through the rain; they were proud and happy and looked so, highly delighted to hear the questions answered, to hear the familiar Catholic doctrines and practices affirmed, proved, illustrated, and proclaimed as the dearest birthright of humanity, as well as urged for acceptance on their Protestant neighbors and friends. There were the Protestants, whose eyes never seemed to wander from the lecturer's face, whose attention was fixed from first to last. Of course in speaking publicly one can never make quite sure of the effect of his words, but what more can one ask than attentive listeners to the truth of God? Do you want bigoted anti-Catholics to suddenly turn into monks and nuns? The work of converting a nation is necessarily one of deep faith in results which the pioneers never can hope to see. One must begin away back and look far forward, content to get an audience.

If our appliances, our advertisements, the zealous solicitation of our own Catholic people can secure non-Catholic attendance at public lectures, that alone places the missionaries face to face with an imperative duty, places the church herself in that attitude, and especially the men and women who feel the inner fire of apostolic zeal. Nor does this hinder the hope of seeing some immediate results, and at our last meeting a direct appeal was made for study and prayer about Catholic claims, with a view to discovering the true religion.

Another sign of how very far off we are from the non-Catholic world in this section was the lack of questions. We had a few every night, but nothing like the number we had hoped for. We were compelled to ask some of the more important questions ourselves as introductions to the lectures. But we got pretty nearly all our doctrines before our public in some shape or some connection. Of course we were tagged after by the Seventh-day Adventists, they first hoping to set us on the other Protestants for keeping Sunday without warrant of Scripture; and then spitting fire at us for refusing to become their allies. These Adventists are a class of persons who mistake their own vindictive feelings for emotions of piety inspired by God. One must be careful to hold his temper with them, and should not allow them to get too much time by misusing the query box. Our Catholic people are sometimes quite piqued that we do not vigorously cut and slash at the regular anti-Catholics in the community. I had an instance in this place. One day, while taking a walk towards the country, I got a bow from an old man digging potatoes. I stopped and chatted with him—a genuine old-country specimen of the church militant. As I resumed my walk and bade him good-by he called after me, "Give them Hail Columbia, father; don't spare them!"

This was the mission at which we first began to work on our "Cleveland Plan." The bishop of this diocese has long contemplated systematic evangelization of the non-Catholics in his diocese, and the Paulists are fortunate enough to be able to assist him. Our community offered him my services for his first year, to co-operate with his own priests while they are getting settled to the work. The bishop's purpose is a separate house which shall be the rendezvous of a small number of active lecturers, working in every section of the diocese, wholly freed, for a term of years, from parish duty. To support them and pay the expenses of their apostolate, at least in part, they are to give some missions to the faithful, the stipends from which, to-

gether with the contributions of zealous benefactors, will form a missionary fund. Is it not encouraging to find God the Holy Ghost thus inspiring men in different places and in different environments with the same apostolic zeal? Father Hecker's life purpose, as soon as it begins to take practical shape, finds in this diocese a similar enterprise ready to be set on foot, an enlightened prelate, competent priests, enthusiastic laity, all glad to welcome a Paulist as a co-laborer in the holy cause of converting America. And the least inquiry reveals the same encouraging conditions everywhere among us—members of religious communities glad to work for their board and lodging and entirely without stipend, and numerous diocesan priests burning with zeal to be set free from parish duties in order to devote themselves, for some years at least, to that portion of their Master's vineyard which is ravaged by the wild beast of heresy.

So at this mission I had a regular associate, Father William Stevens Kress, soon to be relieved from all parish duty and set apart for non-Catholic missions. Two or three others will join him, and before long they will have their own house as a centre of operations and a quiet home for the necessary preparation. They will add to the church in the diocese of Cleveland that forceful, resistless power of public agitation for Christ's Church which belongs to it as an essential quality.

For Father Kress and myself to give alternate discourses the same evening added vastly to the attractiveness of the meetings. We chose different aspects of our topic, made our selections, and between us gave a fuller and altogether a more impressive statement. We felt our souls elevated into the third heaven to be thus yoked together to the chariot of the Lord. Perhaps we were unduly elated, for I noticed a prodigal expenditure of voice and action in our addresses some of the evenings. The Protestants must have thought us the most earnest lecturers they had ever heard, and earnestness is the stamp of the mint on the precious metal—the truth.

A NOBLE ARAB MARTYR.

By M. J. L.

THE other day, as I was listening to some old familiar words which have been sounding now for eighteen hundred years or more, my mind travelled back to a fort in Algiers, the Fort des Vingt-quatre-Heures, made of huge blocks, which for three hundred years remained immovable and silent. But in 1853 a martyrdom which some people looked upon as an idle tale, others as a superstitious legend, was brought to light, and the very stones themselves, with undeniable witness, revealed the pathetic figure of the Arab martyr, Geronimo. Just three hundred and forty-seven years ago a little Arab baby was taken prisoner by some Spanish soldiers, and brought to Oran to be offered up for sale as a slave. The good Vicar-General, Juan Caro, bought him and took him to his own house to educate him, and baptized him under the name of Geronimo. When the child was eight years old a few Arab slaves made their escape from Oran, and believing they were doing the boy a kindness, they took him with them; so for some years he lived with his people as a Mohammedan. But the holy faith which Juan Caro had planted in the child's heart had taken such firm root that his relations could not tear it out. He remained with them till he was twenty-five, and then he took a step which he knew no Arab could forgive, and which, if he should be recaptured, would lead him with certainty to suffering or death. He fled from his home and returned to the vicar-general, and telling him of the danger of his flight, he said simply: "It is because I wish to live henceforth in the faith of the Divine Saviour."

Juan Caro was so delighted that he received the young Arab like a lost child, and Geronimo, on his side, could not show his benefactor love and gratitude enough. He soon entered the Spanish Guard as a paid soldier, and he performed such brave deeds that he attained very high military honors. But the height of his joy and ambition was gained when he heard that the vicar-general gave his consent and approval to a marriage between him and a young Arab girl (also a convert) with whom

he had fallen in love. For ten years nothing but happiness shone on his life; he won the respect and confidence of all around him, he was Juan Caro's right hand, and his wife was as a daughter to his adopted father. No shadows seemed to cross their path; no troubles seemed drawing near them.

One bright May day in 1569 news came to Oran that a small Arab encampment had been noticed a short distance off. The rumor did not seem of importance; a handful of Spaniards could easily manage the Arabs; at least so Geronimo must have imagined, for he took only nine soldiers and manned a little boat, intending to land on the coast where the Arabs had assembled. They rowed out of the safe harbor with the sun shining on them, and sailed along the blue sea past the coral fishery of Mers-el-Kebir, never dreaming of danger, when suddenly two Moorish brigantines, which had been lying secretly in wait for them, chased them and ran them down. The nine soldiers escaped, but Geronimo, who was too marked a man, was seized upon at once, and carried off to Euldj Ali, the Calabrian renegade. A great cry spread like wildfire among the Arabs throughout Algeria that the Apostate was captured; that he, the traitor, who had abandoned his own people, denied his own faith, was lying a prisoner in the fortress, the "Bagno." The Moors, who knew his history, made a solemn vow that they would restore him to his old religion; so they began by sending marabouts to convert him with arguments and fair promises. But they returned discomforted to Euldj Ali; their fine words had availed nothing; the apostate remained immovable.

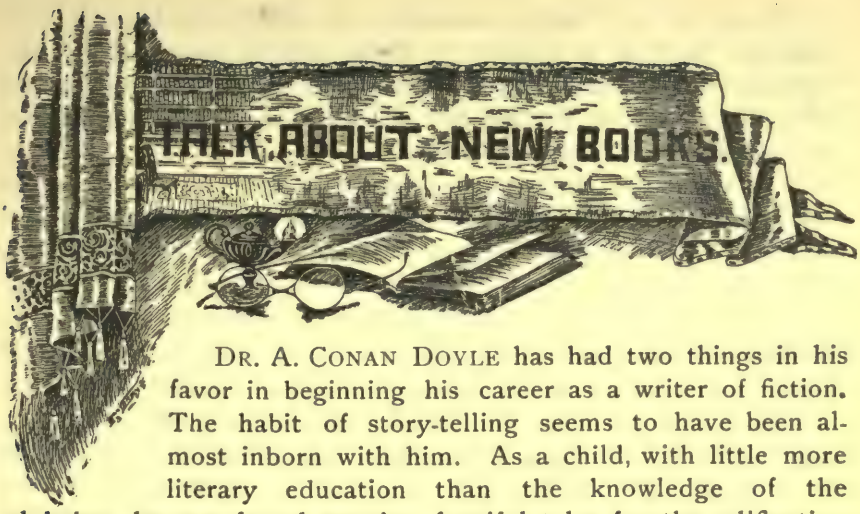
A fresh treatment was next tried; he was loaded with chains and treated with the utmost cruelty, and when he was faint from torture and scarcely able to speak the marabouts stood around him, offering him liberty, power, honor, riches. But no offer made him deny his faith, no longing for freedom made him forswear for one single moment his religion. Once, after some most horrible threat, he raised his poor suffering head, and with a voice so weak it could scarcely be heard he said: "They think they will make me a Mohammedan; but that they shall never do, even if they kill me." For four months Euldj Ali gloated over the daily tortures he was inflicting on Geronimo; but at last the very sameness of his cruelty palled upon him, and he was determined to invent a new and more hideous revenge for the "apostate's obstinacy." One morning the idea came to him; he was examining the works of a fort by the gate of Bab-el-Oued, when he saw a block of beton standing by

the great stones. This block was a mould in the shape of the immense stones, filled with a kind of concrete; when the concrete was sufficiently hardened, the wall was to be built with it. Here was the height of torture. Here was the most exquisitely painful death a man might devise. The dog of a slave should be laid in a similar mould; the liquid plaster should be poured over him; he should be built alive into the wall; the renegade should be turned into very stone. But as Arabs never act hastily, the pasha deliberated most carefully whether this really could be the most brutal death he could conceive; and then, believing there was no more effectual means of barbarity, he called a Navarrese mason, who was also a Christian slave. "Michel," he said, "you see this empty mould of beton; for the present leave it; I have a mind to make beton of that dog of Oran who refuses to come back to the faith of Islam." Poor Maître Michel had to obey, but he finished his day's work with a sad heart. As soon as he entered the "Bagno" (for he also was a prisoner), he found out Geronimo and told him Euldj Ali's command. Geronimo heard the command in perfect silence, and then very calmly answered: "God's holy will be done. Let not those miserable men think they will frighten me out of the faith of Christ by the idea of this cruel death. May my blessed Saviour only pardon me my sins and preserve me my soul!"

The whole of that night this brave young Arab spent in prayer and preparation for the death tortures which he knew were awaiting him. Must not the memories of his high military honors and fame, the kindness of Juan Caro, the love of his fair young wife, have flashed through his overstrung mind like some beautiful glittering dream? Was nothing left? Nothing real? Nothing but death—so ghastly in its fearful savagery that the very life beyond seemed hidden away? Ah! it was not too late even now. The sentence could still be recalled, and greater earthly power than Geronimo ever had was yet within his reach. Every line in that martyr's face, as we stood before his plaster cast, told us what his cry must have been then; told us silently how his cry for strength was answered. Between two and three o'clock next morning a guard summoned him to the pasha's presence. There he stood, a suffering, patient prisoner in chains, before a great multitude of Turks and Arabs in all their gorgeous magnificence. Then he was dragged by a hooting crowd, striking him and beating him, to the gate Bab-el-Oued, where he again stood before the

pasha, in the midst of his pompous retinue. Euldj Ali then addressed him slowly and clearly; he pointed out every detail of the fearful death; he showed him the blocks of beton, and every torture of such a death was carefully explained. He then ended his speech with: "Dog! you refuse to return to the faith of the Islam?" "I am a Christian, and as a Christian will I die," was the noble Arab's answer. "As you will," replied the pasha. "Then here," pointing to the beton, "shall you be buried alive." "Do your will. Death shall not make me abandon my faith," were Geronimo's last words. The pasha raised his hand, soldiers stepped forward, they removed the chain from the prisoner's leg, they bound his hands behind his back, they crossed his legs and tied them; then they took him up and laid him face downward into the mould. The plaster was poured over him, and Tamango, a renegade Spaniard, wanting to show what a fervent Mohammedan he was, jumped on Geronimo's body and broke his ribs. This act pleased Euldj Ali so much that others followed his example. For twenty-four hours Geronimo lay bleeding, suffering, dying, in that block of beton; the jeers and oaths of his enemies must have been ringing in his ears, the African sun in its intense power must have poured upon his aching head; but brave, faithful, and unmurmuring, this noble Arab lay there till the weary day and night were over, and another morning broke upon that beautiful Algerian land. But in the land above we believe the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven were thrown open, and Geronimo, bearing the palm in his hand, was admitted into the noble army of martyrs.

For three hundred years this story was handed from one generation to another, till some people treated it as a romance; but thirty-eight years ago, when alterations were being made and the wall had to be taken down, the workmen came upon a strange hollow place and some human bones. The governor, remembering this story, directed plaster-of-Paris to be thrown into the mould, and very soon the life-size figure of Geronimo appeared, proclaiming the truth of martyrdom. The cast is now kept in the museum at Algiers; it shows a slight figure, a face with the veins all raised, a poor mouth closed with a patient, determined expression; the hands are tied, the legs are swollen, even the very broken ribs are lying there. Three hundred years of history holding its peace; and lo! the very stones, as it were, cry out, and the noble Arab's martyrdom is brought to light.



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE has had two things in his favor in beginning his career as a writer of fiction. The habit of story-telling seems to have been almost inborn with him. As a child, with little more literary education than the knowledge of the alphabet, he was found weaving fanciful tales for the edification of little comrades, generally for the honorarium of a tart, as he tells us. Perhaps the reward was sweeter in those infantile days than many that came later on.

A good medical education was the second favorable condition. The experiences of an observant doctor embrace so many aspects of life, and so many conditions of mental and physical suffering, that a man with a good memory and a facile pen may easily learn to turn them to good dramatic purpose. The ramifications of disease, too, are so complex as to embrace many problems besides mere physical ones. They impinge at times largely upon the metaphysical domain, and send the mind sometimes down deeper still into the source and spring of all human existence.

The question of moral responsibility for crime is one that thus comes into the purview of the medical expert, in certain classes of disease, and in pursuit of this obscure and delicate subject Dr. Doyle has employed his literary art in a way which, while it fascinates, may be productive of very startling conclusions. Once it is admitted that an apparently rational and level headed person is by nature and heredity powerless to resist the promptings of evil, the foundations of our existing jurisprudence and social safeguards are placed in deadly peril. The group of short stories ranged under the name *Round the Red Lamp* give a vivid idea of Dr. Doyle's method of work. They also induct us into the ethics of pathology which men of his school have been broaching of late, much to the dismay of plainer people.

If we are not easily nauseated, we may wade through professional horrors as ghastly in their way as anything that the feverish imagination of Edgar Allan Poe conjured up in a less sickening school, and drain full the dregs lying at the bottom of *The Heavenly Twins*' mystery.

There may be readers to whom this class of literature is not distasteful; it is impossible to account for the idiosyncrasies of the many-minded reading public. In the unwholesome enthralment over such a story as one of them called *The Third Generation* tells, some might be oblivious to the peculiar morality which underlies the reasoning of a doctor who is commended to us as the model of medical philanthropy. A certain miserable scion of aristocracy, Sir Francis Norton, calls upon Dr. Horace Selby on the eve of his—the baronet's—marriage, for medical advice. From what transpires it is made apparent that the marriage must be broken off somehow, and the suggestion the doctor makes is that the baronet commit a felony of some kind, and get sent to penal servitude.

"How far the individual monad is to be held responsible for hereditary and engrained tendencies," as one of Dr. Doyle's characters, Professor Ainslie, remarks, "may be still an undetermined question," but the ordinary reasoner will have no difficulty in deciding upon the morality of endeavoring to avoid a physical dilemma by the perpetration of an aggravated moral offence.

It is impossible to question the literary skill with which these tales of medical life are woven. A concise and direct form of narrative, a careful use of detail, and a judicious introduction of medical phraseology are the methods on which the author relies. It is only in a restricted sense that they may be regarded as stories. They are rather brief imaginary episodes, not more startling in their character, it may be assumed, than the everyday experience of many medical men might furnish. An exceptional case, perhaps, is a story called *Lot No. 249*, which is a work of imagination almost as morbid as anything ever dreamed of by the medical romancist. The germ of the idea, mayhap, may be found in that ghastly tale of Poe's in which galvanic experiments upon a corpse furnish the *motif*.

There are doubtless some orders of mind which find pastime in literature of this kind. *Chacun a son gout.* The lovers of a healthier page will put them by with the reflection that it is a pity the talent which was expended on them found no better aim than they did.

In this time of educational unrest, when one is apt to get confused over methods rather than aims, it is of a verity refreshing to be recalled to the truth of things by such a book as that just published by the Bishop of Peoria, Right Rev. J. L. Spalding. *Things of the Mind** is a book for adults. It strikes a noble key for a healthy view of life and a manly tone in the moral system, to exorcise the spirit of pessimism which the pursuit of mere material success infuses so widely. All through its theme is education; not the mere instilling of laws and rules and scientific methods, but the incessant effort of the mind and the soul after higher things and the search for the holy grail of life, the beautiful and the true.

From end to end several chapters in the book are a cluster of pearls of fine thought. Nor is the thought labored, neither is there any semblance of jading repetition. Many of the *dicta* compress the experience of years in an epigram—as, for instance, this: "It takes half a lifetime to learn to know the studies we should neglect." "Man is not pure intellect—he is life; and life is power, goodness, wisdom, joy, beauty, health, yearning, faith, hope, love, action." "The perfect man is not merely a knower and thinker, but he is also one who lays hold on life and does as well as he thinks."

With all the views set forth in the book we may not agree. There are opinions about women in politics, and there are views on the merits of certain writers, from which many people will take leave to dissent; but the splendidly hortatory spirit and tendency of the work is not affected by these incidental obstacles. The student may well read it for style; the thinker for light and direction. We have read it with pleasure; few of those who take it up can fail to find a stimulus and a solace in it also, we confidently venture to predicate.

Mr. Gladstone's erudition is no less wonderful a characteristic of him than his vitality and capacity for work at an age long past the normal limit of man's usefulness. It is a graceful trait of his that he always sought relief from the cares of politics and statecraft in the cultivation of belles-lettres. A proof that his scholarly instincts still hold him strongly is to hand in a volume of translations of Horace,† dated so recently as September of this year. The Greek classicists were his favorites,

* *Things of the Mind.* By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *The Odes of Horace.* Translated into English. By W. E. Gladstone. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

we were led to believe, in earlier as well as in mature years; the Italian poets sometimes intermitted those studies of Homer which have resulted in several scholarly volumes; now we find that the most difficult of the Latin poets has had in him a diligent student and interpreter also. The introduction to the present volume is conspicuous for a quality never before observable in Mr. Gladstone's work—brevity.

Mr. Gladstone's apology for adding to the number of Horatian translators is his belief that the quality of compression is not found amongst the many preceding renderings, with two notable exceptions, namely, Milton's and Conington's. Compression he considers a *sine quâ non* to any worthy Horatian rendering. He also alleges as a reason for putting himself into evidence his dissent from Mr. Conington's rule—that all odes which Horace has written in a uniform metre should in a uniform metre be done into English. Perhaps in urging this reason Mr. Gladstone would have been more correct in describing himself as in opposition to Horatius Flaccus himself, rather than to Mr. Conington. He does not think the poet showed good metrical taste in putting his ode to Soracte and his other ode on Regulus in the same metre, the subjects being so widely dissimilar. With all possible deference to Mr. Gladstone we prefer the poet's own judgment on this extremely delicate question. The Alcaic measure, in which both these odes are written, is a very effective form of verse and readily adaptable to grave and stately subjects as well as lighter ones.

Mr. Gladstone improves on Horace, also, if we regard rhyming terminations as an improvement on blank verse.

Some of Mr. Gladstone's renderings are more graceful than Milton's, possibly owing to his having the English language more under control than the great poet of *Paradise Lost*, who at times seemed more awkward in the handling of his native tongue than in foreign ones. The pretty ode to Pyrrha, for instance, becomes in Mr. Gladstone's hands more intelligible than in Milton's.

> "For whom those auburn tresses bindest thou
> With simple care?"

is much more compact than Milton's lines:

> "For whom bindest thou in wreaths
> Thy golden hair,
> Plain in thy neatness? . . . "

"Simplex munditiis," the phrase of Horace, seems to have been somewhat of a stumbling-block to Milton, but Mr. Gladstone renders it easily and aptly. So too with

> . . . "Heu! quoties fidem
> Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
> Nigris æquora ventis
> Emirabitur insolens."

This Milton gives stiffly:

> "How oft shall he
> On faith and changing gods complain,
> And seas rough with black winds
> Unwonted shall admire!"

Very different is the manner of Mr. Gladstone's version:

> "Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
> His altered gods; and his unwonted gaze
> Shall watch the waters darkening to the gale
> In wild amaze."

Horace's image in this verse presents some points of obscurity; but it must be owned that Mr. Gladstone, whilst not making it clearer than Milton, comes nearer to a poetical rendering. Some of Mr. Gladstone's renderings, as he takes care to explain in various foot-notes, are softened from the original text, so that the book cannot offend any delicate sensibility.

I.—SAINT PAUL AND HIS MISSIONS.*

It would be difficult to find a more interesting and instructive book than Abbé Fouard's *St. Paul and his Missions.* It is translated with great spirit by Rev. George F. X. Griffith, who has done into English Fouard's Life of Christ and of St. Peter. As the background for the narrative Abbé Fouard constructs from Acts and the Epistles of St. Paul, he places before the reader a carefully considered view of the state of religious feeling among the heathen nations to whom St. Paul brought the Gospel.

* *Saint Paul and his Missions.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by George F. X. Griffith. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It is too much the fashion to maintain that all belief in the old worship had passed away from the cultivated classes of the Roman world, and that only an imitative scepticism, mingled with the grossest superstition, remained among the other classes. Undoubtedly there was an affectation of cynical unbelief in the upper ranks. All the strange worships of the world had found their way to Rome and found acceptance among the plebs, or what remained of or represented that once haughty democracy; but that, so far from being a proof of scepticism among them, is rather a proof that they were wildly groping for more light, that they had an enduring faith in the supernatural.

Neither does the sneering of the upper classes at the events recounted of the gods prove unbelief. It would rather indicate, when coupled with other signs, a desire for an eclectic or philosophic creed. Nor does the moral leprosy that whitened all classes, high and low alike, prove abandonment of belief. History is full of instances of great corruption of morals residing with strong beliefs.

As a proof in some degree of what has been said, we may mention that in the country districts of Italy the old and simple worship existed almost unchanged from the Etruscan times. It preserved its simplicity and strength and purity, however marred and covered over the worship in the city may have been by the bewildering complexity of beliefs and forms that had gathered around it.

Glimpses like the blue sky between the parted clouds can be seen of this patriarchal creed in the valleys, on the mountain slopes, under the vines, on the pastures, amid the waving corn, on the sacred hearth of the Roman country home. If the Roman world had lost all belief, St. Paul's preaching would be in vain, because they would have lost the capacity for belief.

We take Abbé Fouard's book at the passages dealing with St. Paul's arrival at Cyprus. A Roman noble, Sergius Paulus, administered the government of the island. We have in a few sentences an excellent presentation of the social condition and religious traditions of the Cypriotes. It is so remarkably well done that the reader may be prepared for picturesque and effective writing throughout the work.

Sergius, as we know from St. Luke, was a man of talent. It is suggested by the abbé that in the leisure he enjoyed at his government, so far from the claims of society doubtless, and the suspicious eye of his imperial master, he must have realized what a void the banished faith of his fathers must have

left in his soul. Consequently he was haunted by that yearning so natural to man for light and order among the dim and ever shifting fancies in which the quest after the unseen so often wearily and vainly spends itself.

We have some evidence of this feeling in the patronage which Sergius bestowed upon the Jewish magician, Bar-Jesus. He was treated with distinction by the proconsul, and probably stood in the place of the philosopher who usually enlightened and guided the conscience of a Roman patrician.

When the news reached his court that those Jews recently landed on the island were exciting the wonder of the synagogues by their preaching, Sergius invited them. It was evidently a part of that marvellous curiosity with which the East and the world had been throbbing for some time with the expectation of a teacher who would solve the most difficult problems of life and its obligations.

A trial of skill in controversy takes place before Sergius. The disputants are St. Paul and the magician. It must have reminded Sergius of what he had read of the conflicts between the great orators of Greece. Our author portrays it with fire and energy, and the description can be taken as a good instance of his power and the sympathy and ability of his translator.

In every passage of it we have the impress of the great apostle's character. His vigorous, rugged, impetuous nature lighted to highest enthusiasm by the fire of the Holy Spirit as he launched the thunders of impassioned invective on the head of Bar-Jesus. We can almost fancy him scorched by the eye and the words of St. Paul.

The great apostle throughout the book stands in vivid personality. We accompany him everywhere, to Galatia, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Athens, Corinth—everywhere the old immemorial gods are falling before him. As of old, according to the myth, they left the earth, now they leave Olympus.

Nor does the animation of the narrative prevent Abbé Fouard from supplying all the materials to grasp the picture in its truth. He has brought to his work copious information concerning the physical geography of the regions visited by St. Paul as well as the customs, traditions, and creeds of their inhabitants. These are the setting of the picture, and give to it the completeness which any trustworthy monograph should possess.

2.—HAMON'S MEDITATIONS.*

This is an excellent English version of a work which has been extremely successful, and which undoubtedly deserves the success it has obtained. It follows the order of the Calendar, special meditations being added for the feasts of many of the saints, and contains also forms for morning and evening prayers.

One of its best features is the summary of the morrow's meditation, to be read the night before. It is no doubt important to have such a summary, and difficult to prepare it for one's self; still more difficult to have it when a book of this kind is to be used for a community.

The only fault we should have to find with the book, particularly for community use, is that the subjects are too much developed, making the exercise rather a spiritual reading than a meditation properly so called. This fault, however, is to be found with almost all similar works, and is not of so much consequence for persons using them privately, as one can stop wherever it may seem best. Another difficulty in its way for community use is the variable number of the points, two, three, or four. But this again may be an advantage where one is at liberty to select what may be most profitable.

But if such a large amount is read aloud at once for a number of persons it will, we think, be usually found difficult to select any particular part for meditation, the memory of each being somewhat confused by what follows. For those, however, who have the book at hand to help them, this objection does not apply.

But for private meditation, a practice that is coming more or less into vogue, no better book can be recommended than Hamon's meditations. Its wonderful and phenomenal sale in France, reaching nearly one hundred thousand copies, shows that it is very much in touch with the popular devotional sentiment. The revulsion against infidelity in France is manifesting itself in a deepening and widening of the religious sense. Of this awakening have been born the numerous lives of Christ. Père Didon, Le Camus, Fouard, and others have written for this new spirit. The latest but not the least sign is the one hundred thousand copy sale of Hamon's Meditations.

* *Meditations for all the Days of the Year.* For the use of priests, religious, and the faithful. By Rev. M. Hamon, S.S. From the twenty-third revised and enlarged edition, by Mrs. Anne R. Bennett (née Gladstone). Benziger Brothers.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati:
Mostly Boys. Short Stories. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. *Let us go to the Holy Table.* By the Rev. Father J. M. Lambert. Translated from the French by the Rev. W. Whitty.

H. L KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:
Moondyne Joe. By John Boyle O'Reilly.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOK CO., New York:
Hygiene, with Anatomy and Physiology. By Joseph F. Edwards, A.M., M D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
A Text-book on the History of Painting. By John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D. *A Text-book on Inorganic Chemistry.* By G. S. Newth, F.I.C., F.C.S. *The History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in Relation to Divorce and certain Forbidden Degrees.* By Herbert Mortimer Lucknock, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. *Practicable Socialism.* By Samuel and Henrietta Barnett. *The Truth and Reality of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.* By George Rundle Prynne, M.A.

BURNS & OATES, London:
Letters and Writings of Marie Lataste. Translated from the French by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. Vol. III. *Manual of Scripture History.* By the Rev. Walter J. B. Richards, D.D. Sixth edition.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
Three Heroines of New England Romance. By Harriet Prescott Spofford, Alice Brown, and Louise Imogen Guiney. With illustrations by Edmund H. Corrett. *Centuries Apart.* By Edward T. Bouvé. *Hope Benham: A Story for Girls.* By Nora Perry.

J. DULACHAN & CO., Chicago:
The Acolyte's Companion: Ceremonial and Prayer-book Combined. With Rules and Regulations for establishing and governing a Sanctuary Society. Compiled from approved sources by a Member of a Religious Community.

WYMAN & SONS, Fetter Lane, London:
A Life's Struggle and its Result. By Lady Herbert.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:
St. Benedict's Manual. By Rev. Wendelin Maria Mayer, O.S.B. Sixth revised and enlarged edition. *St. Francis' Manual.* Arranged by Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F. Twelfth edition, revised and enlarged. *St. Anthony's Manual.* Compiled from authentic sources for the Faithful Servants of the great Thaumaturgus of Friars Minor. Translated from the German for the Devotees of St. Anthony.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:
Love in Idleness. By F. Marion Crawford. *The Use of Life.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.

WALTER SCOTT, limited, London; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons:
The Humor of Ireland. By D. J. O'Donoghue.

The Brehon Laws. By Lawrence Grinnell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

NEW PAMPHLETS.

ALFRED COPPENRATH'S Verlag (H. PAWELEK), Regensburg:
Authentische Porträte der Königin Maria Stuart. Herausgegeben Von Dr. Bernhard Sepp.

P. O'SHEA, New York:
Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes. By Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P.

MURDOCK, KERR & CO., Pittsburg:
Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of Pittsburg.

Editorial Notes

In view of some recent developments in American politics it would be well for both friends and enemies of the Papacy to ponder on the attitude and utterances of the Holy Father on the subject of the separation of religion and politics. Even the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church must concede that no trace of ambiguity or indirectness can be found in the clear and unmistakable terms in which he has time and again expressed himself on the question of the duty of both clergy and laity in various countries towards their respective governments. Take for instance one of his most recent declarations, made to a distinguished French ecclesiastic :

"I do not wish the French monarchists to make use of religion as a party tool. It is not only my right but it is likewise my bounden duty to hinder religion from serving as a springing board to partisans of this or that government. I know that all are not pleased. They have gone so far even as to hint to me that the Peter-pence may suffer from their displeasure. I do not believe it. Be that as it may, however, I do my duty, and I shall do so to the end."

Being asked if these words might be repeated, the Pope replied :

"Most assuredly. Proclaim that I hold religion to be above all parties. That I so will it. That I so require it."

If, then, the enemies of the Catholic Church commend these significant utterances of the Head of that Church to its adherents, how can they with any show of fairness pretend that politics may utilize religion for the purpose of gaining its own ends?

The same rule must be applied in either case impartially, if the civil government of this world is to be carried on in a spirit of justice.

One of the world's greatest despots has passed away since the preceding issue of this magazine was printed. The Czar

Alexander III. has had to obey a ukase more irresistible than any of his own, and his place is now filled by his son, Nicholas II.

Those who desire peace in the old world wish that in this case Amurath may to Amurath succeed, as the late Czar's consistent policy resembled that of the street angel who is, according to the proverb, the house devil. Nervously anxious to maintain peace abroad, his policy was to keep his subjects at home in a state of perpetual torture, by a system of police terrorism and arbitrary punishments and expatriation more merciless than those of Caius Marius. He lived in constant dread of the dynamite bomb, the stiletto, and the poisoned bowl, and he seemed to be determined that if misery was to be his lot, it should be that of his subjects too. It is believed that his successor is not so well disposed toward the French Republic as the late Czar was, and it is on this account the European powers are regarding the immediate future with anxiety.

A frightful report, which is taken with some reserve, reaches us as we go to press. It affects the Christians of Armenia, of whose condition we published so graphic a picture in our last issue from the pen of the Catholic Bishop of Tarsus and Adana. The story goes that a series of frightful massacres have been perpetrated on them by the Kurds and regular Turkish troops, owing to their inability to pay taxes. The horrors of Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopolis are reported to have been reproduced and on a larger scale, over a large district of Armenia, but some doubts have been thrown on the accuracy of the report. All past experience of Turkish rule, however, goes to show that it is quite within the bounds of probability.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FIVE bishops attended the meeting held October 11 at the Columbus Club, Chicago, for the purpose of considering the advantages to be derived from a Second Summer-School for Catholics in the United States. Emulous of the good work done in the East at New London and at historic Champlain during the past three years, Catholics living in the West have decided to establish a Summer-School within easy reach of their own homes. Among the sites proposed for this new undertaking were Mackinaw, Green Bay, and Madison. It was decided to locate for the first season at Madison, Wis. This decision holds good for one year; afterwards another site may be selected, or it may be agreed to move about from year to year, in order to extend the influence of the movement throughout the West. Right Rev. S. Messmer, D.D., Bishop of Green Bay, Wis.; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, Ind.; and Rev. T. Hughes, S.J., of St. Louis University, were appointed a committee on studies. Catholic Reading Circles—nineteen are now established at Chicago alone—will be invited by Rev. P. J. Agnew to co-operate with the board of managers, which already includes many eminent names among the clergy and the laity, representing Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, and Michigan. These seven States contain a sufficient number of Catholics well able to give ample patronage to a new Summer-School.

* * *

The *Casket*, a Catholic journal, published at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, admits the truth contained in a statement from *Church Progress* that it is scarcely reasonable to suppose the Summer-School on Lake Champlain can draw appreciable patronage from regions a thousand miles remote. Still the question is open for discussion whether another school should be established so soon. Every summer New York State is favored by many visitors from the West. The *Casket* thus states an opinion deserving of careful consideration:

"One of the chief incentives to visiting what could heretofore be called *the* Catholic Summer-School was the prospect of meeting in the flesh the leading men and women in Catholic literary and educational life from over the entire nation. Indeed, we here in Canada had entertained some hope that the Summer-School might yet become an international institution—American in the proper sense of the word. More intimate relations in the field of thought between the Catholics of the United States and Canada are much to be desired. It is not a little disappointing, therefore, to see these hopes dashed."

Why should the hopes of our Canadian brethren be frustrated? They will find both at Madison and at Champlain a truly representative American gathering of students and distinguished thinkers. Sooner or later the managers of the two or more Catholic Summer-Schools that are to be established and conducted without sectional rivalry will realize the value of reciprocity. Lecturers of national reputation will not restrict their influence to one locality. While it may be an insurmountable difficulty to gather an audience from California at Madison, or any other point requiring a journey of a thousand miles, it is comparatively easy to arrange by consultation in advance for the lecturer to travel. The problem will be solved by a generous spirit of co-operation in the East, West, North, and South to make effective use of the intellectual forces among Catholics. Whatever may be the future development of the Summer-School movement it is per-

manently settled by the laws of nature that the picturesque Champlain valley, located between the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Adirondack Mountains of New York, will always be a delightful resort for intelligent people to improve their minds by study and recreation. For historic associations of noble deeds in defence of religion and fatherland it cannot be surpassed anywhere in the whole United States.

* * *

Through the efforts of many who have taken part in the work proposed by the Columbian Reading Union the Public Library in different localities has learned to know Catholics not simply as readers, but also as the owners and makers of a good, honest, healthy literature, characterized by a just sense of art and by a high claim, clean as well as modern, and covering every branch of literary composition. A communication showing how gladly such information is received, when presented in definite shape for use, is here given to indicate what intelligent women may do to defend the faith:

"I wrote last January asking your help in obtaining a list of books counteracting one already in our Public Library. The librarian had written to other cities for similar lists, as he thought best not to give me one with a merely local scope. This caused one delay. Then your very necessary wish to know 'which dogma was attacked or epoch of history was misrepresented in each book' required some time on my part, as I was unfamiliar with most of the books. My duties leave me very little spare time. Unfortunately I am not always able to utilize this, as my health is not good. Furthermore I was away from home during July and August. Pardon me for all these personal excuses, but having asked your help it seems decidedly ungracious not to take advantage of what was so freely offered.

"In the meantime I have not been idle, but have been sowing the seed for the Columbian Union here and in the places I have visited this summer. My efforts have been so well received that I feel greatly encouraged to continue the work. Enclosed you will find the list of the books:

"*Historical Studies*, by Eugene Lawrence, is a collection of articles published in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* some years ago (during the 70s). These articles are written in most attractive style, with an attempt at fairness tending to deceive. It is not a safe book in the hands of one not well versed in history and without the means at hand to contradict the testimony the author cites, viz., Migne, Voigt, Gesta, Milman, Ranke, Mosheim, Stendhal, Jorius, Michelet, Walch, Audin, Roscoe, and others. His subjects are—The Bishops of Rome, Leo and Luther, Loyola and the Jesuits, Ecumenical Councils, the Vaudois, the Huguenots, the Church of Jerusalem, Dominic and the Inquisition, the Conquest of Ireland, and the Greek Church.

"*The Story of Liberty*, by Coffin, is, in my estimation, a most dangerous book, inasmuch as it is a child's book gotten up in Harper's most attractive style in regard to type, binding, and illustrations. On turning over the leaves of the copy I procured I was heart-sick. The well-thumbed leaves gave evidence of the number of youthful minds poisoned by the vile calumnies with which every page teemed. The same old falsehoods (those, alas! that contain a grain of truth) that have been controverted again and again. Infallibility, Luther, the Jesuits, the Inquisition, Confession, Indulgences; these and many other topics receive their share of distortion.

"*Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles*, by an anonymous author, is another of Harper's publications. The title indicates the subject matter. The animus of the author can be implied by the following quotation from his preface:

"Romish proselytism . . . distorts the truth by silent suppression, by artful equivocation, and not rarely by unscrupulous denial of damaging fact, which its ministers know the objector has not at hand the means of establishing."

"Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons* is answered by Rev. H. F. Ryder's *Catholic Controversy*.

"*Catholic and Protestant Nations Compared*, by N. Roussel, is offset in part by Balmes' *European Civilization*. This is already in the library. I should be glad to have a book that is more modern than Balmes.

"*Evenings with the Romanists*, by Hobart Seymour, is a somewhat flippant account of how the writer spent Sunday evenings among the benighted peasantry of Ireland. He attacks nearly every article of our faith, and the ease with which his hearers become converted is only equalled by his sleight-of-hand performances in reasoning. *Catholic Belief*, by Rev. Joseph Faà Di Bruno, is an excellent antidote for this book, which is scarcely worthy of notice. However, some person might be attracted by it, and it would be well to have it answered. Should there be a book that answers this purpose better than the one I have cited I should be glad to have it included.

"*The Papacy and the Civil Power*, by R. W. Thompson, is answered by Father Weninger's pamphlet.

"*The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, by Mrs. Charles, is a somewhat out-of-date novel—that is, it is little read at present. I have not had time, so far, to examine it.

"*The History of the Dutch Republic*, by Motley, is too well known to need any comments from me. The remaining books indicate by their titles what is the subject attacked. We need a judicious selection of Catholic writers on the same subjects to have these attacks properly answered."

The offensive books in this particular Western city were selected by bigots and recommended to the Public Library. Hundreds of sturdy Catholics, having an equal claim to make a request for books of their choice, passed to and fro quite oblivious that the minds of their fellow-citizens were becoming infected with falsehood by the circulation of malicious lies in print. After consultation with six well-informed scholars, a list was sent by the Columbian Reading Union. The books mentioned should have a place in every Public Library that provides for the impartial study of important subjects. It will be noticed that the books were chosen as antidotes to those already in circulation. The list is here given:

Clifton Tracts—three volumes.
Spanish Inquisition.—De Maistre.
Answers to Littledale.—Ryder.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary.—Montalembert.
History of Lourdes.—Lassere.
Faith of our Fathers.—Gibbons.
Church and the Age.—Hecker.
Henry VIII. and Monasteries.—Gasquet.
Queen Elizabeth and Catholic Hierarchy.—Gasquet and Knox.
History of the Reformation.—M. J. Spalding.
Cardinal Fisher.—Bridgett.
Chair of Peter.—Murphy.
Temporal Power.—Gosselin.
Formation of Christendom.—Allies.
Protestant and Catholic Countries Compared.—Young.

No book by a Catholic writer has been suggested that would serve to counteract the attractive books by Coffin, entitled *The Story of Liberty*, *A New Way around the World*, etc. Many of our correspondents have noticed that his books are eagerly read by the young, and are to be found in all circulating libraries.

* * *

For ten cents in postage-stamps the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, will send to any part of the United States or Canada a selected list of stories for young people. Every book on the list is suitable for a Christmas gift.

* * *

A request from a Reading Circle printed some time ago in this department has induced Murphy & Co. of Baltimore to print in a cheap, handy volume a compendium on the middle ages from the writings of Archbishop Spalding. We hope it will have a wide circulation to encourage other publications of a similar character. There are many sources of information not available for Reading Circles. Excellent articles on historical subjects especially might be profitably reprinted in cheap form from back numbers of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Opinions on this matter are requested.

M. C. M.

On the Road to Lourdes.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

II.—UNWITTING WITNESSES.

VER since the centurion, calling his guards away from the hill of Calvary, gave his downright, soldierly, "Surely this was the Son of God"; and Pliny the younger, writing of the faithful in his jurisdiction, bore generous testimony to their child-like guilelessness, the divine Truth has not lacked those in high places who have been witnesses, willing or otherwise, to its triumphant superiority.

All literatures in Christian times have teemed with thinkers of every shade who, from all sorts of view-points, have in the most surprising fashion seized upon one or another feature of the Faith and vindicated it.

Even the Babel of non-Catholic theology itself, when taken as a whole, furnishes here and there, piecemeal, the faith entire; for what one doctor learnedly denies another proves, and so on, a majority of heretics for ever showing the utter nonsense of any one man's special heresy!

The readers of this magazine no doubt recall Newman's inimitable putting of this point in *Loss and Gain*. All may not, however, have seen Augustin Birrell's keen use of it in his clever *Obiter Dicta*. He says that Newman's argument reminds him of the missionary's dress-suit which fell by accident into the hands of naked savages.

To their primitive minds it was inconceivable that so large a number of articles of clothing could be intended for one man!

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Accordingly the king assumed the majestic silk hat, and distributed the coat, waistcoat, trousers, boots, etc., among his faithful courtiers. Thus a complete civilized suit was *en evidence* at court, but scattered about on a dozen men!

So is it with the Anglican divines, goes on the cardinal in his delicious humor. They teach the whole Catholic Faith—but in scraps! Everybody reveres the "standard old Anglican divines." Very well; listen to Newman.

A Catholic, he points out, is merely a man with the whole suit on at once! He holds "the divinity of Tradition with Laud, consent of Fathers with Beveridge, a visible Church with Bramhall, dogma with Bull, the authority of the pope with Thorndyke, penance with Taylor, prayers for the dead with Ussher, celibacy, asceticism, ecclesiastical discipline with Bingham!"

Birrell is merely one of the sharp-sighted thinkers of this day and generation—one of an increasing school of writers who say: "Don't be a Catholic if you do not wish to be, but *please* do work up a new set of reasons, as the old lot is worn out!"

Let one read as one will—far ahead on the skirmish line of destructive and radical criticism, or back of the bulwarks of the standard classics—it matters not. Everywhere crop out these delightful side-lights flashing forth truth.

Some time ago I decided to jot down in a leisure week's reading anything that might turn up bearing on the subject of this article, and the result was a resolution to write at least a book on the unwilling or unwitting corroborations of Catholic verity to be found in English literature. The dozen instances of this transpiring in the most casual browsing of three days set me to thinking of scores of books and authors not before noticed with respect to it, but well enough remembered to promise me a rich return for a renewed perusal with this in view.

There was your livid Orangeman, Macaulay, prophesying *permanence* to Catholicity so stable that his New-Zealander, perched on a broken arch of London Bridge viewing the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral (*i.e.*, Anglicanism), might yet hear Mass at Rome!

And dainty Matthew Arnold—no friend of the faith—exquisitely demonstrating the incompatibility of St. Paul and Protestantism—not to say anything of the vulgarity he points out in dissent.

And our own mystic, Hawthorne, of the nameless charm—a

Catholic in soul—shrinking like an exposed and spiritual nerve from the mechanical, the blatant, the false in Calvin.

And stout old Scott—a cavalier and churchman to the quick —making a "business" century glow with the faith, the passions, and the aspirations of the middle ages.

I thought of these, I thought of some score others—poets and novelists and thinkers and historians—and for the first time saw the "Rainbow of the Truth" spanning our splendid firmament of Letters.

I thought that it was more than accident that in the families of the last three named — Arnold and Scott and Hawthorne—conversions to the Catholic religion have taken place.

At Abbotsford the family is wholly Catholic, while Hawthorne's daughter and her husband and compeer in letters are fervent children of Mother Church.

But to come back. The first book I picked up was Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*—the first great novel in the English tongue, remaining yet not at all crowded by competitors for immortality.

Richardson's contribution to my peculiar purpose was meagre in extent, but it made up by its delicious flavor and quaint conceit for anything that it might lack in force.

Lovelace, the villain, having compelled his victim, poor Clarissa Harlowe, to mount his coach and drive into the country, protests most loudly that the young lady gave her consent. Whereupon sly old Richardson declares that she "consented," doubtless, much in the way a dean and chapter of the English Church "elect" a bishop!

This is delicious. It is worth more than a whole treatise upon the mooted question (so sore with Anglicans) as to who is the church's head. A dean and chapter, it may not generally be known, "elect" their bishop in the following way: The queen, by her prime minister, fills the vacant see by appointing some popular divine, and then issues her *congé d'élire*, or permission to elect, to the dean and chapter. These worthies thereupon convene with no end of red-tape, and after solemnly invoking the guidance of Heaven in their choice, *unanimously elect the queen's appointee!* And the Right Rev. Dr. Lovelace declares that poor Anglican Clarissa said "yes"—the coy creature!

My next happening was upon a couplet of the poet Gray's, intended by him to have been introduced into his fragment on

"Education and Government," which, by the way, deserves to be better known than it is.

Both of my editions of Gray omit the lines—to the lasting credit of the poet as a sound Anglican; but Mason has preserved it for us. Speaking of the conversion of Henry VIII. and the founding of the English Church in consequence, Gray had written:

> "When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
> And gospel-light first dawned from Boleyn's eyes."

Nothing so casually thrown out by a non-combatant, pastoral poet during a lull in theological hostilities can be ignored, or argued around. There it is! And it is evidence of the first water of the simple truth, that the labored and pathetic *ex-post facto* effort of Anglican theologians to purify the motives of the monarch who grew "wise" (*i.e.*, reformed); and to vindicate a schism as a result of a religious conviction which was neither more nor less than a fortuitous outcome of a scandalous breach of the laws of both God and man—is futile.

Gray was not taken in by such poor sophistry.

He noticed and sung the coincidence of the "love-light" and the "gospel-light" in the saucy eye of that wanton, old Tom Bullen's daughter.

And, be it remembered, Gray was no low-churchman resorting to "low" means to down Tractarian theorizers. He antedated Newman by a whole century.

Strangely paralleling Gray's frank couplet are those lines of Horace Walpole's—a different man, indeed—which he inscribed upon a column to poor Queen Katherine, whom the "wise monarch" got rid of to make room for his plump Anne Boleyn—and the gospel!

If Gray was frank and incautious enough to give damaging witness, what shall we say of brother Walpole's ingenuous burst of plain but indiscreet allusion to history?

He inscribes:

> "From Katherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
> And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed."

There's an insular, not to say insolent, twist to the old truth, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church!

Note, too, the monumental calm that could chisel in cold

stone the connection of a national bliss with a foul and cruel divorce! Good old "St. Martin Luther" must be proud of the *method* whereby his "light" was disseminated throughout the British Isles; and it would seem a bit rough, even on the gay and festive Martin himself, to have recourse to the "lawless bed" of a sensual king for a candle-stick to his flaring rush-light.

Walpole was an earnest, honest man; but as he also had not basked in the sunshine of the "Oxford Movement," how *could* he guess that he was "giving it away"?

A staunch defender of the Church of England as by law established in these realms could not at that time possibly see the awkwardness of that whole Henry VIII. business. Never dreaming of an Anglo-Catholic descent from pre-Reformation Catholicism, his simple soul was innocent of all necessity for looking the other way on mention being made of Harry's rather questionable marital relations.

Not that the eighteenth century was quite devoid of those who, bravely and with sinking hearts, tended the little lamp of Catholic tradition which never has gone out in England; but these were few and as yet quietly enduring their isolated and pathetic exile.

The masses were like Walpole, Protestant, and naturally spoke out in meeting. The "bulwarks of the Reformation" were then intact, and the Erastianism of the house of Hanover settling with chilling effect upon the long despiritualized Establishment.

It was then that the indifference, ignorance, and Protestantism of the English Church, thrown into relief by the awakening of Catholicity throughout Europe, produced that unguarded, degraded, indolent state of religion which the literature of the period reflects, and which at length called forth the fierce anguish of the early Tractarians and the later morning of the Catholic Revival. But the ingenuous, unbiased, spontaneous testimony of the great authors of the time to the effect that there was no claim to Catholic descent, no pretension to Catholic belief, no evidence of Catholic practice, but an emphatic repudiation of these, cannot be too lightly estimated.

Dryden, himself a convert in after years, puts the common-sense philosophy of the "wise monarch" in a nut-shell, when he writes: "If Conscience had any part in moving the king to sue for a divorce, she had taken a long nap of almost twenty years together before she was awakened; and, perhaps, had

slept on till doomsday if Anne Boleyn, or some other fair lady, had not given her a jog: so the satisfying of an inordinate passion cannot be denied to have had a great share at least in the production of that schism which led the very way to our pretended Reformation."

More subtle than this, but not more to the point, are the delicate cynicisms of Thackeray, the broader satire of Dickens, and the coarse guffaws of Butler's immortal *Hudibras*.

No mention need be made of the long list of works intentionally making for or against the faith, nor could they have the weight of these great geniuses who mirror facts and men just as they are. These are unbiased, or if at all *ex parte*, they are invariably *subpœnaed* as witnesses not on our side. The last on whom I chanced was our own Lowell, from whose exquisite passage on St. Peter's at Rome room now remains for only a brief quotation. Could one, however Catholic, say more than this?

"She (the Catholic Church) is the only church that has been loyal to the heart and soul of man. . . . She is the only poet among the churches, and while Protestantism is unrolling a pocket surveyor's-plan, takes her votary to the pinnacle of her temple, and shows him meadow, upland, and tillage, cloudy heaps of forest clasped with the river's jewelled arm, hillsides white with the perpetual snow of flocks, and, beyond all, the interminable heave of the unknown ocean."

THE HUMANISM OF PETER.

BY K. F. MULLANEY.

WARM-HEARTED, hot-headed Peter! How he stands out before us, clear-cut as a cameo against the simple Scriptural background! A rough diamond, quick-tempered, impetuous, boastful. A rock indeed, full of sturdy strength, but rough in outward seeming; and yet marked with the seal of God's choice as the foundation stone whereon should rest in undisturbable strength the mystical City of God unto which all nations should go up. Let us look at him well, this rough-garmented toiler of the sea, with the wind-tossed hair and spray-wet face, as he cast out his net with brawny strength into the water. A rough-hewn rock, with no lines of beauty to redeem its roughness, and yet with capabilities within it of being transformed by the power of a master's hand into a living, breathing soul. I have seen a block of stone, rough and ungainly, laid before a sculptor—and when I saw it again a face of divinest beauty was gazing at me from it. It seemed as if I could see the whole majestic figure underneath the prisoning roughness of the stone, waiting only for the magic touch of chisel and mallet to break its fetters, when it would spring into enduring life, never again to be returned to its former state of crudity. The character of Peter was like that unchiselled stone before the divine Sculptor modelled it into rarest beauty. Our Lord called him Peter because his character was rough like a rock, but yet full of strength and firmly immovable like a rock as well.

How wonderful are God's ways—beyond our limited ken! Not gentle John nor the others, all less faulty than our sturdy fisherman, did our Lord chose for his vicegerent, but Peter with all his faults thick upon him. How impetuous he was! Full of fire; ever the first urged on by the impulsive love of his strong heart and quick mind. He was always the spokesman, always the one to be sent on errands of importance. A natural leader of men whose friends ever push forward or fall behind naturally. When the Apostles questioned among themselves regarding any of the teachings of our Lord, Peter was the one to

speak out, asking the explanation. And our Lord loved to question him, delighting in the unshaken faith of his simple soul when some things were hard to be received by the people—"But what thinkest *thou*, Simon?" "What sayest *thou?*" And after each simple-hearted profession of faith in his dear Master, our Lord blessed him. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in Heaven." "Thou art a rock; and upon this rock I will build my church; and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." Think of it! the rough Galilean fisherman to be preferred before the rest of men and given such God-like power. Why was it that our Lord chose Peter, the most faulty of all the apostles, as the one most fitting, most worthy of this great charge? Because he knew, like the wise sculptor, what that rough nature could be made; and the warm heart beating with almost painful love within was more pleasing to him than gentle manners and a smooth exterior. Did he not say of sin-stained Magdalen, "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much"? To Peter likewise he forgave everything because his errors had no root in his loving heart.

Our Lord chose Peter because his character was strong and faithful, and because he knew that in choosing him he selected the one best fitted for the charge. The other Apostles depended, relied, upon Peter's self-reliance. No dissentient voice was heard against the election. They were all well content that Peter should be first; and he accepted the charge as a strong brother the care of weaker ones. Peter was so self-reliant, so confident in his own great love for his Lord, so sure that his love would withstand all shocks, that he said, "Though all be scandalized in Thee, yet will not I"; and he felt so strong in his great faith it seemed to him an impossible thing for him ever to waver, and a little while after we find him unable to keep awake though that beloved Master was prone in agony a few feet distant. This weakness of Peter must have hurt the sensitive Heart so human in its loneliness and sorrow, for it was to Peter our Lord uttered his reproach, "What, could you not watch with me even *one* hour?" After all his vain boasting of a short time before, yet to go asleep and leave him in bitterest anguish a few feet away! Poor Peter! we can well imagine that he was ashamed; and, as though to make up for his fault, we find him a few minutes later, with his customary impetuosity, slicing off the ear of the man who dared to lay rough hands on the One he loved so well. Impetuous, stormy Peter! He could never do

anything without putting his whole soul into it. Impetuous in all things, we find him cursing and swearing impetuously an hour later that he knew not Him for whom he would die—and then we see him going out to weep bitterly over his wretched weakness. What a grief was that to make one of his sturdy nature weep so wildly, so incessantly ever afterwards, we are told, that great furrows were worn in his cheeks by the constant outpouring of his sorrowful repentance. It was like the wildly surging waves that waste themselves on a storm-beaten, rock-bound shore. It needed a shock of humiliation such as this to make Peter understand his own weakness and prepare his heart for greater things.

We see no more of him until after the Resurrection. Where was he when his dear Lord was being so inhumanly treated? and where when he was shedding the last drop of blood in most dire anguish upon the cross? The gospels are silent, but, knowing what Peter was, we dare to say it was no craven-hearted fear for himself which kept him away, but, on the contrary, his shame which made him wish to hide himself from the eyes of all men. Broken-hearted Peter! If he had been there most likely he would have only made things worse by his fiery temper; and then, again, natures tender and undisciplined by sorrow, such as Peter's was then, cannot stand the sight of their dear ones suffering. It was wisest and best, most likely, that he stayed away.

It was to Peter of all his Apostles that he appeared first, and we know that Simon questioned not. Ah, that faith of Peter's, how beautiful it was! How our Lord loved to test it! It was not the other Apostles he sent on that faith-trying mission to catch a fish in whose mouth money would be found with which to pay toll, but it was Peter, unquestioning ever, when commanded by his Lord.

Our next view of Peter, after the Resurrection, is on the ship or fishing boat, with some of the other disciples, after a night's fruitless labor. On the shore stands our Lord, though they knew him not until he spoke, and then Peter, impetuous as ever, flings himself into the sea in order that he may reach his loved Master all the sooner. It was there that our Lord tested him once more, saying, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me *more* than these?" Peter's tears must have flowed anew at these words, for they brought back to him in painful vividness the remembrance of his boastfulness and weak denial. No loud self-assertiveness is here displayed, but a humble meekness

which disclaims any self-esteem, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" and when our Lord asked him for the third time, as though to make sure that all the old leaven of self-pride had been washed away by those bitter tears, his answer was still more humble—"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And our Lord, knowing it indeed, gave in charge to that strong love the infant church, assuring him that all the powers of hell would fail when brought against it.

The throes of a strong nature when cast into the fires of humiliation, or lashed by the scourges of its own conscience, are always piteous. Strong souls feel strongly, and when they are bowed by some storm of sorrow sweeping over them, like mighty trees tempest-tossed, it means either utter destruction if unable to withstand it, or else the sending of their roots deeper into life-giving soil.

Our Lord, without doubt, pitied Peter even when he hurt him by his questions, probing the ulcer like a wise physician in order to heal it.

What a different Peter we see after the Ascension, subdued by sorrow, humbled because of self-knowledge, prayerful because of the great trust confided to him. Before his dearly loved Master went from him he was but a faulty man; now, by the touch of affliction and the marvellous effect of supernatural grace, he appears to us as the first time with the glory of sainthood about him. After the descent of the Holy Ghost he is transfigured, as it were, by the plenteous outpouring of sanctifying grace. Who would recognize in the inspired preacher, whose eloquence converted at one sermon three thousand souls, the rough-spoken disciple in the hall of Caiphas? or who, in the gentle, kindly man, going about healing the sick, the maimed, and the blind, the impetuous, rough-grained Peter of former days? No wonder fear fell upon the people when they witnessed such a wonder as this. Peter is no longer the statue in the block, but the perfect sculpture in all its mystery of beauty. The illiterate fisherman is the teacher of the learned, and all men marvel thereat. There is but one characteristic which marks him as the same man—he is always the leader, the one first to speak.

It is indubitable to any unbiased student of the Gospel and the Acts that Peter was the recognized authority and leader of the Apostles. It was he who was chairman of the assembly at all times, if we may so express ourselves. At the election of Mathias to the place left vacant by Judas it was Peter who

presided. He it was who preached the first sermon, who performed the first miracle, who first spoke to the wondering people with the authoritativeness of a leader. John was with him, but John was silent; and when they were apprehended and brought before the judges it was Peter, as the leader, who made answer, and none questioned his right to do so.

When Ananias and Saphira brought to the Apostles the dishonest offering of money, it was Peter who reprimanded them, Peter who passed sentence on them; and none rose up to question his authority. In fact, the entire people looked upon him as having a greater power and sanctity than the others, for we read "That they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that when Peter came his shadow at the least might fall upon them, and they might be delivered from their infirmities."

When Simon the magician sought to deceive the Apostles by his pretended conversion, it was Peter who denounced him for his hypocrisy.

We also find that Peter visited *all* the churches throughout Samaria, Galilee, and Judea, like the wise overseer visiting all the vineyards committed to his care.

In the first council of the church, held at Jerusalem, Peter presided and defined the doctrine of the church regarding the reception of the Gentiles, and after his decision "All the multitude held their peace." His epistles are replete with the dignity of the Supreme Head as well as the overflowing charity of the saint.

From the character of Peter much can be learned of God's dealings with his saints; much to encourage the faint-hearted and discouraged to hope that, notwithstanding their very human weaknesses and imperfections and back-slidings which, in spite of prayer and sacraments and heroic resolutions to the contrary, entangle their feet and trip them up discouragingly often, they may, by God's grace, conquer in the end and be saints, like Peter.

"Rome was not built in a day," nor did Peter or any other saint become perfect in a day; not until long years of patient conflict with themselves, the world, and the devil did victory come to them. So too may we, if we but love God with all our hearts, like Peter, overcome, because of that love, all our infirmities and arrive one day at the goal of perfection, for St. Paul tells us "we are all called to be saints."

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

(*Bede died while translating St. John's Gospel.*)

By Emma Playter Seabury.

HERE is still a chapter wanting."
"Dearest Master—all the night
Thou hast not one moment rested;
Thou art weary; see the light.
Wait a little. Do not question
Thyself farther." Calm and bright
Came the dying master's answer,
"Quickly seize the pen and write!"

All day long, with love untiring,
Wrote the scribe, while hopes and fears
Filled his boyish heart to bursting,
With his farewells and his tears.
All day long with zeal unflagging,
The death angel by his side,
Anxious, fearful, spoke the master,
Till the hours of eventide.

When the Angelus was sounding
Once again he interposed:
"There's a sentence still unfinished,
Ere thy noble work be closed."
"Then write quickly," said the master,
"For my life-tide ebbs so fast";
And they paused not till he murmured:
"It is finished—done at last.

"Ah! 'tis true, my faithful scholar,
All is finished even now.
Lift my head up from the pavement,
Wipe the death-damps from my brow;
Let the last ray of the sunlight
Come into my convent cell;
Hold me in thy arms a little—
It is finished—all is well."

So the Master's voice in chanting
Rose in melody supreme,
"Unto God be all the glory";
And his spirit, like a dream,
With the last sweet strain of music
Floated through the convent bars,
And the little scribe sat weeping
'Neath the glimmer of the stars.

THE THREE LIVES LEASE.

By Jane Smiley.

THERE could be little doubt that Granny was dying. When a woman of eighty-six is suddenly stricken and lies in a state of immobility and stupor, it is natural to fear that her days are numbered. So thought the sons and daughters of this aged woman as, hearing the news, they hastened from their own to their mother's house. And when all were gathered round the kitchen hearth with saddened, care-worn faces, one felt that Granny had been blessed with many children.

Idly the gray-haired sons stood about the room telling in low tones of their success with crops and cattle. Quietly the women sat with toil-worn hands crossed awkwardly in unaccustomed rest, whispering to each other their own fears and the opinion of the village doctor.

"It cannot be the falling sickness, for mother's too old for that," said the eldest of Granny's daughters in a low, sad voice.

"True for you, Sarah," answered brother John's wife; "your mother is eighty-six come Michaelmas, father says."

"I wonder what the boys would do if mother—if anything happened to mother?" queried sister Kate, sighing.

"We'd all have to leave the land for one thing, and go to America; there's naught for poor folks here," declared practical sister Anne.

"Why would we have to leave home, mother?" whispered one of the granddaughters tearfully.

"Because the lease is up with the lives, Mary. Is that not so, John?" And Anne turned to her brother.

"That is so, that is so," answered he. "You see it's this way," settling to his story with the garrulity of approaching age: "Your great-grandfather, may he rest in peace! made the lease with Lord Marc for three lives. There was his own, and his eldest boy that died when he was four years old—from the look of an evil eye, they say—and Granny here, who is eighty-six come Michaelmas. A long life had Granny, and it kept the lease for us all; an' now there's no renewal, for his honor wants an increase, and I'm giving all the land's worth; there cannot be aught more taken from it."

"If we're all going away, you and I'll be wed the sooner," whispered a stalwart youth to Mary, who, smiling shyly, left her mother's side to stand with him in the door-way.

"If we could but stay till the children were grown," murmured one anxious woman sadly.

"What's to be done if Granny goes the night, John?" asked sister Anne; "there's the crops in the ground as will be lost, an' the trees an' the bushes that was set in the fall, and Peter's new shed, and all will be gone if you don't renew."

"Will we have a white lamb in America, and a donkey with a turf-cart?" piped one of the children.

Just here there entered from an inner room Father Cleary, the parish priest, who had been with the sick woman.

"You may all go home for to-night," he said, looking brightly about the circle of anxious faces. "Granny will not die to-night, and please God she may live many a long day yet."

With words of hope and comfort to each other the sons and daughters went their several ways, each man speaking earnestly to his wife of the time when Granny was laid at rest in the old churchyard, and they would have to leave the old home for America, and, womanlike, each wife hastily dismissed the subject with, "Please God, Granny will live many a long day yet, and then—well then, perhaps, his honor will renew cheap."

And strange to say the women were right. Was it due to the old doctor's skill? or the last upflickering of the lamp of life before it went out for ever? Certain it is that Granny grew slowly better. Not her old strong self again, she who had so nimbly tripped about at eighty-five; but well enough and strong enough to sit by the window or hearth in her high-backed, big-armed chair, contentedly chatting with children or neighbors. An odd little figure she was, this mother of ten old men and women, with her nut-brown face and her bright black eyes, her cheery smile, and her glad, shrill laugh. She had been quite a beauty in her day, tradition said, and in fact it was her pretty face that first attracted "his honor's lady," and changed the even tenor of Granny's life. Riding alone one day the landlord's wife had met and tarried to talk with Granny, then a girl of sixteen, and when the interview was ended Granny had promised to enter my lady's service.

How excited were friends and neighbors as on the morrow they watched the girl ride away to her new life. Five miles

was a good journey in those days, and Granny, tearful and joyous, sat behind her father on a pillion as they rode on.

"Thou art to be a good girl, Ellen, and a credit to the mother that brought you up; remember that, my girl," said the father sternly as he left her.

"Yes, father, I will try!" sobbed the little maid, and well she kept her word. From an extra pair of hands in the kitchen she soon became under-nurse and constant companion to my lady's only daughter, and as the years went by, changing the child Margaret into Miss Marc of Dunford Hall, the two remained fast friends. And so it came to pass that when the beautiful, spoiled daughter secretly left her father's house to become Robert Nugent's wife, Ellen went with her.

"Why is that woman here, Margaret?" Robert Nugent had asked angrily, and the young mistress had answered, "I will not go without Ellen." No more could be said, and so three journeyed where the bridegroom had hoped there would be but two.

To the country girl who had never been ten miles from home the journey was full of marvellous sights, and in the years that followed Granny never tired of telling, nor her children of hearing, of the wonderful trip to England. For Granny returned home a grief-stricken and care-worn woman, who had just bidden a long farewell to her dear young mistress, and watched the saddened wife sail, with her babe in her arms, to a far-away land in the West. Both "my lady" and "his honor" were well aware of the girl's return to her kindred, but never by word or sign did they inquire for their lost daughter. Granny was still a beauty despite her heartache, and might have chosen higher than a farmer's youngest son had not her father and Michael's father met one market day and arranged the match together.

Then she and Michael had been married, and had loved each other, not passionately but well, working together and weeping together through forty long years, until the father died, and this fragile little woman lived on "to hold the land for her sons," she often said; for Granny had always been an able manager. But this was over now, and the Granny who rose from the almost fatal illness was not the Granny of old. Gone were the sharp tongue and the quick temper, the contempt for failure and the pride in her own success, and in their place the children found a wise and gentle little woman, sitting in her great chair, patiently awaiting the coming of the

summons. Were her sons perplexed, her daughters weary, it was to Granny they came; and with shrewd suggestion and loving word she eased their heavy burdens.

"A very bundle of sunshine!" exclaimed the little doctor; and the listeners silently acknowledged it was true.

One year became two, then five, and still Granny "held the land," taking a very earthly pleasure in the fact that her mere existence was a grievous disappointment to the noble lord of the soil, eager for new and more profitable leases.

It must have been Granny's wonderful age that awed her neighbors. For almost half a century she had been "Granny" to half the village; now she was their oracle, confidant, friend, in every happening of importance.

Was it not she who forbade the marriage of her grandchild Sally to the sailor lover, and conclusively proved the would-be husband was the descendant to be expected of a race of ne'er-do-weels?

Who would have known the rightful owner of the buried treasure found on the village pasture had not Granny told of a miser who lived and died in a cabin near the place full sixty years ago?

To the children Granny was a fairy god-mother. None so well as she could cure their childish ailments, telling them wonderful tales the while; and no youthful sinner but fled to Granny's hearth for protection, trusting that her soft words might turn away paternal wrath.

And so it came to pass that ninety-odd years of Granny's life had been lived, and still she sat in the great chair close to the hearth; and here one day they came to tell her that William, her eldest grandson, was dead.

"And is Willie dead too?" she questioned, raising her trembling hands to her streaming eyes. "Willie dead too, with Anne, and John, and Peter—ah me! I am very old; and Willie was a grown man too; near fifty years, you say?" slowly shaking her aged head and murmuring softly to herself, "and yet I remember the day that Willie was born. Near fifty years, and 'twas I who laid the babe on its young mother's arm, and she smiled at me in her joy. She was but a girl, and I was an old woman then—and Willie is dead! They must have forgotten me." And Granny wept, suffering the passionless grief of age; and even as she mourned there came into the room two of her grandsons whose faces were white and drawn.

"What is it?" cried their sister, feeling that William's death could not account for their excitement.

"His honor's dead!" answered one.

"Dead!" screamed Mary. "Why he passed by the gate not three hours gone by. I took thought of it because Granny noticed the horse-tread."

"Dead?" murmured Granny, as if waking from a dream; "and is he dead too? He was a hard man on the poor."

"How did it happen, John?" asked the girl.

"I was at work in the wheat," said John, "and saw him come riding my way, when one of the dogs at his heels ran in among the grain. Then his master jumped the wall and rode through the field hunting the dog. I called that his horse was trampling the crop that was to be cut on the morrow; but he paid no heed, and then the dog ran up. He was near the wall by that, yet he turned and rode across to the gate. I called it was closed fast, but he tried to take the gate. It was too high and I saw him fall, and when I ran up he was dead."

"It was punishment for his pride," said Granny. "May the Lord have mercy on him!"

"Amen," added the others; and no more was said either in praise or blame of the man that was dead.

While the country-side were still talking of his honor's funeral, there came to Granny's cottage two strangers who had travelled down from London to see this aged woman.

"You are very welcome. What may your business be?" Granny said in her sweet, shrill voice.

"We have come from London, my good woman," said the elder man, speaking very slowly and distinctly, "to find, if possible, some trace of the heir to this estate; otherwise the land will lapse to the crown. My name is Mr. Snelling, the late lord's legal adviser; this is my friend, Mr. Pratt. We are told you accompanied the late lord's daughter when she—when she left home. Now if you will tell us where she went, the task will be very simple."

"That I will gladly, sir," answered Granny. "We went to Dublin, and then to Kingstown, and then we took a ship."

"Where did this ship go to?"

"That I have forgot, sir," said Granny sadly; "it's very long ago—full sixty years."

The strangers looked at each other silently. Their only hope lay with this aged woman, and she had failed them.

"Make an effort to remember," entreated the younger man.

"I cannot, sir," said Granny very slowly; "an' strange it is, for I remember the dock and the inn we lodged at as if it was yesterday, an' it's sixty years ago."

"Will you come and show us the place?" asked Mr. Snelling eagerly.

"That I would, sir; but I am very old, and it cost Miss Margaret many a pound before, she so had little to spare, poor dear."

"If you will come with us, Granny, we can never repay you."

"I'll go, and gladly, sir, if 'twill do you good," said Granny sweetly.

"Will you start in two days?"

"That I will; but, sir, if it is not too costly, may—may my grandchild Mary—I'm old and weak, and not used to strangers."

"Take whomever you wish," said Mr. Snelling.

In the excitement that ensued Granny, despite her age, was still mistress of her household, and paying little heed to the lamentations of her daughters and the arguments of her sons, she cheerfully prepared for what might prove her last journey.

"I am going for Miss Margaret and her boy," she said, speaking no word of the husband she had so long ago learned to despise. Sixty years ago Granny had travelled stealthily and rapidly, now she journeyed by slow degrees, surrounded by every luxury.

No one of the little party but watched each movement of the aged woman, and none harassed her with questions about the past, trusting that the impressions made sixty years ago had not faded entirely from her mind.

To Dublin they went and to Kingstown before she showed recollection.

"This is not the ship," she said anxiously as they led her up the gang-plank. "It was a sailing packet; not like this."

"That was sixty years ago," they told her; and Mr. Snelling added to the others, "There was but one line of packets in those days, stopping at three ports; we will try each in turn."

"Ah well-a-day!" murmured Granny, "this is not the place we came to"; and she wept in her bewilderment.

"Of course it is not, Granny; do not trouble yourself; we know the way," said Mary.

"Come to the baggage shed, out of this crush. I'll find a cab at the station," said Mr. Snelling to Mary, as together

they guided the faltering feet. "Wait here a moment," he continued when a sudden exclamation made them turn. There stood Granny leaning on her staff, shading her eyes with one trembling hand.

"This is the town!" she cried in glad triumph. "There's the church that was on the corner and the inn is across the way."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Snelling encouragingly, as he gazed at the great business block which marked the spot where the inn had once stood.

"Now we will go to a hotel to rest," he said, anxious at the sight of Granny's agitation. To the hotel they went, but rest was out of the question for Granny, into whose clouded mind had suddenly flashed a ray of recollection.

"Now we've found the place, and the money's not ill-spent," she murmured happily, and no one had the heart to tell her that their journey had been all in vain.

"And 'twas there we stayed waiting for the letter, but his honor was ever a hard man; and there Miss Margaret's boy was born, and he that was her husband bade me go home, and took her away."

"Where did he take her, Granny dear?" asked Mary timidly.

"He took her in a ship, child," explained Granny, with much condescension, "to a place he called—they called—they called it New York."

A shout from Mr. Snelling interrupted her.

"What is it?" she cried in alarm.

"We've found the heir!" cried the lawyer; "you've told us the place he is living."

"Child, child," answered Granny, "yes, that was the name of the town. Miss Margaret bade me never tell and I have not thought on it for fifty years. It was the church made me think."

Two days later began their homeward journey, and as the little party travelled slowly back the cable hummed with messages asking tidings of Robert Nugent.

That sixty years had come and gone, making the finding of the heir almost improbable, did not enter Granny's mind.

Miss Margaret's beautiful boy would, of course, appear in a short time to claim his own.

Strange to say come he did, a worn and gray-haired man, with little save a few almost worthless papers with which to prove his claim.

"He is an impostor," said the lawyer; and the stranger could say nothing in reply. What was to be done?

"It is a foolish test, but let us go to Granny," suggested Mr. Snelling.

As of old, she sat in her arm-chair by the hearth and smiled brightly on her visitors.

"Granny," said Mr. Snelling, "we have come to you again about the heir; this gentleman claims to be Mrs. Nugent's—Miss Margaret's son. He comes from New York. What do you say?"

"Has he Miss Margaret's marriage lines?" asked Granny sharply.

The keen old lawyer looked at his colleague in astonishment. That had been his first question to the claimant.

"My mother's papers, and much besides, were lost in a fire twenty years ago," said the American quietly.

Granny made no comment on the information. "Come close till I see you," she said.

For a long minute not a sound broke the stillness.

"You have thy mother's eyes, and thy father's curls, and the look of his honor round the mouth. Have you all your fingers?" she asked suddenly.

"No," said the stranger, "I lost a finger in my infancy."

"It was thy father's doing," said Granny sadly; and the lost heir was found.

Quietly the visitors withdrew, leaving the aged woman to her meditations. The sudden change in his fortunes did not seem to affect the new heir. Gratitude was evidently a ruling trait in his character, as all who had shared in the search soon discovered.

Before many days the eldest of Granny's grandsons was sent for, and the three lives lease was renewed as never lease was renewed before.

They thought that Granny would be pleased when the good news was told, but she made no sign.

"My work is done," she murmured almost sadly as she watched them hide the precious paper in the ancient dresser. "I held the land for our boys," she whispered to a younger Michael, who stood beside her chair.

It was harvest week with no time for idle joy, and into the fields trooped the busy workers, with hearts filled with thank-

fulness that the tenure of their father's land no longer depended on an aged woman's life.

It was sunset hour when they returned, weary but happy.

In the road stood Mary, white and breathless. "Come," she gasped, and ran before them. Wondering they followed, even to Granny's door, and awe-struck entered.

There in her high-backed chair she sat, her kind old eyes closed in sleep, her fingers clutching her beads, her withered cheeks pillowed on the new lease; but one glance told the children that it was the sleep which knows no earthly awakening.

NOTE.—The custom of making leases which were to last for a specified number of lives running from father to son—or, as in Granny's case, to the second child, should the tenant's eldest die during his life-time—was common in Ireland during the last two centuries. This sort of lease is now seldom made, being looked upon as unsatisfactory by both landlord and tenant. J. S.

THE SCEPTIC.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

AROUND thee ever-formless shadows roll,
Thou art encompassed by some demon spell,
Black pinioned doubts, the vampire brood of Hell,
Suck ceaselessly the life-blood of thy soul,
And thou art dumb, while thro' the cycles toll
The hymns of nations. Thou dost dare rebel
'Gainst the Eternal One, whose word doth quell
The whirlwind, and whose name upon the scroll
Of night is blazoned in vibrating fire.
Thou dost reject, in prideful impotence,
Faith's music, echo of God's symphonies
Thro' death-doomed Time. In vain shalt thou aspire
To tune the universe by arguments—
To draw Truth's rhythms from jangled fallacies.

FRA ANGELICO.

BY SARAH C. FLINT.

IN our study of the painters of Italy we learn that Raphael came from the hill-sides of Umbria; Titian, from the Venetian Alps, and Fra Angelico, from the mountains of Etruria. The white hamlets which crown the hills like diadems were the birthplaces of these noted Italian children who have become the royal heritage of the land of the Madonna. As rivers find their source in the little springs which start from the mountain-side, and, flowing downward, enrich the land through which they pass, at last finding their home in the broad ocean, to rise in vapor that again falls refreshing the whole earth, so did these painters, born among the mountain fastnesses, find their way down to the valleys; enriching them with all their works of art which have come down to us of the nineteenth century.

Looking at these works, our minds are filled with wonder that in the ages which we are disposed, many times, to call "dark" there were men who lived near to the source of all light and strength and were enabled to embody their thoughts so that our lives are made purer and holier thereby. The subject of our present paper belonged to this class. Vecchio, the place where he was born, is a lofty village situated on one of the spurs of the Apennines, overlooking the province of Mugillo and the rich valley of the Sieve. Lanzi and Rosso agree in saying that Fra Angelico's family name was Santa Tosmi, but other records entitle him Guido, the son of Pietro.

His early life must have been largely influenced by his surroundings, for he lived midway between the valley hamlets of Dicomano and Borgo San Lorenzo, and but a few miles from the famous villages of Cafaggiolo and Fontebuona. The former was the seat of Cosmo de' Medici's mountain place, whose long battlemented fronts and high towers still rise over the rich meadows. Here, in later days, Lorenzo de' Medici found his favorite resting-place, and here the member of this noted family who afterward became Pope Leo X. was educated. At Fontebuona the Medici afterward reared the palace of Pratolino. Surrounding it were broad gardens and curious fountains.

Here, also, they placed the statue of the "Genius of the Apennines," a colossus sixty feet high.

The lofty mountains by which he was encircled could not have been without their influence—Monte Guerrino on one

Portrait of the Fra.

side, Giovi on the other, and the crest of Monte Falterena on the west. These were all celebrated for their great altitude, and must have brought to his mind the power and majesty of their Creator, who has "weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," and of whom it is said "The strength

of the hills is his also." The language of his heart may often have been expressed in the words of the psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Although his home was in this secluded nook, it was situated less than a score of miles from Florence, and was cognizant of its busy activities. The politics, the arts and sciences, and the half-way reforms in matters pertaining to the church were favored subjects of conversation among the mountaineers.

He was born at the time when the science of perspective was the chief subject of research among the great masters. Masaccio was learning its rudiments; others were finding out its adaptation to sculpture, and still others were learning to apply it to bas-relief. The work of noted painters of his time must have been a source of constant inspiration, and the lives of the Medici have formed a large portion of his childhood tales. Even the great Giotto himself was one of his born compatriots. Often must the sons of Pietro have heard the stories of the Tuscan cities. Vasari gives us this glimpse of the childhood of our artist: "Although he might have lived in the world in the greatest ease, and, besides what he possessed, have earned all he desired by the arts he knew so well even in his boyhood, yet, being naturally steady and good, he resolved to become a 'religious' of the order of Friar Preachers, for his own satisfaction but principally to save his own soul." From the above words we are led to conclude that before he had decided to abandon secular life he had devoted himself to the study of art.

There is no means of knowing who was his first master. Some have supposed that it was Gherardo Starnina, and that his fellow-pupil was Masolino de Pameale. These statements, however, are based wholly upon a certain resemblance in the manner of these artists. It is very natural to suppose that his art was developed by the conventual school of miniature painting, in endeavoring to represent images in those childlike ages.

He left his home in the year 1401, when only fourteen years of age, and for six years we lose sight of him, but subsequent events show that he had not been idle.

Ere he had reached his twentieth year Guido sought the convent which stood upon the slopes of Fiesole and which overlooked the City of Lilies. While here he worked incessantly. Besides painting and decorating his own convent, he painted many pictures for the other churches of Fiesole, and also sent many to Florence.

Loving and amiable in all his ways, it must have cost him a struggle to have left his home, retired from the world and given himself to God. He never leaves his own comfortless, however, and as in former years he had comforted Paul by the coming of Titus, so now he brought joy to the heart of Guido by putting into the heart of his brother the desire to enter upon convent life.

Fra Angelico's Madonna and Child.

The new name which Guido now assumed was Fra Giovanni, but in later years he was called Fra Angelico, the Angelic Brother. His devoted admirers also called him Il Beato Angelico, the Blessed. His full name, therefore, is Il Beato Giovanni da Fiesole, or the Blessed John called the Angelic of Fiesole. The "Blessed," which falls but little short of "Saint," was not conferred by the church, but by popular esteem.

In the year 1407 Fra Angelico received the clerical habit. He did not enter the convent that he might have more time to cultivate his art; for if that had been his object, he would naturally have joined the learned Benedictines, or even the easy-going Silvestrines; instead of which he chose one of the most laborious and self-denying of the religious orders; and then not the oldest of these, but the youngest and most austere of the Dominicans—showing by his choice that his was a hearty and thorough self-surrender. This venerable order, of which Fra Angelico was now a member, had already existed two centuries, and had been engaged in sending its ambassadors of peace to the cities of northern Italy, striving, and in many cases succeeding in reconciling the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. As a thank-offering from these reconciled cities they had received rich endowments of houses and lands, so that in the fourteenth century they are found erecting splendid temples of religion and surrounding them with all the charms of art.

In connection with their architectural work many of the monks were sculptors of ability, and others had made great progress in painting and illuminating monastic manuscripts. Of them it may be truly said, that they "praised God in colors."

It was Guido's good fortune to be brought under the influence of Beato Giovanni Dominic, the founder of the convent, who was a powerful orator and had used his talents to revive the spirit of the members of his order. He had succeeded in founding new convents and filling them with consecrated men. Amidst all his labors he did not forget the artistic part of his work. Being a great lover of painting himself, he endeavored to awaken a like spirit in others, telling them that it was a powerful agent, used in the right direction, to develop the holy thoughts of the heart and to elevate the soul.

The youth from Vecchio soon felt his influence, and art became in his eyes a means for the advancement of the church. While the vocation of his brother might be that of the pulpit, his was the studio, and he realized that it was his duty to enrich his work from all possible sources.

In 1409 the affairs of the church were still farther complicated by the election of a third pope, Alexander V., by the Council of Pisa. The archbishop declared for the new pope, and persecuted the brotherhood of St. Dominic because they maintained allegiance to Gregory XII. They were forced to abandon their convent at Fiesole and take refuge at Foligno.

While Fra Angelico might feel as did Jacob of old when he said, "All these things are against me," it was owing to this change of abode that there was preserved for him the devotional feeling of his pictures, for now he was removed from the influence of the Florentine school, which at this time cared not so much for the development of devotion and religious feeling as for the perfection of form. Now he would be more under the influence of the Umbrian school, as shown forth in the works of Giotto and his pupils.

In addition to the lessons of the Umbrian school, he had opportunity to study the old paintings at Siena, where he may have acquired that pure and perfect type which is never absent from his Madonnas. So we find that

> "The massive gates of circumstance
> Oft turn upon the smallest hinge,
> And that some seeming pettiest chance
> Oft gives our life its after tinge."

The brotherhood remained at Foligno until 1413, when, driven hence, they removed to Cortona.

The Dominican church at this place contains several of Fra Angelico's pictures in fresco. One is the Madonna and saints and the evangelists. Another is the Madonna with her smiling child surrounded by angels. Another picture painted by him is now in the Gesù Church at Cortona. It represents the Annunciation; the Virgin being richly clad, seated upon a throne with her arms crossed, while an angel approaches with a scroll on which are written the Latin words signifying: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall be upon thee." The Virgin holds an answering scroll containing these words: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." This was always one of his favorite subjects, and his brush never ceased the song of Ave Maria.

These are but a few of the works that he executed while at Cortona, but the most of them have been destroyed. They were, however, the beginning of his masterpieces which he afterward executed in San Marco and the Vatican.

In the year 1418 the exiled monks yearned for their mountain home at Fiesole. Their foundation deed read that if they were absent from the convent two months they forfeited all right to return, but the bishop permitted them to do so upon the payment of two hundred ducats, which were drawn

from the patrimony of one of the brethren. Soon after this they received a bequest of six thousand florins from a Florentine merchant. This they expended in enlarging and beautifying their home, and Cartier gives this interesting description of it:

"The convent of Fiesole is built midway up the mountain. The church opens on the high road, and attracts the wayfarers by its pure and simple architecture, like the fountains which formerly offered a seat and limpid water to the weary traveller. The apse is surrounded with buildings and cloisters, all protected by a silent valley. Nothing is finer than these palaces of poverty—the long corridors, the wall without ornament, the little windows, where the sweet light meets with a holy image or a pious sentence. The rays of the sun penetrating the cell is

THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

like Jacob's ladder, where angels are passing up and down to exchange grace and blessings between God and man. The mountain of Fiesole is one of the most beautiful of those that shelter the valley of the Arno against the north winds. Rich and wooded hills story the sides of the mountain, and their lowest declivities end at the gate of the Athens of the Middle Ages."

It was here that Fra Angelico executed some of his choicest work. His time was constantly occupied. For the convent he executed two paintings in fresco, one in the refectory and the other, a Crucifixion, in the chapter-room. The three pictures which he painted for the conventual church were an altar piece, an Annunciation, and the Coronation now in the Louvre.

It was his custom never to retouch, or amend in any way, his paintings, believing that as they first came from his hand

was the way God intended them to be. His pictures express strongly the sincerity of his Christian faith. He is said never to have commenced a painting without first having engaged in prayer. There was no hap-hazard work in the pictures with which he endeavored to glorify God.

Any one who looks at Fra Angelico's angels must admit that herein much of his genius lay. It must have been no easy task to embody his thoughts, for many of the old school with whom he was familiar represented angels as we read of them in Isaias:

"Each one had six wings, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

Giotto preferred to represent them as they appeared to others, clad in the form of youth. Fra Angelico was an apt scholar in this respect, and while he gave to his angels the freshness of youth, he never represented them as infants, as he did not think the age of childhood adapted to express the zeal and intelligence which should belong to the messengers and ministers of the Most High.

In 1436 the brotherhood, through the powerful influence of Cosmo de' Medici, were removed to San Marco at Florence. While he was at his country home at Fiesole he had been the benefactor of the Fiesole convent, and now, on his return to Florence, he was determined that the brotherhood should accompany him there. It was also through his influence that the monks of Silvester were, on account of their evil lives, ejected from San Marco, which was now given to the Dominicans of Fiesole.

It was at this time a half-ruined building, but Cosmo caused it to be rebuilt by the famous architect, Michelozzo Michelozzi. While it was rebuilding Fra Angelico was at work upon the altar-cloth, which represented the Virgin enthroned with the infant Saviour, adored by the kneeling figures of Sts. Cosmo and Damian. These were chosen as a tribute of gratitude to the patron who had been so lavish with his gifts.

Fra Angelico was so beloved by Cosmo that, having built a wall round the church and the convent of San Marco, he desired Fra Angelico to paint the whole passion of Jesus Christ upon the walls of the chapter-house, with all the saints on one side who had been heads or founders of any religious order sorrowing at the foot of the cross, and on the other the Evangelist St. Mark attending upon the mother of Christ, she having fainted at the sight of the Crucifixion. Under this work

he had painted upon the frieze a tree of St. Dominic. At the root of it, and in round shields upon the branches, were portraits of all the popes, cardinals, bishops, saints, and theological teachers who had belonged to the order of the Dominicans down to his own time. This painting is of great historical value.

The decorations of the cells is one of the greatest manifestations of Angelico's disregard of earthly praises, for in them he used his utmost skill, though he knew they could be seen only by the brethren of the order. The cells were small, and on the otherwise unornamented walls the artist painted his luminous frescoes, which Vassari declares to be "beautiful beyond the power of words to describe." These paintings were scenes from the life of Christ, and he placed them there to stimulate the piety of the brethren.

The Adoration of the Magi is in a large cell which Cosmo had built for himself, so that he might meet there with the two artist monks whom he loved. It is supposed that the heads of the Magi are portraits of noted men of the fifteenth century; and herein was one of Fra Angelico's faults, he so often combined the religious with the secular that in looking at some of his pictures it was hard to tell which feeling predominated. Many of his saints and angels had faces of well-known men of his own day.

Fra Angelico had a wonderful gift in painting and illuminating manuscripts, and two large books which were painted by him are in the Cathedral of Florence. They are held in great veneration, and are exhibited only on the most solemn festivals.

His was a spirit of humility, in honor preferring others rather than himself.

Eugenius IV. was very anxious to appoint him Archbishop of Florence, but he begged leave to decline, saying it was easier to obey than to command, as in the former case one was less liable to err, but recommended in his stead Antonius.

The church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, was the scene of his labors for a long while. The monks who held the church at that time had been looking for painters to complete the decorations begun by Orcagna, Memmi and Taddeo Gaddi, and at last decided that Fra Angelico and Masaccio were sufficient masters of the work to be entrusted with the task. Many of these works have been destroyed, but there still remain the three reliquaries which were made by Giovanni Masi, and beautifully adorned by Angelico. The first is painted with a Ma-

donna and many saints; the second has the Annunciation, and the Adoration of the Magi; and the third the Coronation of the Virgin, and the Adoration of the Child Jesus by his parents.

Over the door of the guest-chamber in his own convent is frescoed the Dominicans receiving the Lord of Life clothed as a pilgrim. He also painted for the convent two Madonnas, one of which is in the refectory, and has an attendant figure of St. Dominic pointing to the words of his bequest to the order: "Have charity, keep humility, possess voluntary poverty. I call down the curse of God, and mine, on him who shall bring possessions into my order."

The last ten years of his life were spent in Rome, where he executed some of his best works. Shortly after his arrival in Rome Pope Eugenius died, and before Nicholas V. was fully established in the papal chair Fra Angelico was called upon to paint the frescoes in the Cathedral of Orvieto. He was only able to work here three months of the year, June, July, and August, as during the remainder of the year he was obliged to serve the Holy Father in Rome; but so rapidly did he work that with the assistance of his pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, he commenced to decorate three triangular divisions in the ceiling.

The first represented the Saviour in the act of giving the last judgment, and surrounded by saints and angels. The second was sixteen figures of saints and apostles seated among the clouds; and the third the Virgin among the apostles. He was never able to finish these, for he was summoned again to Rome by Nicholas V., and was employed in decorating the chapel of the Vatican. For two centuries the key of this chapel was lost and the room closed up and forgotten. When the art student, Battari, discovered this shrine he entered the room by a small window. The Roman professors forbade their pupils studying the paintings, thinking it might be injurious to their taste.

In 1815 Pope Pius VII. ordered the frescoes cleaned "to preserve them for the desire and study of all." The western wall has suffered from dampness, and the frescoes have been skilfully removed and transferred to canvas. In 1810 they were engraved and published at Rome in six plate folios, and many of the single subjects have been engraved in other forms. The shrine in the chapel is one of the chief ornaments of the Vatican. The frescoes represent a pavement of white marble, beautifully inlaid with representations of the sun, and the twelve months of the year.

Angelico also decorated the chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the Vatican, which was destroyed to make room for the staircase leading to the Sistine chapel.

Again, he was commanded to paint the chapel of the palace of Rome where the pope usually held Mass. For this he made a Deposition of the Cross, and some beautiful subjects illustrating the life of Lorenzo.

He subordinated everything to the fervent piety within his soul, and his mind was only open to impressions of those things which tend to elevate. Of him it might well be said that "he found tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He seemed incapable of understanding evil, and all the faces of his angels pictured noth-

The Adoration of the Magi.

ing but joy, peace, and love. He had no idea how to picture despair or fear, for where he had undertaken it many of the faces resemble those of naughty school-boys.

As the bee hovers over the flowers, extracting sweets which it applies to its own use, so may Fra Angelico have fed on the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, appropriating the ideas which pleased him to his own use.

The frescoes of Orcagna, in the Strozzi chapel in Florence, may have exercised a greater influence over his mind than the works of Giotto himself. Orcagna was vigorous in his delineations, but Angelico was more sentimental.

The religious calm which is looked for in vain in the works of Masaccio is one of the first things noticed in looking at those

of Fra Angelico. The depth of feeling that is depicted in the pictures of the God-man fills the gazer with awe, and one can feel nothing but admiration for the man who could so delineate the features of the Son of Man, and bring to them the expression that gives one the feeling that he is on holy ground, and looking exclaim, with Dante:

> "And didst Thou look
> E'en thus, O Jesus, my true Lord and God?
> And was this semblance thine?"

Fra Angelico's art may truly be called "pietistic"; his faces have an air of rapt devotion, fervency, and saintliness, and leave the impression that those whom they are intended to represent are far removed from earthly fret and turmoil. This is very attractive to some, and on others it leaves little if any genuine impression. Nevertheless he may be taken as a typical painter according to his own conceptions. What was peculiarly his own was the freshness of color and the beauty of form, without corresponding mastery of light and shade. The brilliancy of his tints, combined with the free use of gilding, contributes largely to the celestial character of his visions of the Divine Persons.

He submitted to his successors the old scheme of preparing the ground for fresco which afterward was to be finished in tempera. This is seen in his great mural painting, which is to be seen in the chapter-house at San Marco in Florence. He had laid in the sky in deep red preparatory to putting in the blue, but for some reason was unable to finish it. When he entered upon his Florentine career he was brought into close relation with Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Masaccio, and his own fame being great, he was doubtless received into their company. It is said of the last of these three great painters that "his art was a revelation; that he burst through the routine by which painting hitherto had been bound; that he anticipated all that was to be done after him; that his works were studied as models by the greatest artists of succeeding times—by Michael Angelo and by Raphael, who imitated him to the extent of plagiarism." Fra Angelico paid but little attention to their discoveries, preferring to follow the inspiration of the cloisters, although their influence was effectual in modifying some of his ideas as regards archaic traits. He clung less closely to the idea that the pointed arch was the only appropriate architecture to introduce into his backgrounds and he adopted the new style

in the Florentine structures, and there was a change in the length of his figures, which before had partaken of the lankness of the Byzantine pictures.

He was one of the last of the painters who performed their work kneeling. His paintings were unsigned, and rarely paid for. The sole object of his life seemed to be to turn the thoughts of men and women toward Christ and his saints.

A great German critic says that Fra Angelico was the first to express the mental emotions in the human countenance, and adds that he obtained a decided influence on his times by the clearness with which he impressed upon the faces the tenderest emotions of the soul.

THE MEETING ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

When Piero de' Medici built the chapel of the Annunziata in Florence no pains were spared to make it worthy of his father Cosmo, of whom it was a memorial. It was from plans by the architect Michelozzi, and Pagno Portigiani was deputed to carry out his design. Fra Angelico was engaged to adorn the receptacles for gold and silver plate that they might be worthy to stand beside the picture of the Virgin. He also painted thirty-five panels illustrating the life of our Lord. These paintings bear evidence of deep theological study and an intimate acquaintance with the Bible. The first poem is a prologue to his great poem of the Redemption. On one side ap-

pears Ezechiel contemplating the symbolical wheel, and on the other is St. Gregory writing the explanations. The next thirty-two pictures are devoted to events from the life of Christ—the Incarnation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Baptism of Christ, and many others, each with two verses of Scripture, one from the Old Testament containing the prophecy, and the other from the New containing the fulfilment. The picture which closes this series is that of the Last Judgment, which was a favorite theme among all painters.

We have now followed Fra Angelico through the three epochs of his life. Fiesole, Florence, and Rome have all claimed him, and now we find him, in the last years of his life, after having enriched the cities of Florence, Rome, Fiesole, Cortona, and many others with the wonderful productions of his brush, retiring to the cloisters of Santa Maria sopra Minerva and devoting himself to still greater deeds of holiness and consecration. It is many years since he was summoned to contemplate the scenes which he so often depicted here upon earth. Among the most noted monuments which adorn the church where his last days were spent is one upon which reposes the marble figure of a Dominican monk. Underneath this stone are the remains of Fra Angelico, and the epitaph which is inscribed upon it shows what was the mainspring of his life:

"Not that in me a new Apelles lived,
But that Thy poor, O Christ! my gains received:
This be my praise. Deeds done for fame on earth
Live not in Heaven. Fair Florence gave me birth."

. . . . . .

"The artist saint kept smiling in his cell—
The smile with which he welcomed the sweet, slow
Inbreak of the angels, whitening through the dim
That he might paint them; while the sudden sense
Of Raphael's future was revealed to him
By force of his own fair work's competence.
Thou, God, hast set us worthy gifts to earn,
Besides Thy heaven and Thee; and when I say
There's room here for the weakest man alive
To live and die—there's room too, I repeat,
For all the strongest to live well and strive
Their own way by their individual bent."

OF THE ADVANTAGES ATTENDING THE INVESTIGATION OF CATHOLIC TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM C. ROBINSON
(*Yale Law School*).

I.

A SEEKER after truth, whatever be the subject of his inquiry, enjoys a great advantage when the field of his investigation can be narrowed to a single question, whose answer so expresses or involves the solution of every other problem which his subject may present that it relieves him from all further danger of mistake, and from all doubt as to the certainty of his ultimate results. The mariner who has secured a pilot to whom he can with confidence entrust himself, and thus embarks upon his voyage over unknown seas without anxiety and with an assurance of its successful termination, is not more fortunate than is the student in any science who has discovered some fundamental principle that serves as an unerring standard by which he can test the truth or falsity of every other proposition, and under whose direction he can advance toward conclusions which no subsequent investigation will compel him to modify or disaffirm.

THE SCIENCE OF SCIENCES.

Religion is no less a science than chemistry or mathematics. Like them, it deals with facts, not with opinions or conjectures. Its so-called "doctrines" and "creeds" are, like their axioms and formulæ, simply the correct conception and accurate statement of the facts with which it is concerned. Some of these facts are past, some are present, some are yet to come. Many of them transcend the scope of human observation, and therefore can be known only through communications from some superior intelligence. Still each, as a fact, is as definite in its character and as impregnable in its reality as any fact of physical science; and taken all together these facts constitute the spiritual world in which the souls of men have always lived, and now live, and are to live for ever. The knowledge

of these facts, and of their relations to each other, and of the laws by which they are produced and governed, is a true science; the highest, the most abstruse, and at the same time the most practical and important of all sciences—the only science whose study is absolutely necessary to men, and which consequently is capable of sufficient study by every man. It cannot be otherwise than advantageous if the exploration of this supreme science can be conducted under the direction of some universal fact or law, to which all supposed facts or laws may be referred, with which all actual laws and facts must correspond, and which can therefore be accepted as an infallible guide and touchstone at every future stage of the investigation.

AN INFALLIBLE TEACHER.

To the student of the science of religion the Catholic Church presents, at the outset, such a guide and touchstone. She affirms that a universal fact exists; that it is discoverable by every man; and that having once discovered it he can, by its means, attain with unerring certainty to the knowledge of every other fact and law with which the science of religion is concerned. That universal fact is this: That God, having in divers methods, and with such definiteness and completeness as was suited to their state, made known to men in ancient times those spiritual facts and laws which their own reason and observation could not ascertain, at last sent into the world his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, clothed with divine power and wisdom, to become the teacher of all nations and to impart to them the fulness of all spiritual knowledge; that in pursuance of this mission, and in order to perpetuate his work, Jesus Christ established an indestructible society of men and women, to be distinguished from all other societies by its union with the Apostle Peter and his successors as its official head, to which society he committed the instruction of mankind in matters pertaining to the science of religion under guarantees of infallibility, both in believing and in teaching, which effectually preserve it from all error whether of assertion or omission; that this society still exists and still unerringly believes and teaches the truths which it received from him; and, therefore, that in this society man now possesses, and will possess until the end of time, an infallible teacher from whom he can obtain a knowledge of the facts and laws which constitute the spiritual world.

THE SCIENCE DEMONSTRABLE.

The fact thus affirmed is one of simple human history. It resolves itself into three questions: 1. Did Jesus Christ come into the world as the teacher of the science of religion? 2. Did he establish a perpetual and infallible society as the instrument through which his work should be carried on among men? 3. Does that society exist to-day, carrying on this work in pursuance of his order and appointment? These questions can be examined and determined by the same processes of historical investigation which are employed in ascertaining the appearance of any other person on the stage of human activity, or the origin and constitution of any other society, and the nature and effect of the operations in which it is now engaged; an investigation for which abundant materials are within the reach of every man and for the successful prosecution of which only candor, patience, and ordinary intelligence are required.

The searcher after spiritual truth, who pursues his inquiry along the lines of Catholic thought, is thus singularly fortunate. His field of personal investigation is narrowed to one proposition which is demonstrable by human reason from familiar premises, and upon whose recognition and acceptance all difficulties in the science of religion immediately disappear. Thenceforward he has but to ask and he is answered, to knock and the door of wisdom opens. He is delivered from all fear of error and from all danger of ignorance, and rests contented in the sure possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He believes what the church teaches, and thus obtains all spiritual knowledge possible to man. He obeys what the church commands, and thus keeps himself in harmony with all the facts and laws of the spiritual world, and advances with undeviating steps toward the destiny for which he was created.

II.

A seeker after truth enjoys another great advantage when his investigation, if faithfully pursued, is certain to result in his complete mastery of the science which he endeavors to acquire. In physical science such a result is rarely, if ever, possible. The vastness of the field is out of all proportion to the limited means which man possesses for its scrutiny, and however far he may have progressed in his discoveries he always has been, and probably always will be, compelled to recognize the im-

mensity of those unknown regions which he has had no power or opportunity to explore. In the abstract sciences this disproportion is still wider, for the nature of the subject bounds upon the infinite, while the appliances for its examination are more restricted and uncertain in their operation, although our sense of the discrepancy is less profound because the spheres which lie beyond us are unsuspected as well as unperceived. In the science of religion, which includes the infinite and to whose study man, when unaided by interior or exterior revelation, brings only a finite reason disciplined by exercise upon the phenomena of consciousness or of the physical world around him, the disproportion is immeasurably increased, and with the exception of a few general principles the whole domain of the science remains within the realms of the unknowable. Hence, from the beginning God has been obliged to impart the necessary knowledge of this science by some form of revelation, and in all ages and to all races, by personal inspiration, by the events of his providence, and by the tongues and pens of his appointed messengers, he has disclosed the facts and laws of the spiritual world in such measure as men were able to receive them—enough at least in the case of every individual to enable him, if he chose to do so, to attain the end to which he had been destined by the eternal purposes of God.

DEFECTS OF THE OLDER SYSTEMS.

But notwithstanding this divine assistance, how incomplete and inexact has been the knowledge of the science of religion among men? What one of the older systems did not and does not leave unanswered numerous questions of absorbing interest to the human mind? Even among the various societies which base their creeds upon the written words of Christ and his apostles, where is the one which assumes to teach the whole truth of God, or one which is not ever and anon confronted with some problem of faith or morals which it dare not undertake to solve? In this condition of religious knowledge what could be more welcome to an earnest seeker after truth than a teacher from whom every reasonable inquiry would at once receive an adequate reply, and by whom every honest doubt would be forthwith removed? If such a teacher anywhere exists, are not its disciples favored beyond all comparison in the means at their command for mastering this science of the soul?

A TEACHER IN ALL BUT VAIN KNOWLEDGE.

The Catholic Church is such a teacher. She undertakes to answer and does answer every question concerning the facts of the spiritual world in which man is legitimately interested, or the reply to which can in any manner promote his present or his future welfare. She undertakes to explain and does explain all the laws of the spiritual world which relate to man with such precision and minuteness as to enable him under any circumstances to direct his conduct according to right reason and the will of God. She does not, indeed, encourage the indulgence of a vain curiosity by disclosures which have no practical bearing on the spiritual life and destiny of man, but nowhere else within the entire field of religious inquiry is her voice silent or her utterance uncertain. How well she has discharged these duties of a universal teacher any one can satisfy himself by reading either of her accredited treatises on dogmatic and moral theology. At its conclusion he will search his intellect in vain for rational doubts and queries to which he has found no sufficient answer.

III.

A seeker after truth enjoys a third inestimable advantage when the conclusions to which he attains not only illuminate his intellect, but also rejoice his heart. Knowledge does not invariably lead to happiness. Explorers in many sciences have found the objects of their quest only to confess with sorrow that ignorance contained the greater bliss. The overthrow of long maintained opinions, the destruction of cherished hopes, the ruin of accumulated fortunes, the extinction of a hard-earned fame, are not infrequent consequences of advancing knowledge. A new invention in the industrial arts, a new discovery in physics, a new combination in the elements of some abstract hypothesis—by these the world may gain, but out of these have often come to multitudes of individuals disaster, disappointment, and dismay.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RIGHT RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

An increase in religious knowledge, however, ought never to occasion sorrow. On the contrary, since the happiness of man consists in his attainment of the end for which he was created, and as that end can be attained only through his recognition

of the facts and his obedience to the laws of the spiritual world, the knowledge and the practice of religion ought, above all other causes, to promote his contentment and felicity in this life as well as in the life which is to come. It is repugnant to reason that any doctrine should be true a belief in which necessarily clouds and saddens the believer's soul; and, on the other hand, a doctrine which encourages, consoles, and elevates, exhibits in that quality alone one of the strongest intrinsic proofs of its correctness. Hence in comparing one religious system with another, that which not only answers most completely the questions of the intellect, but which most fully satisfies the aspirations of the heart, approves itself to reason as the one whose doctrines and precepts correspond most nearly to the actual laws and facts of the spiritual world, and constitute the real body of divine truth revealed by God to men.

The student who investigates any system of religion, which has ever exercised any influence upon mankind, necessarily discovers in its precepts and its doctrines much that comforts and uplifts the human heart. Whether he examines the sacred books of India and China, or the Scriptures of the House of Israel, or the venerable traditions of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, or the theologies which under names innumerable have sprung up from the fertile soil of the New Testament under different modes of cultivation, he will obtain light and consolation; for through each one of these the voice of God is teaching, and that which gladdens and illuminates is his truth, which alone answers to the longings and the searchings of the soul.

But however rich may be the harvest garnered from a study of these systems, old or new, far more productive is the investigation of that system which the Catholic Church propounds for the observance and belief of man. If out of all the religions of the earth were collected every doctrine and precept which makes for wisdom, righteousness, and joy, and these woven into one golden book of truth, it would contain nothing which the Catholic Church does not already believe and teach. The theologies of Asia and Africa and Europe and America have nothing to offer her by which she could enlarge the boundaries of her science or multiply the aids and consolations which she gives to men. Embracing and proclaiming every truth which they profess, she reaches out beyond them into regions which to them are only regions of conjecture, and as for every question of the human intellect she has an answer, so is her answer always welcome to the human heart. Whether she de-

scribes the nature and attributes of God, or his relations to his creatures, or the position of man in the universe and his duties and destiny, or the various instrumentalities by which he is assisted to attain his end, or, descending into lower truths (which nevertheless awake sometimes a keener interest), she reveals to us the attitude in which we stand toward each other both while we walk together on the earth and after one or all have passed within the veil—as from our eager eyes she withholds no light, so is the light she sheds radiant with warmth and tenderness and peace. To those who dwell within this light it is no wonder that the Catholic is satisfied with his religion, whether he be the prelate at the altar or the pauper lying at the gate; nor that the seeker after truth, having drunk deep from the rivers of divine wisdom and delight which flow in so many channels throughout all the world, should taste at last her living fountains and thenceforth thirst no more.

A method of investigating the science of religion which possesses these three advantages requires no further recommendation to conscientious and earnest men. Its simplicity of operation, its economy of effort, are only equalled by the magnitude and value of its results. Man needs a knowledge of the facts and laws of the spiritual world to *live* by as well as to *die* by, and no one can afford to spend his life-time in ascertaining what they are, or where he must look for guidance and instruction. By this method, without delay, the humblest intellect can recognize its true teacher, and can enter at once into the enjoyment of immeasurable light and peace.

"I WILL GATHER ME STICKS."

By P. J. MacCorry.

"Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee: and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"—*Luke xii.* 20.

"I WILL gather me sticks," said the woodsman wise,
"While the morning yet is young;
And I'll build me a fire of a goodly size
As the vesper bell is rung.
And then, when the evening dew-damps fall
And the chill air starts at the night-bird's call,
I will bask me there, while the flame-darts tall,
With sparks, from my sticks are flung."

So he set him to task, did this woodsman sage—
Sage in the wisdom of men.
And his keen-edged sickle cleft him a gauge
'Mid the copse and brushwood den;

And the swift-speeding hours unnoted fled
As the woodsman toiled, till his fingers bled
And his brow-sweat mixed with a crimson red
Where the brier-thorns had been.

Until thrice had the bells from the cloister walls
Tolled their three times three and nine;
And thrice prayed the monks in the chapel stalls,
While answering to their chime.
But the man in the deep woods could not hear,
For the stroke of his sickle dimmed his ear,
Till the hooting owl in a pine-tree near
Proclaimed the day's decline.

So he gathered his sticks, did this woodsman wan,
In a great heap, high and long,
And their bulk was far more than his rope could span—
Than his back could bear, though strong.
So he took of the heap a goodly load,
And he trudged him, spent, on his homeward road,
And his shoulders ached 'neath the sticks' sharp goad—
'Neath the bruise of thorn and prong.

Till at length, when in view of his hut he came,
The darkness quite conquered day.
Then a something touched him and spoke his name,
Whose breath seemed of freezing spray;
And its rude hand gripped with an icy lock,
And he sank with his burden beneath its shock,
As a weird voice rose in a hollow mock,
"Thou fool of fools!—Come away!"

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER IX.

After Effects of Carey's Ordination.—War on Bishop Onderdonk in Diocesan Convention.—The Bishop's Masterly Defence.—Judge Duer's Speech.—A Change of Tactics.—The Bishop's Private Character Assailed.—His Trial and Condemnation.

IN these reminiscences hitherto my memory has been occupied with the rise and growth, in the United States, of Tractarianism, or what is more popularly known as the Oxford Movement. We had, in truth, a little Oxford on this side of the Atlantic. It was located in a little suburban appendix to New York City, known as Chelsea. Its name was the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

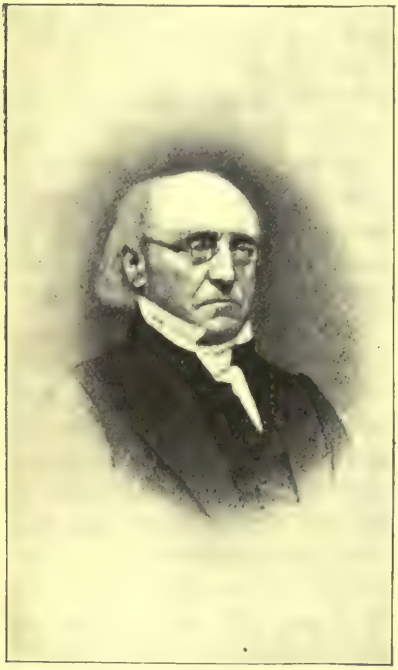
The Oxford Movement in the United States came in due course of time and very naturally to a convulsive conflict, a close grapple of controversial contention and angry feeling which agitated Anglicanism throughout the whole country. The immediate occasion of this was the examination and ordination of Arthur Carey, an account of which has already been given in the third and fourth chapters of these reminiscences.

A very salient statement of the causes which led to this struggle and of circumstances which aggravated the excitement was thus given, at the time, in the columns of the *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for October, 1843 :

"Such an occurrence as the ordination of Mr. Carey with the protest of two eminent clergymen against him, on the ground of his being in effect a Roman Catholic, became the town's talk; and filled the newspapers, not only in the City of New York but everywhere else. Nor did the news from Europe just about those days help to divert the public attention from these matters. The astounding progress of O'Connell's movement for giving to Popery its natural ascendency in Ireland; the admired secession of one-half of the Established Church in Scotland; the universal agitation in England about Tractarianism,

together with the University censure of Dr. Pusey himself at Oxford, gave to an ecclesiastico-religious question of this kind a new and surprising power of interesting the whole people."

It was impossible that so fierce a conflict could go on long without a break-up of Tractarianism, such as it was, for in point of numbers Tractarians were by far the weaker party. It is also impossible to describe this break-up without giving some account of the trial and condemnation of Dr. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, President of the Seminary and Bishop of New York. To this we devote the present chapter.



DR. BENJAMIN T. ONDERDONK.

The ordination of Carey made Bishop Onderdonk the central point of a violent storm. The bishop could not properly be called a Tractarian, he was rather a High-churchman; but believing the Anglican Church to have been established on a compromise in matters of doctrine, he was willing to give that compromise its largest latitude. This made him a great protector of Tractarians, whether clergymen or seminarians looking forward to ordination. He was no great favorite at our seminary, but all the Tractarian students in the institution recognized him as a protector.

His ordination of Carey now made him a target. Every evangelical zealot, whether bishop, priest, or layman, entered upon a war the success of which seemed to depend necessarily upon the downfall of the bishop. As for him, his Dutch blood was fully aroused, and until his character was undermined he stood the shock of battle like a veritable Van Tromp. The war against him was not carried on merely in social circles and in the columns of the press, and in multitudinous pamphlets arraigning his action in the ordination of Carey; it broke out openly and vigorously in the first convention of his diocese that met after the ordination. This was in the latter part of September, of the same year, at St. Paul's Chapel in New York

City. It was the largest gathering of delegates in convention since the formation of Western New York into a separate diocese in 1838.

On September 28, 1843, Judge Oakley, chief-justice of the Superior Court, opened fire upon the bishop in full convocation by the introduction of two resolutions in themselves not at all unreasonable, but in view of all the circumstances quite out of season if the end which he proposed to himself was the restoration of peace.

The first resolution was that the delegates from New York to the next general convention should be instructed to procure such an authoritative interpretation of the rubrics as should settle the question whether clergymen have the same right as laymen to object to a candidate in response to the call of the bishop at the ordination ceremony.

The second resolution looked forward to the procuring of a canon providing that upon the application of two presbyters objecting to the fitness of a candidate, a trial shall be had with notice of time and place, so that the two objectors may be present, and that the answers to all questions put to the candidate shall be placed on record.

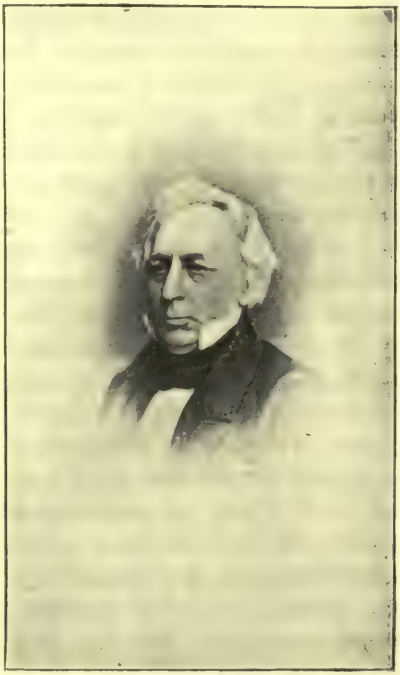
These propositions seem innocent enough. We must consider, however, the time and circumstances which called them forth, all the heated discussions to which Tractarianism had given rise both in England and America, the suspicions so rife in regard to the orthodoxy of the General Seminary, the examination of Carey so widely published with all its particulars, and above all, the startling protests of Drs. Smith and Anthon at his ordination so summarily and indignantly disposed of by the bishop. It then becomes evident that the introduction of these resolutions into the New York convention was simply the casting of an additional firebrand into the Anglican communion.

The attack was foreseen by Bishop Onderdonk. His opening address and the whole result of the convention show how well prepared he was to meet it.

The principal speaker in behalf of the resolutions was John Duer, Esq., a lay delegate from Dr. Anthon's parish of St. Mark's, a zealous Low-churchman, and one of the most distinguished jurists of the country. He was surrounded and supported by many prominent laymen, some of them lawyers like himself. His manner in speaking is thus described by a friend in an article published in the *New York American* of October 2, 1843:

"We have rarely seen an instance where the sense of the holy place in which he stood and of the sacred nature of the topics he was discussing seemed more thoroughly to pervade the mind of the speaker, and to impart to him the mastery over the impulses with which he seemed struggling to a more impassioned style and burning thoughts."

It is difficult to pass without some notice the utterances of so strong a man on an occasion so memorable. A pamphlet published at the time by Harper & Brothers, and preserved in the State Library, enables us to refresh our dim recollections of Judge Duer's argument. We only give a few passages, selecting such as are most likely to interest our readers. In the course of his speech, after having waived all personal application of any of his remarks to the chair (Bishop Onderdonk), and making the supposition that a bishop might arise whose own mind should be deeply infected with the very errors against which, as a church, Episcopalians had protested, he said:



JUDGE JOHN DUER.

"I have already spoken of testimonials and preparatory examinations. The only apparent security is the required subscription of the candidates to our Articles of Religion, but what security is that subscription against those who believe in the innocence of mental reservation? What security against those who have been taught to interpret the Articles in a sense that robs them wholly of their Protestant character, and renders them easy to be reconciled with the most obnoxious doctrines and practices of Rome? Under such a bishop there would be no difficulty in finding candidates of the necessary pliability of conscience. Rome herself, acting upon the system that in other countries she is known to have pursued, would supply them. She would send her own emissaries into your church, and not only permit but

command them to become its ministers. Far from considering their subscription to your articles as a crime, she would encourage and reward it as an act of pious obedience: the end to be obtained would sanctify the means. In the present state of the church, viewing the actual progress of certain doctrines, and the multitude and zeal of those who have embraced them —remembering the caution with which these doctrines were first promulgated and the lengths to which their authors have now boldly advanced, it cannot be said with truth that the dangers of which I have spoken are so remote and improbable that it would be useless to adopt measures of precaution. A Romanist bishop in a Protestant church is no longer an improbable event."

A little later the speaker refers to Tractarianism, and to the New York *Churchman* in particular, as follows:

"The doctrines of the Tractarian writers of Oxford have, in certain quarters, been openly embraced—have been propagated in the diocese with unusual diligence and zeal, and in a journal which claims to be the legitimate organ of the church, have not only been avowed in their full extent, but have been defended and maintained with signal ability, skill, and learning." He adds: "They have become a favorite study of the youth in our seminary, the future candidates for orders, and by many of the younger clergy who have issued from the seminary they have been passionately embraced, and are now zealously propagated."

The distinguished orator took occasion to champion the rights of the laity, to which, in his view, Tractarianism was especially hostile. "If you would lead the laity," he said, addressing the chairman, "the laity must know where you are going. If you would govern their conduct, you must gain their confidence by convincing their reason. If you claim from them an implicit faith, the claim is sure to be rejected, and those who, properly instructed, would have been glad to follow, will be prompt to abandon you." Then, bringing his argument to bear specifically upon the resolutions, he concludes: "In one sense the spiritual powers of the bishop to ordain cannot be limited; he may ordain whom he pleases, but his power to ordain those who are to be received as ministers of the church is necessarily subject to such regulations as the church may impose. To deny this is to subvert the whole constitution of the church—is to demolish the edifice, in order to build the prerogative of the bishop upon its ruins. It is to make each bishop the pope of his diocese."

A remarkable feature of this memorable convention is the careful courtesy with which the chief combatants treated each other. It could scarcely be otherwise, for they were all gentlemen and bred to understand the laws of courtesy. Their expressions of mutual esteem, however, were simply formal. Like pugilists before a combat, they shook hands, well knowing the fearful encounter which was to follow.

The bishop opened the synod with great dignity and solemnity, not affecting to conceal his consciousness that a storm was brewing and that he was prepared to meet it. His words, however, were kind and offered no provocation to attack unless a manly defence of himself and of the presbyters who had acted with him at Carey's examination is to be considered as such.

"Wicked attempts," he said, "are making without to rend us asunder by jealousies, and to provoke the disunion of our happy communion. To meet this, be we all as one man—clinging to Christ, his cross, and his church, let us resolve that we will be one in order, in affection, and in all the graces of the Christian faith."

In like manner Judge Duer, before closing his argument, professed his desire for peace and proffered as terms of peace the acceptance of the hostile resolutions for which he contended. Addressing himself to the clergy and laity who had already shown their opposition to the resolutions on the day previous, by seeking to have them laid upon the table, he said:

"Will you reject our overtures of peace? Instead of receiving, will you dash from our hands the olive branch we tender? We entreat you to remember that if by your votes these resolutions shall be rejected, it is upon you alone that the responsibility will rest; you and you alone will be answerable to your church and to your God for the consequences that may follow."

These professions of a desire for peace sound well, but were necessarily unavailing. The famous words so well uttered at the beginning of our American Revolution may readily be applied to the mutual declarations of amity so formally made at this New York convention.

"Gentlemen may cry 'Peace! peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun." A bugle-note of war was sounded when the seminary at Chelsea was first assailed and Carey's ordination objected to. Some miserable details excepted, all that followed was inevitable.

This Diocesan Convention of 1843 was the culminating point in Bishop Onderdonk's career. He stood at that time the fore-

most bishop in an ecclesiastical body comprising many distinguished priests and prelates. He was in that body the most powerful, courageous, and reliable champion of the High-church party. Although much that occurred at that time has faded from my memory, the long years have obliterated little of the picture then imprinted of that fearless, ready-witted, and sagacious man. He confronted his enemies in the convention at every point. They retired from it at its close beaten and baffled. And this was not caused by any insufficiency on their part, for they included in their number some of the foremost men of the day, flowers of the clergy and pillars of the bar. The triumph of the evangelical cause came later and was achieved by less respectable means.

To explain my meaning it will be necessary to give the reader a sketch of the initiation and progress of a movement against Bishop Onderdonk's private character. This was carried on at first in secret, but afterwards was brought out in the form of public charges preferred by his enemies and resulting in his trial and condemnation by an ecclesiastical tribunal.

The first combined efforts of the Evangelical party of Anglicans against Tractarianism in America had been directed against the General Seminary in Chelsea, and only included Bishop Onderdonk as president and professor of that seminary, and the best-known defender of the rights of Tractarians to hold their principles in the Anglican fold, to exercise their ministry in that fold, and to use the advantages of the seminary.

The institution was governed by an ample Board of Trustees, to which all the bishops belonged *ex officio*. The attack began during a meeting of the board assembled at the seminary for the June examinations of 1843. Drs. Smith and Anthon proposed to the trustees that the examining committee should direct their attention especially to points involving Tractarianism, in order to draw out any bias of the students in this direction. The trustees declined to do this on the ground that the business of the committee was not to examine, but to attend upon the examination as conducted by the professors and to report the result. Drs. Smith and Anthon were, however, added to the examining committee, and it was suggested to them that a request to the professors to examine any particular student or students with special distinctness on any particular topics, would undoubtedly accomplish their object. This course, we are informed, was taken; but nothing appears to have been elicited by this means either to prove or disprove the suspicions

which had been excited. Drs. Smith and Anthon were not satisfied with the manner in which the resolutions moved by them had been disposed of. Still less were they satisfied the next day, when a third resolution, requesting that the sermons which the members of the senior class had handed to the professor for inspection might be brought to the committee, shared the fate of its predecessors and was laid to sleep with them. (See *Quarterly Christian Spectator* for October, 1843.)

This direct attempt of the Evangelical or Low-church party to purge the seminary of tendencies Romeward was soon discontinued for a less direct but more effectual method of warfare. Bishop Onderdonk, as we have said, stood foremost as the protector of Tractarians. He was fearless and powerful. To prostrate him would leave the cause he favored demoralized and without a head. There were existing circumstances which seemed to pave a way to effect his ruin, by assailing his character.

The first suspicions that the bishop's private life was open to attack on its moral side began to circulate about the time that I first came to the seminary, namely, in 1842. This appears by the testimony of the Rev. Paul Trapier, the record of which may be found in a pamphlet published by that gentleman in 1845, directly after the Onderdonk trial. I do not think the students of the seminary knew anything of such rumors until they were made public by the action of his prosecutors.

Mr. Trapier tells us that these rumors were well known among the presbyters of South Carolina gathered in convention in February, 1844. Mr. Trapier himself, who was prominent among these, was also a trustee of the General Seminary at Chelsea, New York, and an active Evangelical. He is well known to all who remember these sad transactions as the most active, untiring, and unrelenting of the bishop's adversaries. Three other presbyters are mentioned in his pamphlet as associated with him in bringing to light the evidence of misconduct relied upon by the presenting and prosecuting bishops. Two of these presbyters I knew personally. One of them, Mason Gallagher, was with me at the seminary during my first year, and was at that time a candidate for orders from Western New York. Gallagher is still living, a minister of the Reformed Episcopalians. Another was the Rev. James C. Richmond, already mentioned in our sixth chapter and bearing, as there stated, the sobriquet of "Crazy Richmond."

The convention of the South Carolina Diocese, in February,

1844, joined in the attempt already referred to by passing a resolution to inquire into the state of the General Seminary. Rumors were already rife, as we have said, against the personal character of the Bishop of New York, but were not publicly introduced into the proceedings of this convention. They had their influence, however, upon these proceedings, as Mr. Trapier informs us, and helped to secure a majority in favor of the action there taken. He says:

"My conviction is that though the alarm was more extensive on the subject of Tractarianism, yet there could not have been the majority requisite for any action of the convention had not others of its members been uneasy about the moral influence of the Right Reverend Professor. As it was, the two sets of persons combining, such majority was secured."

Mr. Trapier himself tells us that he was not very apprehensive of Tractarianism infecting the seminary, and that he was not much disposed on its account to carry out—any further than duty might demand—the resolution of his convention. The rumors concerning the moral misconduct of Bishop Onderdonk were, in his view, more serious as they were rapidly spreading among the laity. He arrived at the General Seminary for the meeting of the Board in June, 1844, with a determination rather to make a special investigation into these private rumors. He returned home, so he tells us, without any success. No one could be found to stand to his assertions, none could allow the seal of confidence to be broken, and yet many were whispering.

At the next General Convention of the Church, which met at Philadelphia, and which Trapier attended, he was seemingly no nearer to his purpose than before. But one day, during the sessions of this convention, he was in the yard of St. Andrew's Church when he was informed by Mr. Gallagher that affidavits could be procured. The two resolved to consult Mr. Memminger, a lay deputy from South Carolina, and found that he was already better posted than themselves, and intended to bring the matter out in open convention on the question of receiving the report of the trustees of the seminary. Instead of this, however, after consultation they concluded to put the matter into the hands of the bishops only, and they drew up and signed a memorial which was handed to Bishop Meade. A few days after Bishop Chase returned the paper to Mr. Trapier, the bishops having decided to present the matter in another shape. The reason assigned was that the conduct of Onderdonk as professor could not be inquired into without involving his character

as bishop. Nothing was publicly done at the meeting of this General Convention. It is not probable that anything effective upon Tractarianism or the General Seminary or Bishop Onderdonk could have been done in General Convention, so long as his private character remained unassailed. The evangelicals, therefore, took the matter into their own hands. A trial of Bishop Onderdonk for immorality was determined upon. Bishops Meade, Otey, and Elliott undertook to present the case, and the time was fixed upon. The bishops would not consent to hunt up evidence, as one of them expressly declared to the Rev. Mr. Trapier. Trapier tells us that he thought this rather hard on the signers of the memorial; for he as one of them "had certainly had no expectation of being called upon to do more than put the bishops as a body into the way of getting at information by calling before them the clergymen whose names were therein mentioned," and that he "did not at all relish being transformed, though in a righteous cause, from the sufficiently odious position of an informer into the one yet more so of a prosecutor." The bishops, however, persisted, and Trapier and Memminger consented to the parts assigned them, Memminger acting a lawyer's part in receiving testimony and preparing affidavits, which work was done in New York.

The foregoing facts, gathered from Mr. Trapier's pamphlet, seem to me important to these reminiscences, as they show how the immediate field of war was transferred from the seminary to more secret action elsewhere, and finally to the scenes of the memorable trial of the New York bishop.

The proceedings of the actual trial of Bishop Onderdonk were all published, and therefore well known to me as well as to the entire public. Of this preliminary work, however, of hunting up evidence and of urging witnesses to come forward I should have known nothing at the time had I not accidentally become acquainted with the Rev. James C. Richmond, whom I have already mentioned as very forward in the movement. He talked freely of the part which he had taken in it.

There is good evidence to show that the bishop could have conciliated this adversary if he had thought it prudent and proper to do so. This we learn from Mr. Richmond himself, in his "Reply" to the pamphlet entitled "Richmond in Ruins."

The bishop is quoted as having made the statement that Mr. Richmond had called on him, and expressed a warm desire to return from Rhode Island to the diocese of New York, that he might be the bishop's friend and stand by him in his trou-

bles. This is partially confirmed by Richmond himself. He states that he said to Dr. Onderdonk: "Bishop, are you aware that it is in my power to render you more service than any presbyter?" The bishop, he tells us, instead of saying, "What do you mean, sir?" blushed and was silent.

One who would have been very insignificant as an active ally was thus permanently made into a most dangerous foe. It was a repetition of the old story of Paris and the Tendon Achilleis.

The court of bishops for the trial of Onderdonk convened December 10, 1844, in the Sunday-school building of St. John's Chapel, New York City.

Philander Chase, Bishop of Illinois, being senior bishop, was in the chair. Bishop Ives of North Carolina, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, and twenty other bishops were present. Rev. Bird Wilson, D.D., of the seminary, was unanimously elected secretary, which office, be it remembered to his great credit, he declined. Bishop Whittingham acted instead as clerk and secretary. Presentment was made by Bishop Meade of Virginia, Bishop Otey of Tennessee, and Bishop Elliott of Georgia.

The prosecuting bishops, as also Bishop Onderdonk, were represented by counsel, eminent lawyers of New York City. The presenting bishops were represented by Hiram Ketchum and Girardus Clarke. Bishop Onderdonk chose for his counsel David B. Ogden and David Graham.

The charge against Bishop Onderdonk, made by the presenting bishops, was that of immorality and impurity, nine separate instances being specified. No attempt to commit any criminal act was either proved or alleged. The offences proved consisted rather of maudlin familiarities indulged in by a half-conscious man overheated with wine, and generally before witnesses the fact of whose presence precludes all suspicion of criminal intent or any definite purpose. It was impossible for the counsel of the accused bishop, or for his friends, to make any complete and satisfactory defence of his conduct. It was easier, however, to palliate these offences and to show that his guilt was far less than his enemies would make it out to be. None of the instances alleged against him had occurred within two years and a half of the trial.

Under all the circumstances of the case it seems strange that such strong measures should have been taken, and that any number of Episcopalian bishops should have been willing to bring such scandalous matter to so public an exhibition. Ladies of high respectability and perfectly innocent were brought out

in open court to testify, to their own confusion, and all that they said was paraded in the public newspapers. The proceedings of this extraordinary court, including the testimony of witnesses and the full arguments of the counsel, were published, by authority of the bishops themselves, in a pamphlet of three hundred and thirty-three pages, and a copyright secured. One young lady implicated in these disagreeable matters absolutely refused to appear and testify. Her name, however, and the nature of the insults offered to her all went freely before the public and appeared on the record of the proceedings.

The court remained in session during twenty-four days, *i.e.*, from the tenth of December to the third of January inclusive. On that day the judgment of the court was publicly announced, in which the respondent was declared guilty of six of the charges specified by a majority of the court, consisting of eleven bishops. The verdict of guilty having thus been reached, it became necessary for the bishops to decide what the sentence of the court should be, namely, whether the punishment should be deposition, or suspension, or only admonition. The votes of the bishops on this question were given by ballot, each bishop signing his own name and sometimes also assigning on the ballot his reasons for the mode of sentence which he approved. There were several ballotings without arriving at any conclusion. Several of the bishops then changed their votes. Some of them gave as their reason for this, the necessity of securing a majority for some form of censure. Some of Bishop Onderdonk's friends, who voted at first for a simple admonition, ended by agreeing to a sentence of suspension to ward off a more serious censure.

Suspension was the sentence finally arrived at and declared by the court.

This sentence was never removed. A Standing Committee was empowered to represent temporarily the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese. Finally, in November, 1852, Dr. Wainwright was consecrated to take charge of the see, with the title of provisional bishop. This qualified title he continued to bear until the death of Bishop Onderdonk, which took place April 30, 1861.

The influence of this downfall of Bishop Onderdonk upon Tractarianism in the United States, both at the Seminary and elsewhere, will be presented and pictured to the reader in chapters still to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of his Life Principles was to Preach from the Printing-Press.

THE CONSECRATED MISSION OF THE PRINTED WORD.

By Margaret E. Jordan.

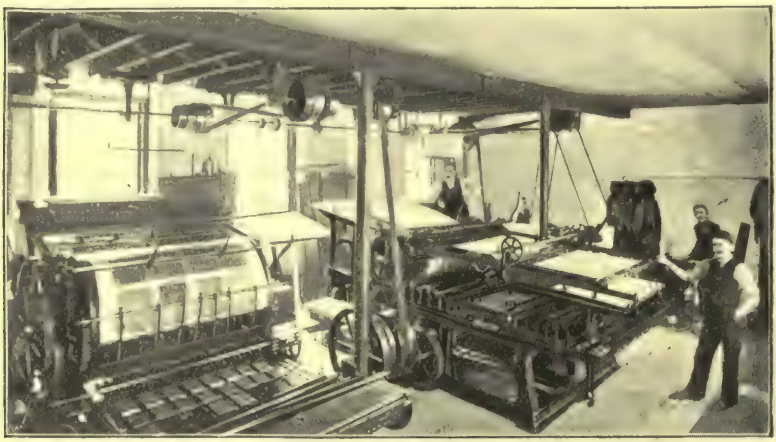
"A bit of printed matter is a sacred thing."—*Temperance Truth.*

THE invention of printing accomplishes the greatest social revolution the world has ever known; henceforth two-thirds of mankind will be governed by the printing-press." Thus wrote Right Rev. J. S. Alemany, O.P., treating of the fifteenth century in his *Life of St. Dominic.* It is a truth, be the silent government productive of good or of evil.

"At the Council of Lateran," to quote the *Mission of the Press*,* "Pope Leo X. declared printing *invented for the glory of God, the propagation of our holy faith, and for the advancement of knowledge.*" Truly a mission holy and sublime! A mission, in its three-fold aim, self-same as that of the preacher and the teacher of God's word! Well may Albert Reynaud exclaim, writing in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of July, 1889:†

"Teaching the young has been hallowed as a vocation; why not the teaching of the adult and the world? Preaching has its anointed ministers, why not the predication of the written message? The evangels of human triviality and error have their zealous distributers; why might not the evangels of truth have consecrated agents to disseminate them with devotion and organized effort? In a word, why should so powerful, so universal, so far-reaching a means of doing good be left almost wholly in indifferent and purely worldly hands?"

The writer last quoted does not ignore the fact that noble efforts have been and are still being made to secure the God-given mission of the printing-press, but he justly says they "fail to fill the requirements of the situation." And why this failure? He is explicit in giving the reason therefor. It is because



THE MONARCH OF THE WORLD IS TRUTH; HIS THRONE, HOWEVER, IS THE PRINTING-PRESS. PRINTING-HOUSE OF THE PAULISTS. (CORNER OF THE PRESS-ROOM.)

"they lack the fundamental requisite of any lasting work. They are mainly the efforts of an individual, or of a few, and they live, at best, the length of an individual life. Something greater, broader, larger than individual life and individual aims is what

* Tract 49 of the series issued by the Catholic Book Exchange.

† We refer our readers to "A Religious Order devoted to Publication. Why not?"

they want; something other than the fatal limitation of personality—that ear mark of mere human undertaking."

Then in one succinct sentence he makes the bold and true

HIS SCEPTRE IS THE PEN. (EDITORIAL SANCTUM OF "THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.")

declaration of the need of the day: "*What is wanted is vocation and the lasting stamp of God, religious consecration and religious organization*"; and in making this declaration the writer is not only giving expression to his own view of the matter, but he is voicing, consciously or unconsciously, the aim and the prayer of one of the master-minds of the nineteenth century, of one who may well be called the Apostle of the Printed Word, Very Rev. Isaac Thomas Hecker.

Turn to this life of noble endeavors, of fruitful results, which one of his spiritual sons has given us.* Read in its early pages (70–71) how even before his conversion to the Catholic faith one of his future life's aims began to unfold itself to him: "Not yet certain of his own vocation, the dream of a virginal apostolate, including the two sexes, had already absorbed his yearnings,

* *The Life of Father Hecker*. By Rev. Walter Elliott. Columbus Press, 120 West Sixtieth Street, New York.

never again to be forgotten; . . . the union of souls? Yes; for uses worthy of souls. . . . Thenceforward the test of true kinship with him could only be a kindred aspiration after union in liberty from merely natural trammels, in order to tend more surely to a supernatural end; . . . such an integral supernatural mission to mankind was what he ever after desired and sought to establish, though he only attained success on the male side. . . . He never for an hour left out of view the need of women for any great work of religion, though he doubtless made very sure of his auditor before unveiling his whole thought. He never made so much as a serious attempt to incorporate women with his work, but he never ceased to look around and to plan with a view to doing so."

Turn now to the pages that reveal the heroic struggle with disease and inaction (359–367), when far away from the scene of his life-work he bears about with him in the lands of his travels, not only the community of men, founded and flourishing, but the community of women still to come forth from the pregnant being of God. He has reached Switzerland. He has seen be-

"A BIT OF PRINTED MATTER IS A SACRED THING." (WHERE THE BINDING IS DONE.)

ginning there what he would fain reproduce in his own loved America. He found that a zealous canon had "organized, or rather begun, an association of girls to set types, etc., who live in community and labor for the love of God in the Apostolate of the Press. He publishes several newspapers and journals. The house in which the members live is also the store and the publishing house. Each girl has her own room. They are under the patronage of St. Paul. The canon is filled with the idea of St. Paul as the great patron of the press, *the first Christian journalist.* What has long been my dream of a movement of this nature has found here an incipient realization. Our views in regard to the mission of the press, and the necessity of running it for the defence and propagation of the faith, as a form of Christian sacrifice in our day, are identical. You can easily fancy what interest and consolation our meeting and conversation must be to each other."*

We have seen his unaccomplished aims; let us now listen to his apparently unanswered prayer. He is in Rome, in the Catacombs of St. Agnes. He has celebrated Mass there on the feast of the martyr. "What did I pray for?" he questions, penning a letter home. "For you all, especially for the future. What future? How shall I name it? The association of women in our country to aid the work of God through the Holy Church for its conversion. My convictions become fixed and my determination to begin the enterprise consecrated."

His convictions are fixed! His determination to begin the enterprise consecrated! Two decades of years have passed through the fingers of Time since Father Hecker breathed this prayer in the Catacombs. Nearly five decades since the light into the future was first flashed upon him, and yet that organization of women has never come into existence! Did Father Hecker determine upon enterprises at random? Nay. Did God, then, permit him, the firm believer in the "direct action of the Holy Spirit on the human soul," who trusted so implicitly to "the inner and secret prompting of the Holy Ghost," to follow, even in the planning of his life-work, a false light? Again, nay. Then why the delay?—the non-fulfilment?

The ardent heart of the apostle beat impetuously for the doing of God's work, but the illuminated soul of the contemplative breathed to the ardent heart, "Peace, be still," and in prayerful waiting the apostle and the contemplative, for

* See chapter xxx. *Life of Father Hecker.*

Father Hecker was both, bided God's time, his way, and his instruments for the doing of a divine work.

There is a great lesson for us of the present day contained in the fact that in addition to the works which Father Hecker accomplished, he held locked up within his soul for nearly five-and forty years another work, inexpressibly dear to him on account of its possibilities of salvation to men and glory to God.

VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.; NOW AT ST. THOMAS' COLLEGE, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON.

At rarest intervals he gave to others a glimpse of that which was living within it, and yet he passed away from earth without even having made a serious attempt to do this work, "though he never ceased to look around and to plan with a view to doing so." It often happens in the divine economy that one may never be called upon to bring into visible existence a work with the desire of which God has imbued our souls. Our part

may be only that of prayer. We will surely strengthen by prayer that which we may possibly, if not probably, render abortive by premature activity. It is not in doing all the work that we can do for God that perfection consists, but rather in doing just what he wills, when, where, and how he wills it.

And here comes another lesson: watch for right times and places and means and co-workers. We Catholics of America have been censured for keeping "behind the times" in the doing of active good works. We are awakened at last, and we are up and doing in every line of advancement. Let us take care. We are certainly right in endeavoring "to keep up with the times," but let us remember that God is not behind them. For us who are his followers it is not on the times, but on the lines that he has drawn for us through them, that our eyes should be fixed. Too many good works begun in the most unselfish spirit never reach development. They are abortive not so much because undertaken by souls not called to undertake them, as because they are undertaken before the marked hour, with the wrong co-operators. Too often we drop the seed before the Master has tilled the ground or gathered about us the workmen whom he has trained to aid us. A burning desire to be about our life-work may not mean that the hour has come for action. It may be given us that by repression of ardor to-day we may, through the exercise of self-restraint, possess to-morrow a concentrated earnestness that will empower us to move, not only self, but many another in the direction in which we would go. Christ the Master in the temple amidst the doctors was burning to be about his Father's business. Could he have done better in the ardor of his twelve years the work of salvation that he accomplished with divine perfection after growing for eighteen years "in wisdom and age and grace with God and men"?

But one may question why Father Hecker never strove to realize his apostolic desire. It is never very difficult for any priest to gather a body of women for purposes of religion or charity, much less would it have been difficult for this priest who conceived and accomplished so many great works. Yes, one may well question why he never attempted an organization of women whose lives should be consecrated to the spread of the truth through the powerful, silent-voiced agency of the printing-press, and should be, at the same time, an oblation of praise and thanksgiving for all the blessings of which the writ-

ten and the printed word have been the channel, and a vapor of prayer which, rising heavenward, would descend in copious showers of grace, irrigating the desert places of heresy, and fructifying the seeds of truth sown in hearts by workmen the world over. Here comes a point where this work must needs

OUT THROUGH THESE DOORS THERE GO OVER FIVE MILLION PAGES OF PRINTED MATTER EACH MONTH. (THE COUNTING-ROOM.)

reproduce all others: where Father Hecker could learn much from the great works of other great men.

Confraternities, societies, parish congregations, clubs, all may be formed of members drawn collectively; not so an organization that is to reproduce the spiritual family life as religious orders do. No exterior binding together of human lives can form into one family beings of widely different human generation; no similarity of human desires can blend the aims of many into one great harmonious endeavor. One thing alone has power to effect this family life, this unity of action: it is a God-given vocation. Somewhere in God's world there must needs exist a soul in whom he has implanted this vocation, if his eternal designs embrace such a work; and, doubtless, within reach of that woman other women with corresponding vocations exist, yet one may be unconscious of the existence of another.

Father Hecker must needs have met the soul in which the germ of such a work was implanted, or his efforts to develop it would be unavailing. But evidently he never met her, and versed as he was in God's ways from his own soul-illumination, and his study, doubtless, of works done by others, not meeting her was to him a clear proof that any attempt at such a work would be premature, its effects abortive.

But does this prove that his light was false? his prayer vain? his aim destined never to reach realization? Nay. It proves but this: that God's allotted hour for the work was not one embraced in Father Hecker's allotted years of earthly life. It is said that "poets never die." With far greater truth may this perennial life be ascribed to founders of religious institutes. They live on endlessly in the lives of the spiritual children

COMPOSING-ROOM IN THE PRINTING-HOUSE OF THE PAULISTS.

they give to the church and the world, and the works accomplished by their spiritual children are but, as it were, the consummation of their work. "Prayer will do more than action," and the prayer of faith that arises from a supernatural glimpse of God's work for future time is not unanswered even though visible results have not been achieved till that prayer of faith has long been crowned by full knowledge gained in the light of the Beatific Vision.

Reading of this desire of Father Hecker's ardent heart, of this determination of his energetic nature, one is moved to question whether or not he went even so far as to draft any plan for this organization of women whose daily work should be the consecration of pens and types and printing-presses to the propagation of the truth as a form of Christian sacrifice. "He did not," his spiritual sons assure us; "he would naturally wait until he had found the souls for whom to draft such a plan." Perhaps we can find another reason of his bequeathing to those whose dearest wish would be to develop his plans, none for this future work for the sanctification of America.

It was not only respect, it was reverence that Father Hecker yielded to the God-given freedom of mankind, to its God-given right to listen for, to hearken to, and to follow the interior guiding voice of the Spirit of Him who is the way, and the truth, and the life. He never sought to make of any human being a mere tool to work out his aims for God's glory, but rather to find each one that which he himself was: an instrument fashioned and tempered for its own purpose in the great work. It was the co-operation of free men and women that he craved always. He, no doubt, felt that if he ever met those who were to take the initiative in this work he would meet in one or more of them a spirit, a method, an organization, in full or in part developed, and impressed in some one of those supernatural ways that produce an instantaneous conviction of their unerring guidance. "The words of God in the soul effect what they say," declares Father Faber, contrasting the human spirit with the divine, in *Growth in Holiness*. "The divine voice may have uttered but a single sound, one little word, but the work is done. It is safe to build upon it the edifice of years."

Looking over the universal Catholic world of to-day, and beholding all that is being done for the spread of the printed word of God, one may question: In sight of all this is there any need of such a religious organization as that contemplated by Father Hecker? We can but judge of the present by the past. For hundreds of years Christianity had been preached to the nations of the earth, and yet God gave to St. Dominic and St. Francis, to St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus and St. Paul of the Cross, and to others as well, revelations of his will, and forth from those revelations came great orders specially devoted to preaching. For hundreds of years the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate had been cared for in Christ's name, and yet God

called upon a Vincent de Paul, a Father Eudes, a Catherine McAuley, and in response to his voice arose the Sisters of

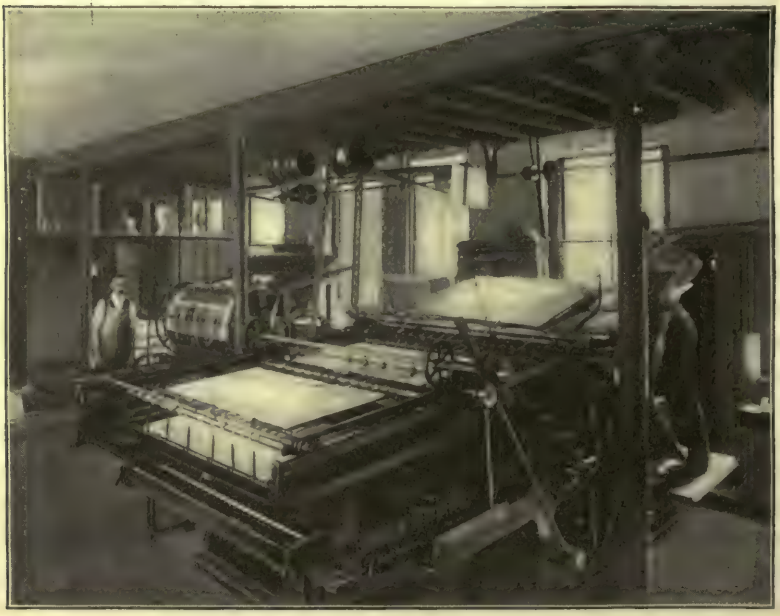
WHERE THE PROOFS ARE READ.

Charity, of the Good Shepherd, of Mercy. For hundreds of years the church militant on earth had offered suffrages for the suffering church in purgatory, and yet in our own century God whispers in the depths of a human soul that his church has no order devoted specially to the relief of the suffering dead, and from that pregnant whisper comes forth the Helpers of the Holy Souls. For hundreds of years the daily Holy Sacrifice had been in the sight of Heaven a ceaseless reparation for God's injuries, and yet in our century the Divine Majesty inspired the foundation of a religious congregation of Perpetual Reparation. Multiply questions as the world will, there is but one to be answered, and it is one the world will scarcely propound: Has this newly contemplated work existence in the eternal plan of God? Upon the answer, yes or no, hangs its future earthly existence.

Arises the question: How penetrate the veils that hide the

divine plan from human inspection? There is no need to penetrate the impenetrable. When comes God's hour his hand will part the veils, and through the rift his light will shine, and on earth in some soul, perhaps in more than one, will be mirrored that eternal plan, maybe in full, maybe in part, but if in part the soul that has received it will bide the hour of another rifting of the impenetrable veils, for human conjecture will never be allowed to supply aught that is wanting to complete the divine certainty.

An Order devoted to Publication, to the silent preaching of God's truth by the broadcast sowing of the printed word, to the uplifting of the masses to a higher mental culture by the instilling of a love for good reading in young and old, in placing good reading in mansion and hovel, such an order must of necessity be as novel compared with existing institutes as was that of the Visitation compared with all previously existing at that time. If the founder of the Visitation, St. Francis de Sales, was inspired to mark out for souls a royal way of the cross that was free from the steel-pointed austerities of all other orders, so must the one who will found the Order devoted to Publication keep souls safe within the royal way of the cross without



HENCEFORTH TWO-THIRDS OF MANKIND WILL BE GOVERNED BY THE PRINTING-PRESS.
(PRESS-ROOM.)

the iron-clad rules regulating for the sisterhoods of to-day hours and places and prayers and garb. Is laxity here advocated for the Order of Publication? Nay, nay. Freedom and elasticity do not presume laxity. If daily labor is such that it cannot be

THROUGH THE PRINTED WORD IT IS POSSIBLE TO SECURE YOUR LARGEST AUDIENCE AND DO THE MOST GOOD.

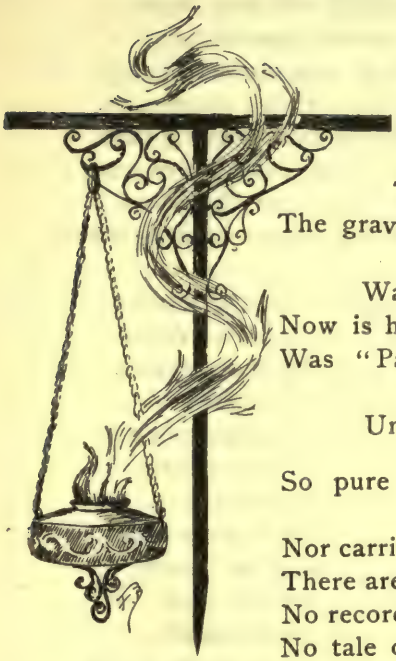
broken in upon at frequently recurring intervals for prayer, and literary labor is such, so too is the mechanical labor of publication; then grows upon one the necessity of making of one's day's labor an unbroken prayer by purity of intention. If one cannot renew that intention by visits at stated times to the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, then becomes more pressing the need of an abiding sense of the real presence of the Holy Spirit around, within, directing, inspiring, sanctifying each faint movement of the heart, the brain, the hand that manipulates the pen or the type. If one's life must be more or less a public life; if one must be no strange presence at summer-schools or press conventions; if one's voice even must be heard in papers bearing upon the vital questions of the day that concern minds and souls and God's truth, then

it becomes more necessary that self be hidden—even as was the Master when, through Mary's lips, he uttered the *Magnificat* of praise. If one's name must go forth on the printed page and win laurels for the thoughts to which it may claim ownership, then there is but the need of a constant interior renunciation of all ownership of thoughts and words and deeds that may merit earthly fame or heavenly reward into the keeping of her who kept all the words of Jesus in her heart. No; freedom in the fulfilment of the consecrated mission of the Printed Word does not mean laxity or the breathing of a worldly spirit, but an elasticity of soul that, knowing the Holy Spirit breatheth where he wills, can at any moment find him there where he breatheth.

What a mission it is even at will to write and print and scatter broadcast the blessed truths of God! And to save from woeful waste all that is helpful and holy of what others write and print! But what a thrice blessed mission for the souls who will one day arise in answer to Father Hecker's prayer in the Catacombs of St. Agnes, and, in gratitude for the glorious heritage of the faith, make their life-long *Te Deum* the spread of that faith in a consecrated Apostolate of the Press.

REV. FATHER MAURICE, C.P.*

By Helen Grace Smith.



THERE is a grave beside the Southern Sea,
The shining Southern Sea—
The grave of one pure knight, whose faithful sword
Was sheathed right joyfully:
Now is his warfare o'er; his latest word
Was "Patience still and courage, dearest Lord,
Until thy mercy set my spirit free."

So pure a knight! He wore no waving plume,
Nor carried yet a shield with brave device;
There are no laurels sculptured on his tomb,
No record of past conflicts fought and won,
No tale of mighty deeds, nor service done
For sake of country, no great sacrifice;
And no one passing pauses here to read;
He was an exile, and his country's need
Was not for him; yet did he love his land,
And wept for parting, while his gentle hand,
So fair and strong, was lifted up to bless
What was his own, and should be his no more;
And sails were set, while yet the brightening shore
Smiled sweet return to his mute eyes' caress.

* The Rev. Father Maurice, of the Order of Passionists, was known in the world as Theodore Dehon Smith. He was born on January 1, 1857. His religious vocation declared itself previous to his twenty-first birthday, and after more than a year's consideration he entered the Order of Passionists on that day. He passed his novitiate at Pittsburgh and Hoboken. He was ordained by Bishop Wigger, of Newark, and after being stationed as a missionary priest at Cincinnati and Louisville, he was finally appointed to a professorship to the students at the house of his order at Normandy, near St. Louis. From this position he voluntarily went to the missions of his order in the Argentine Republic, making his journey by way of Italy and visiting Rome. He entered on his work in South America with characteristic ardor, but his failing health soon compelled him to give up active duties. He submitted with patience and resignation to the inevitable change, and after months of suffering passed away on the 15th of February, 1894. This tribute was written by his sister.

There have been many partings and the world
Is old in sorrow; eyes have wept anew,
With ready tears, love's long since cancelled woe;
And bitter waves have, writhing, foamed and curled
Round prows of many ships that, bending low,
Confessed their might, yet dared the fatal blue;
But never ship bore nobler heart from home,
And never heart more trusting, nor more true.
There have been many partings: exiles roam
Through alien lands, with hopes that longing turn,
O'er leagues of sea, to where their hearth-fires burn;
But never heart held higher hope, nor cherished
A dearer dream than his, whose dream hath perished.

High hope, and brave ambition, young desires;
Bright birds of passage, could ye your far flight
For once have stayed, your winging that aspires,
With force unerring, ever toward the light—
Could ye have folded once your quivering pinions,
And slumbered warmly gathered to his breast,
Ye might have been content with him to rest,
And he had followed not o'er earth's dominions
The sunless way ye sought; yet did the sweet
Recurring thought of home stay not his feet
Upon the hills. Ah! world of banishment,
Of doubt and ills, give birth to soft content,
And speak a calmness hopeful, for again
Is wrought a mystery, and the spirit's pain
Hath earned reward. You have not seen in vain
The human creature smile through tears, and ring
A song of rapture from a breaking heart—
A glad, pure ecstasy, a song apart
From poet's theme, or hymn that angels sing.
You have not seen in vain, nor vainly heard;
A presence blest in sympathy hath stirred
The deep of woe, that hence may healing spring,
And peace be born anew of sorrowing.

In times of old, when bravest knights lay dead
Their deeds were sung, and panoply of state
Was folded round them, and the muffled tread
And bated breath of mourners, vigil keeping,
Gave solemn show of grief, and there was weeping,
And sighing for the sad decree of fate.

When such lay dead there was lament and sorrow,
Nor heart for play and feasting on the morrow.
Good knights of old, your spirit lived in him,
Who was true knight, and, through the ages dim,
Some reflex of the glory and the gleam
Of high chivalrous honor, like the stream
Of light through minster windows, round his brow
Made shining holy, and he lieth now
In such a state as they of nobler worth
Would rather choose, who reverent trod the earth:
A simple state. The suns that were his eyes
Look calmly now on awful mysteries;
Of old they looked through tears, and there was set
A bow of colors, gold and violet,
In our dull skies. Now is the white repose
Of folded lids, the majesty, the peace
Above them, that which maketh our sick gaze
To fix itself in solemn awe, and cease
From trembling scared. It seemeth fitting close
Of such a life, since he was led through ways
Of humbleness, and all unseemly pride
Of place or fortune that were his by law
Of high inheritance he put aside,
That flesh might conquered be, and sanctified
In truth and spirit and a holy awe,
With meekness chaste, and poverty abide
Where such should dwell; it seemeth fitly ended
That he should lie but by meek signs attended.

Death leaves no room save for high thoughts and holy,
Which only lead us nearer to our dead.
Grief is of earth, with sighs and melancholy,
And from such things the souls we love have fled.
We find them now through faith and patience lowly
Who humbly follow where they sought to tread.
Death is a joy; so felt our knight when dying,
So feel we now when thinking how he died.
Turn then, my heart, and see him sweetly lying,
Whose hope is found at last, whose truth is tried;
And, from that place where thou art glorified,
Look, O beloved! The morning star hath set,
Day is abroad, and from the valley's breast
The cry of labor sounds; the grass is wet,
And bendeth to the knife; and men forget

All things in toil, save toil itself, and rest
Content alone for gain, the earnings mean
That earth allows. The tired hands that glean
The close-shorn fields count out their spoil with care,
And then, outworn, are clasped, but not in prayer.
Look, O beloved! Self-exiled, 'twas for these
Thy voice made pleading, and God's sacred ground
Thus given up to greed, the places fair
That met thy gaze with loving, and were good
In His dear eyes and thine, all these are found
Fit cause for holy war, and, on thy knees,
Stripped for the fight of all things that were thine,
Oblation of thyself thou mad'st and stood
Clean before men, and in the sight divine.
True knight and pure, thy sword was forged of faith,
And sheathed for joy since, conqueror in death,
Thou needest love alone which is the breath
Of God, and in the rapture of high Heaven
That love is thine, the life whence thine is given.
Look, O beloved!—who lookest on the face
Of Truth itself—look till thy spirit's grace
Encompass earth. So may we learn of thee:
So would we learn. O shining Southern Sea!
Tread evenly and measured where he lies
Beneath the Southern Cross. Ye kindly skies
That brought him dreams of home; the sympathy
That little grasses speak, and winsome flowers
With shy, strange faces that were wont to smile
For comfort when he passed, or paused awhile
Too weary to smile back, keep through the hours,
The lengthening days, and months of changing splendor
Your watch with him, who kept true faith and tender
With such as ye; watch kindly where he lies
Till earth at last give place to Paradise.

Ah, lovely grave beside the Southern Sea!
The shining Southern Sea!
And thou, pure knight, whose sword
Was sheathed right joyfully:
Soon our long warfare o'er, the spoken word
Will make us thine, and courage still, O Lord!
Until Thy mercy tell us we are free.

Edinburgh, August 24, 1894.

PORTRAIT OF GREGORY THE GREAT, PAINTED BY HERMANN KIK, SAULGAN, WÜRTEMBERG.

GREGORY THE GREAT AND THE BARBARIAN WORLD.

BY T. J. SHAHAN, D.D.,
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THE latter part of the sixth century of our era offers to the student of human institutions a fascinating and momentous spectacle—the simultaneous transition over a great extent of space from an ancient and refined civilization to a new and uncouth barbarism of manners, speech, civil polity, and culture. It was then that the great mass of the Roman Empire, which generations of soldiers, statesmen, and administrators had consolidated at such frightful expense of human blood and rights, was irrevocably broken by the savage hordes whom it had in turn attempted to resist or to assimilate.

One moment it seemed as if the fortune of a Justinian and the genius of a Belisarius were about to regain all Italy, the sacred nucleus of conquest, and to proceed thence to a reconstitution of the Roman state in Western Europe. But it was only for a moment. Fresh multitudes of Teutonic tribesmen swarmed from out their deep forests along the Danube or the Elbe, and overflowed Northern Italy so effectually as to efface the classic land-marks, and to fasten for ever on the fairest plains of Europe their own barbarian cognomen. It is true that the bureaucracy of Constantinople, aided by the local pride of the cities of Southern Italy, by a highly centralized military government, by the prestige and the influence of the Catholic bishops, as well as by the jealousy and disunion of the Lombard chiefs, maintained for two centuries the assertion of imperial rights, and a steadily diminishing authority in the peninsula and the islands of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. But, by the end of the sixth century, all serious hope of reorganizing the Western Empire was gone. Thenceforth (thanks to the Lombard) the Frank and the Visigoth, luckier than their congeners, the Ostrogoth and the Vandal, might hope to live in peaceful enjoyment of the vast provinces of Spain and Gaul, and the fierce pirates of old Saxony could slowly lay the foundations of a new empire on the soil of abandoned and helpless Britain. In the West not only was the civil authority of Rome overthrown, but there went with it the venerable framework of its ancient administration, the Latin language, that masterful majestic symbol of Roman right and strength, the Roman law, the municipal system, the great network of roads and of inter-commercial relations, the peaceful cultivation of the soil, the schools, the literature, and above all, that splendid unity and consolidarity of interests and ideals which were the true cement of the ancient Roman state, and which welded together its multitudinous parts more firmly than any bonds of race or blood or language.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREGORIAN AGE.

Notwithstanding the transient splendor, the victories and conquests of the reign of Justinian, the condition of the Orient was little, if any, better than that of the West. The Persian and the Avar harassed the frontiers, and occasionally bathed their horses in the sacred waters of the Bosphorus. The populations groaned beneath the excessive taxes required for endless fortifications, ever-recurring tributes, the pompous splendor of a

great court, and the exigencies of a minute and numerous bureaucracy. Egypt and Syria, no longer dazzled by the prestige or protected by the strong arm of Rome, began to indulge in velleities of national pride and spirit, and, under the cover of heresy, to widen the political and social chasm that yawned between them and the great heart of the empire. The imperial consciousness, as powerful and energetic in the last of the Paleologi as in a Trajan or a Constantine, was still vigorous enough, but it had no longer its ancient instruments of good fortune, wealth, prestige, and arms. The shrunken legions, the diminished territories, the dwindling commerce, foreshadowed the dissolution of the greatest political framework of antiquity, and in the quick succeeding plagues, famines, and earthquakes men saw the ominous harbingers of destruction. The time of which I speak was, indeed, the close of a long, eventful century of transition. Already the political heirs of Rome and Byzantium were looming up both East and West. In the East fanatic conquering Islam awaited impatiently the tocsin of its almost irresistible propaganda, and in the West the Frank was striding through war and anarchy and every moral enormity to the brilliant destiny of continental empire. We may imagine the problems that beset at this moment the mind of a Boethius or a Cassiodorius. Would the fruits of a thousand years of Greek and Roman culture be utterly blotted out? Would the gentleness and refinement that long centuries of external peace and world-wide commerce and widest domination had begotten be lost to the race of man? Would the teachings of Jesus Christ, the source of so much social betterment, be overlaid by some Oriental fanaticism, or hopelessly degraded by the coarse naturalism of the Northern barbarians? Could it be that in this storm were about to be engulfed the very highest conquests of man over nature and over himself, the delicate and difficult art of government, the most polished instruments of speech, the rarest embodiments of ideal thought in every art, that sweet spiritual amity, the fruit of religious faith and hope, that common Christian atmosphere in which all men moved, and breathed, and rejoiced?

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC EPISCOPATE.

We all know what it was that in these centuries of commotion and demolition saved from utter loss so much of the intellectual inheritance of the Greco-Roman world, what power tamed and civilized the barbarian masters of the Western

Empire, fixed them to the soil, codified and purified their laws, and insensibly and indirectly introduced among them no small share of that Roman civilization which they once so heartily hated, and which in their pagan days they looked on as utterly incompatible with Teutonic manhood and freedom. It was the Catholic hierarchy, which took upon itself the burden and responsibility of civil order and progress at a time when absolute anarchy prevailed, and around which centred all those elements of the old classic world that were destined, under its ægis, to traverse the ages and go on for ever, moulding the thought and life of humanity as long as men shall admire the beautiful, or reverence truth, or follow after order and justice and civil security.

It was the bishops, monks, and priests of the Catholic Church who in those troublous days stood like a wall for the highest goods of society as well as for the rights of the soul; who resisted in person the oppression of the barbarian chief just emerged from his swamps and forests, as well as the avarice and unpatriotic greed of the Roman who preyed upon his country's ills; who roused the fainting citizens, repaired the broken walls, led men to battle, mounted guard upon the ramparts, and negotiated treaties. Indeed, there was no one else in the ruinous and tottering state to whom men could turn for protection from one another as well as from the barbarian. It seemed, for a long time, as if society were returning to its original elements, such as it had once been in the hands of its Architect, and that no one could better administer on its dislocated machinery than the men who directly represented that Divine Providence and love out of which human society had arisen.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BISHOP OF ROME.

The keystone of this extraordinary episcopate was the Papacy. The Bishop of Rome shared with all other bishops of the empire their influence over the municipal administration and finances, their quasi-control of the police, the prisons and the public works, the right to sit as judge, not alone over clerics and in clerical cases but in profane matters, and to receive the appeals of those who felt themselves wronged by the civil official. Like all other bishops of the sixth century, he was a legal and powerful check upon the rapacity, the ignorance, and the collusion of the great body of officials who directed the intricate mechanism of Byzantine administration. But over and

above this the whole world knew that he was the successor of the most illustrious of the Apostles, whose legacy of authority he had never suffered to dwindle; that he was the metropolitan of Italy, and the patriarch of the entire West, all of whose churches had been founded directly or indirectly by his see.

From the time of Constantine his authority in the West had been frequently acknowledged and confirmed by the state and the bishops. In deferring to his decision the incipient schism of the Donatists, the victor of the Milvian Bridge only accepted the situation such as it was outlined at Arles and Antioch and Sardica, such as Valentinian formally proclaimed it, and the Pragmatic Sanction of Justinian made the fundamental law of the state. Long before Constantine, the Bishop of Rome seemed to Decius and Aurelian the most prominent of the Christian bishops, and since then every succeeding pontificate raised him higher in the public esteem.

Occasionally a man of transcendent genius, like Leo the Great, broke the usual high level of superiority, and shone as the savior of the state and the scourge of heresy, or again, skilful administrators like Gelasius and Hormisdas piloted happily the bark of Peter through ugly shoals and rapids. But, whatever their gifts or character, one identic consciousness survived through all of them—the sense of a supreme mission, and of the most exalted responsibility in ecclesiastical matters. Did ever that serene consciousness of authority need to be intensified? What a world of suggestion and illustration lay about them in their very episcopal city, where at every step the monuments of universal domination met their gaze, where the very atmosphere was eloquent with the souvenirs of imperial mastery and the stubborn execution of the imperial will, where the local mementoes of their own steady upward growth yet confronted them, where they could stand in old St. Peter's, even then one of the most admired buildings of antiquity, over the bodies of Peter and Paul, surrounded by pilgrims from all parts of the world, and echo the words of the first Leo, that already the spiritual rule of the Roman pontiffs was wider than the temporal one of the Roman emperors had ever been!

THE CAREER OF GREGORY.

It was to this office, and in the midst of such critical events as I have attempted to outline, that Gregory, whom after ages have styled the Great, succeeded in 590 A.D. He could boast of the noblest blood of Rome, being born of one of the great

senatorial families, a member of the *gens Anicia*, and destined from infancy to the highest political charges. His great-great-grandfather, Felix II. (483–492), had been Bishop of Rome, and he himself at an early age had held the office of pretor, and

STATUE OF ST. GREGORY, BY CORDIERI, IN THE CHURCH OF S. GREGORIO, ON THE CŒLIAN.

walked the streets of Rome in silken garments embroidered with shining gems, and surrounded by a mob of clients and admirers. But he had been brought up in the strictest of Christian families, by a saintly mother, and in time the blank horror of public life, the emptiness of human things in general, and the grave concern

for his soul so worked upon the young noble that he threw up his promising *carriera*, and, after distributing his great fortune to the poor, turned his own home on the Cœlian Hill into a monastery, and took up his residence therein. It was with deliberation, and after satisfactory experience of the world and life, that he made this choice. It was a most sincere one, and though he was never to know much of the monastic silence and the calm lone-dwelling of the soul with God, these things ever remained his ideal, and his correspondence is filled with cries of anguish, with piteous yearnings for solitude and retirement. On the papal throne, dealing as an equal with emperors and exarchs, holding with firm hand the tiller of the ship of state on the angriest of seas, corresponding with kings and building up the fabric of papal greatness, his mighty spirit sighs for the lonely cell, the obedience of the monk, the mystic submersion of self in the placid ocean of love and contemplation. His austerities soon destroyed his health, and so he went through fourteen stormy years of government broken in body and chafing in spirit, yet ever triumphant by the force of his superb masterful will, and capable of dictating from his bed of pain the most successful of papal administrations, one which sums up at once the long centuries of organic development on classic soil and worthily opens the great drama of the Middle Ages.

FIRST OF THE MEDIÆVAL POPES.

In fact, it is as the first of the mediæval popes that Gregory claims our especial attention. His title to a place among the benefactors of humanity reposes in great part upon enduring spiritual achievements which modified largely the history of the Western Empire, upon the firm assertion of principles which obtained without contradiction for nearly a thousand years, and upon his writings, which formed the heads and hearts of the best men in church and state during the entire Middle Ages, and which, like a subtle, indestructible aroma, are even yet operative in Christian society.

The popes of the sixth century were not unconscious of the fact that the greater part of the Western Empire had passed irrevocably into the hands of barbarian Teutons, nor were they entirely without relations with the new possessors of Roman soil; but their temporary subjection to an Arian king; the Gothic war, and the cruel trials of the city of Rome; the meteoric career of Justinian, as a rule deferential and favorable to

the bishops of Rome; the painful episode of the Three Chapters, in which flamed up once more the smouldering embers of the great Christological discussions; the uncertain relations with the new imperial office of the exarchate, as well as a clinging reverence for the empire and its institutions, kept their faces turned to the Golden Horn. They had welcomed Clovis into the church with a prophetic instinct of the *rôle* that his descendants were to play, and they kept an eye upon the Catholic Goths, on the Suabians of north-western Spain, and on the Irish Kelts. Individual and sporadic missionary efforts originated among their clergy, of which we would know more were it not for the almost complete destruction of their local annals and archives in the Gothic wars. But withal, one feels that these sixth-century popes belong yet to the old Greco-Roman world, that they hesitate to acknowledge publicly that the imperial cause is lost in the West, that the splendid unity of the Roman and the Christian name is only a souvenir. On the other hand, the barbarian was too often a heretic, too often slippery, selfish, and treacherous, while the Roman was yet a man of refinement and culture, loath to go out among uncouth tribes who had destroyed whatever he held dear. In a word, he nourished toward the barbarian world at large that natural repulsion which he afterward reproached the British Kelt for entertaining toward the Saxon destroyer of his fireside and his independence.

Gregory inaugurated a larger policy. He was the first monk to sit on the Chair of Peter, and he brought to that redoubtable office a mind free from minor preoccupations and devoted to the real interests of the Roman Church. He had been prætor and nuncio, had moved much among the bishops and the aristocracy of the Catholic world, and was well aware of the inferior and painful situation that the New Rome was preparing for her elder predecessor. The careers of Silverius, Vigilius, and Pelagius were yet fresh in the minds of men, and it needed not much discernment to see that, under the new régime, the Byzantine court would never willingly tolerate the ancient independence and traditional boldness of the Roman bishops.

THE VOCATION OF THE WANDERING NATIONS.

It was, therefore, high time to find a balance to the encroachments and sinister designs of those Greeks on the Bosphorus, who were drifting ever farther away from the Latin

spirit and ideals; this the genius of Gregory discovered in the young barbarian nations of the West. It would be wrong, however, to see in his conduct only the cold calculations of a statesman. It was influenced simultaneously by the deep yearnings of the apostle, by the purest zeal for the salvation and betterment of the new races which lay about him like a whitening harvest, waiting for the sickle of the spiritual husbandman. While yet a simple monk he had extorted from Pelagius the permission to evangelize the Angles and the Saxons, and had proceeded some distance, when the Romans discovered their loss and insisted on his return. Were it not for their selfishness he would have reached the shores of Britain, and gained perhaps a place in the charmed circle of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, who were even about that time engaged in the losing conflict for independence which ended so disastrously at the Badonic Mount.

GREGORY AND THE LOMBARDS.

This is not the place to relate the details of the numerous relations which Gregory established on all sides with the barbarian peoples of Europe. The nearest to him were the Lombards, the resistless hammer of the Italo-Roman state, and one of the most arrogant and intractable of all the Teutonic tribes. His policy with them is peace at any price. Now he purchases it with church-gold, sorely needed elsewhere, and again he concludes a treaty with these iron dukes in the very teeth of the exarch. He takes their rule as an accomplished fact. He refuses to be an accomplice in the base, inhuman measures of the Byzantine governors. He rests not until he has converted their queen, Theodelinda, and their king, Agilulf; with a certain mixture of bitterness and joy he proclaims himself more a bishop of the Lombards than the Romans, so numerous were their camp fires upon the Campagna, and so familiar the sight of their hirsute visages, and the sound of their horrid gutturals among the delicate and high-bred denizens of Rome.

It was he who restrained this rugged and contemptuous race; who started among them a counter current against their brutal paganism, and their cold, narrow, unsentimental Arianism; who left to them, in his own person and memory, the most exalted type of Christian manhood; at once fearless and gentle, aggressive and enduring, liberal and constant, loyal to a decaying, incapable empire, but shrewd and far-seeing for the interests

of Western humanity, whose future renaissance he must have vaguely felt as well as an Augustine or a Salvian.

GREGORY AND THE FRANKS.

Beyond the Alps the descendants of Clovis had consolidated all of Gaul under Frankish rule. Though Catholics, they were too often purely natural barbarians, restrained with difficulty from the greatest excesses, and guilty in every reign of wanton oppression of church and people. They sold the episcopal sees to the highest bidder, and they often intruded into these places of honor and influence their soldiers or their courtiers. With great tact and prudence Gregory dealt with these semi-Christian kings. In his correspondence he argues at length, and explains the evils of a simoniacal episcopate; he pleads for a just and mild administration; he warns them not to exert their power to the utmost, but to temper justice with mercy, and to learn the art of self-control. In all the range of papal letters there is scarcely anything more noble than the correspondence of Gregory with the kings of Gaul, Spain, and England. This fine Roman patrician, this ex-pretor, recalls the palmy days of republican Rome, when her consuls and legates smoothed the way of success as much by their diplomacy as by their military skill. He speaks with dignity to these rugged kings, these ex-barbarian chieftains, yet with grave tenderness and sympathy. He recognizes their rank and authority, their prowess and their merits. He reminds them that they are but earthly instruments of the Heavenly King, and that their office entails a grave responsibility, personal and official. At times he dares to insinuate a rebuke, but in sweet and well-chosen words. He ranks them with Constantine and Helen, the benefactors of the Roman See. His language is generally brief, but noble, courteous, earnest, penetrating, and admirably calculated to make an impression upon warlike and untutored men, who were delighted and flattered at such treatment from the uncrowned head of the Western civilization. Childebert and Brunehaut, Recared and Ethelberht and Bertha, became powerful allies in his apostolic designs, and opened that long and beneficent career of early mediæval Christianity when the youthful nations grew strong and coalesced under the tutelage of the Papacy, which healed their discords, knitted them together, and transmitted to them the spirit, the laws, the tongues, the arts, and the culture of Greece and Rome —treasures that, in all probability, would otherwise have perished utterly.

OUR DEBT TO GREGORY.

We are in great measure the descendants of these ancient tribes, now become the nations of Europe, and we cannot disown the debt of gratitude that we owe to the memory of that Roman who first embraced with an all-absorbing love the Frank, the Lombard, and the Gael, the Ostrogoth and the Visigoth, the Schwab, the Wend, and the Low-Dutch pirates of the Elbe and the Weser. Hitherto their chiefs had esteemed the vicarious lieutenancy of Rome, so deep-rooted was their esteem for the genius of the empire. But they knew now what a profound transformation was worked in the West, and they began the career of independent nations, exulting in their strength. Politically they were for ever lost to the central trunk of the empire, but they were saved for higher things, for the thousand influences of Roman thought and experience. They were made chosen vessels, not alone of religion but of the arts and sciences, of philosophy and government, and of that delicate, refined idealism, that rare and precious bloom of long ages of sincere Christian life and conduct, which would surely have perished in a new atmosphere of simple naturalism.

GREGORY AND THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

No act of Gregory's eventful career has had such momentous consequences as the conversion of the Angles and the Saxons. They were, if possible, a more hopeless lot than the Lombards; revengeful, avaricious, and lustful, knowing only one vice—cowardice—and practising but one virtue—courage. Though distant, the fame of their brutality had reached the ends of the earth. Moreover they had already nearly exterminated a flourishing Christianity, that of Keltic Britain. In a word, they were not so very unlike the Iroquois when Brebeuf and Lallemant undertook their evangelization. I need not go over the recital of their conversion. All his life Gregory cherished this act as the greatest of his life. He refers to it in his correspondence with the East, and it consoled him in the midst of failures and discouragements. His great soul shines out through the pages of Bede, who has left us a detailed narrative of this event—his boundless confidence in God, his use of purely spiritual weapons, his large and timely toleration. For these rude Saxons he would enlist all the sympathy of the Franks and the cooperation of the British clergy. He directs in minutest detail the progress of the mission, and provides during life the men

and means needed to carry it on. Truly he may be called the Apostle of the English, for though he never touched their soil, he burned with the desire to die among them and for them, he opened to them the gate of the Heavenly Kingdom, and introduced them to the art and literature and culture of the great Christian body on the Continent.

ROME AND THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

Henceforth the Saxon was no longer the Red Indian of the classic peoples, but a member of the world-wide church. Quicker than Frank or Lombard, he caught the spirit of Rome, and as long as he held the soil of England was unswervingly faithful to her. Through her came all his culture—the fine arts and music, and the love of letters. His books came from her libraries, and she sent him his first architects and masons. From her, too, he received with the faith the principles of Roman law and procedure. When he went abroad it was to her that he turned his footsteps, and when he wearied of life in his pleasant island home he betook himself to Rome to end his days beneath the shadow of St. Peter. In the long history of Christian Rome she never knew a more romantic and deep-set attachment on the part of any people than that of the Angles and the Saxons, who for centuries cast at her feet, not only their faith and their hearts but their lives, their crowns, and their very home itself. Surely there must have been something extraordinary in the character of their first apostle, a great well-spring of affection, a happy and sympathetic estimate of the national character, to call forth such an outpouring of gratitude, and such a devotion, not only to the Church of Rome, but to the civilization that she represented. To-day the English-speaking peoples are in the van of all human progress and culture, and the English tongue is likely to become at no distant date the chief vehicle of human thought and hope. Both these peoples and their tongue are to-day great composites, whose elements it would not be easy to segregate. But away back at their fountain head, where they first issue from the twilight of history, there stands a great and noble figure who gave them their first impetus on the path of religion and refinement, and to whom must always belong a large share of the credit which they enjoy.

GREGORY AS POPE, ADMINISTRATOR, WRITER.

As pope and administrator of the succession of Peter

Gregory ranks among the greatest of that series. His personal sanctity, his influence as a preacher, his interest in the public worship, and his devotion to the poor, are only what we might expect from a zealous monastic bishop; but Gregory was eminent in all these while surpassingly great in other things. No pope has ever exercised so much influence by his writings, on which the Middle Ages were largely formed as far as practical ethics and the discipline of life were concerned. They were in every monastery, and were thumbed over by every cleric. Above all, his book of the *Pastoral Rule* fashioned the episcopate of the Middle Ages. By the rarest of compliments, this golden booklet was translated into Greek, and Alfred the Great put it into Anglo-Saxon. It was the vade-mecum of every good bishop throughout Europe, and a copy of it was given to every one at his consecration. Among the essential books that every priest was expected to own it was reckoned, and it would not be too much to say that, after the Bible, no work exercised so great an influence for a thousand years as this little manual of clerical duties and ideals. It filled the place which the *Imitation of Christ* has taken in later times, and in the direct, rugged Latin of its periods, in the stern uncompromising doctrine of its author, in its practical active tendency, in its emphasis on the public social duties of the bishop, and its blending of the heavenly and the earthly kingdoms, are to be found several of the distinctive traits of the mediæval episcopate. He laid out the work for the mediæval popes, and in his person and career was a worthy type of the bravest and the most politic among them. Though living in very critical times, he maintained the trust confided to him and handed it over increased to his successors. There is no finer model of the Latin Christian spirit, and some will like to think that he was put there, at the confines of the old and the new, between Romania and Gothia, to withstand the flood of Byzantinism, to save the Western barbarian for Latin influences, and to secure to Europe the transmission of the larger and more congenial Latin culture.

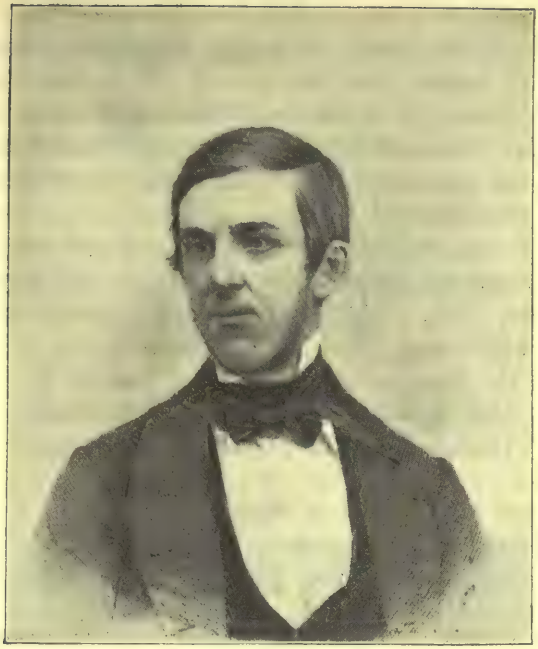
GREGORY AND THE EMPIRE.

Yet he was, like all the Catholic bishops of that age, devoted to the ideal of the Christian Empire, and while he recognized the hand of Providence in the breaking up of the once proud system, he did not spare the expression and the proof of his loyalty to the emperors at Constantinople. Though

virtually the founder of the temporal power of the Papacy, he ever held his temporal estate for and under New Rome, and was never happier than when he could safeguard or advance her interests. Like most men of his time, he believed that the last of the great empires was that of Rome, and that when it fell the end of the world was close at hand. Indeed the well-known couplet (made famous by Anglo-Saxon pilgrims) belongs to his epoch, and strikingly conveys the popular feeling:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the World."

Long ages have gone by since he was gathered to his rest (604) in the portico of old St. Peter's, with Julius and Damasus, Leo and Gelasius, and all the long line of men who built up the spiritual greatness of Rome. Legends have gathered about his memory like mosses and streamers on the venerable oak, and calumny has aimed some poisoned shafts at his secular fame. But history defends him from the unconscious transformation of the one, and the intentional malice of the other, which ever loves a shining mark. She shows to the admiring ages his portrait, high-niched in the temple of fame, among the benefactors of humanity, the protector of the poor and the feeble against titled wealth and legalized oppression, the apostle of nations once shrouded in darkness, now the foremost torch-bearers of humanity—one of that very small number of men who, holding the highest authority, administer it without fault, lead unblemished lives, and find time and opportunity to heal, with voice and pen and hand, the ills of a suffering world, and advance its children on a path of unbroken progress, guided by the genius of pure religion, consoled, elevated, and purified by all that the noblest thought and the widest experience of the past can offer.



DR. HOLMES AT FIFTY.

TENNYSON AND HOLMES: A PARALLEL.

BY HELEN M. SWEENEY.

Master: What is a parallel?
Pupil: Two lines running side by side which never meet.

ONCE, in an old rectory garden in Lincolnshire, England, shadowed by magnificent elms and sweet with the soft greens of an early spring, a little fair-haired boy of five ran down the garden path, letting himself be blown about by the breeze, and shouted in childish exuberance of spirit, "I hear a voice speaking in the wind!" It was the first poetic utterance of one who seventy-eight years later died Poet Laureate, Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

On the same day, perhaps, on this side of the Atlantic, another little five year-old was playing in his garden at Cambridge, Mass.; this a tiny plot in comparison with the more stately English place. The garden at Lincolnshire and the garden at Cambridge smiled around the two boy poets, who were destined to make the fragrance of flowers, the song of birds, the cloud tints and shadows, the endless chain of succeeding sea-

sons, live in their poetry that has lifted the people of two worlds a little nearer the heaven of which poets are the prophets. The home of a poet's childhood, if at all beautiful, is always to him the most beautiful and poetic spot on earth. It is the deep sea from which he draws the innumerable pearls to glimmer on the dress of life.

These two happy little children, in the two such widely different flower-scented gardens, were born in the same month of the same year, 1809. Both were striking examples of the theory of family inheritance.

> "And gently comes the world to those
> That are cast in gentle mould."

The fathers of both were clergymen, men of culture, refinement, and literary attainments. The mothers of both were intensely, fervently religious, as mothers of poets often are. Both gave evidence of poetic instinct early in life and lifted their voices so as to be heard in the same decade. Their methods, though, are as far apart as England and America. Their standpoints have little or nothing in common. And yet, because they both recognized that the highest aspect of man is his spiritual aspect, and as poets have appealed to that higher element, they have won a common triumph.

> "Minds roll in paths like planets; they revolve,
> This in a larger, that a narrower ring."

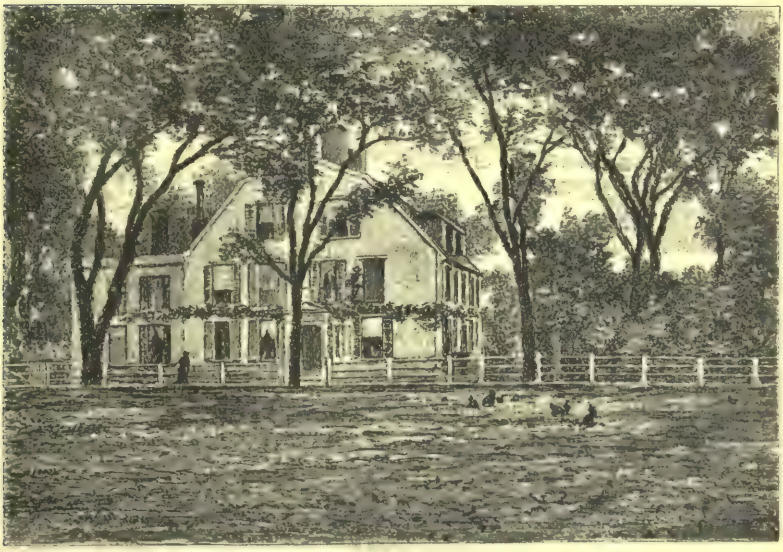
Their early writings were prophetic of the power and genius of maturer years. Read the "Poems of Two Brothers," and on every page will be found a surprising amount of technical knowledge, here and there a gleam of the future glory. Read the first "Autocrat" papers as they appeared in the *New England Magazine*, and there too we find the boy father to the man. Even as a lad Holmes's work had the continuous sparkle, the "electrical tingle of hit upon hit," we are apt to associate with the name of Holmes. Take this for instance:

"When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down my dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively, but their shape and lustre have been given by the attrition of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writing, and I will show you a single word which

conveys a more profound, a more accurate, and a more eloquent analogy."

Tennyson's earliest fame proclaimed him a lyrist when he gave to the world "The Lady of Shallott," "The Deserted House," and "Ænone"; and as a lyrical poet Holmes has written many exquisite songs and no bad ones. His power of expression is always equal to the thought to be expressed. What could be more tender than the lovely lines "Under the Violets"?

> "For her the morning choir shall sing
> Its matins from the branches high;
> And every minstrel voice of Spring,
> That trills beneath the April sky,
> Shall greet her with its earliest cry.



BIRTH-PLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

> "When turning round their dial-track
> Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
> Her little mourners clad in black,
> The crickets, sliding through the grass,
> Shall pipe for her an evening mass."

Or that hymn of faith and trust, "O Love Divine, that stooped to share," or "Homesick in Heaven," or that most perfect of its kind, "The Chambered Nautilus," and the sweet, strong song of his old age, "The Iron Gate."

"Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers;
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood to the last."

In this same poem he says:

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dare not claim."

This, the sunny nature that "never deemed it sin to gladden this vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh." Tennyson seldom if ever adopts this familiar tone; once he says: "Whatever I have said or sung, some bitter notes my harp would give," but as a general thing remains aloof "in his magic clime," mystic, silent, and scornful of the public desire to read the man's heart through the poet's lines. Holmes's silver-stringed harp never gave out a bitter note. He was filled with unswerving optimism, and with his brother poet never "soiled with ignoble use" the name of poetry.

Sometimes in the unfairness of popularity Holmes is quoted as merely a humorous poet, or the "Chambered Nautilus" is mentioned as his one departure from the lighter vein. True, to write good comic verse is a difficult thing. To save pleasantry from buffoonery requires the highest art. A jest or a sharp saying he finds it easy to turn into rhyme, and he enjoys the rare distinction of blending ludicrous ideas with fancy and imagination, displaying in their conception and expression the same poetic qualities usually exercised in serious composition. No one, not even Hood, excels Holmes in this difficult branch of the art. His light glancing irony and sarcasm are the more effective from the sunshine of his benevolent sympathies. He wonders, hopes, wishes, titters, and cries with his victims. He kills with a slight stab, and proceeds on his way as if "nothing in particular" had happened. He translates the conceited smirk of the coxcomb, the inanities of the brainless, the vacant look and trite talk of the bore, into felicitous words. The movement of his wit is so swift that its presence is unknown till it strikes. And in all this never being uncharitable; with a surgeon's knife he cut away numerous foibles dear to society's heart, and his influence was highly civilizing.

But, added to this rare gift, Holmes is also a poet of sentiment and passion. "Old Ironsides," "The Steamboat"—which

is Wordsworthian in its poetic treatment of an unpoetic subject —"The Bells," "The Secret of the Stars," "The Mother's Secret," and numerous passages of "Poetry" and "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts," display a lyrical fire and inspiration equal to

some of the best lyrics of Tennyson. Those who knew him only as a comic poet are surprised at the clear sweetness and skylark trill of his serious and sentimental compositions.

Tennyson had a subtle mind of keen, passionless vision. His poetry is characterized by intellectual intensity as distinguished

from intensity of feeling. Its pure philosophy demands for it, and repays, profound criticism. As for Holmes's work, a spirit of affectionate partisanship forbids much or adverse criticism on his writings. He belongs to that class of authors who manifest so much purity and sweetness of disposition that our admiration for their talents is merged into love for their quality of heart. Wherever they find a reader, they find a friend. Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier are pre-eminently of this class; Milton, Tennyson, and Emerson were outside it.

Tennyson's imagination brooded over the spiritual and mystical elements in his own being with the most concentrated power. He, even when depicting rural scenery—in which none could excel him—was never spontaneous. Holmes was particularly so, as his numerous, apt, and beautiful poems for special occasions show.

Added to his spontaneity, vivid imagination, playful fancy, and love of the beautiful, Holmes had in abundance that rare quality that the theologians call prudence, or counsel, or judgment, and what ordinary people call "common sense." We would not be surprised to miss it in the poetic nature, but finding it in combination with the higher faculties, we are the more grateful for the rarity. There must have been a dash of this saving element in Tennyson also; for he, too, not only achieved fame, but amassed a large fortune.

STAIRWAY IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Both poets piled correction on correction, revision on revision, until their work was as perfect as labor could make it. Indeed, Tennyson never allowed a second edition to be exactly like his first. His constant revision, as

that of Holmes, might be described in the laureate's own words:

"Laborious orient sphere in sphere."

As in the eastern toy, ornate in design, rich in imagery, word fits into line, line into stanza, stanza into lyric, as the ivory spheres fit with marvellous precision into each other. With Holmes the spheres were pure ivory, indeed; but they lacked the wealth of carving seen in Tennyson's.

As an instance of Tennyson's submission to the critic's dictum, and his own passion for revising, we give these lines from the first edition of the "Miller's Daughter":

"('Twas April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut-buds,
That glistened in the April blue."

Now, chestnut-buds are gummy, and they do glisten "in the April blue"; but the over-fastidious "Scorpion" (Lockhart) maintained that "gummy" was particularly unpoetical, and in the next edition the lines read:

"('Twas April then) I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue."

Strange to say Dr. Holmes uses exactly the same expression in his exquisite poem on "Spring":

"On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves";

and we cannot find fault with it because of its very poetical association. The buds *are* shrouds and the hidden leaves will emerge, as some day our bodies will leave the grave.

This is not the only time both poets have touched the same theme. Of course poets will sing of spring as long as that sweet miracle recurs. Here are Tennyson's lines:

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue;
And down in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song."

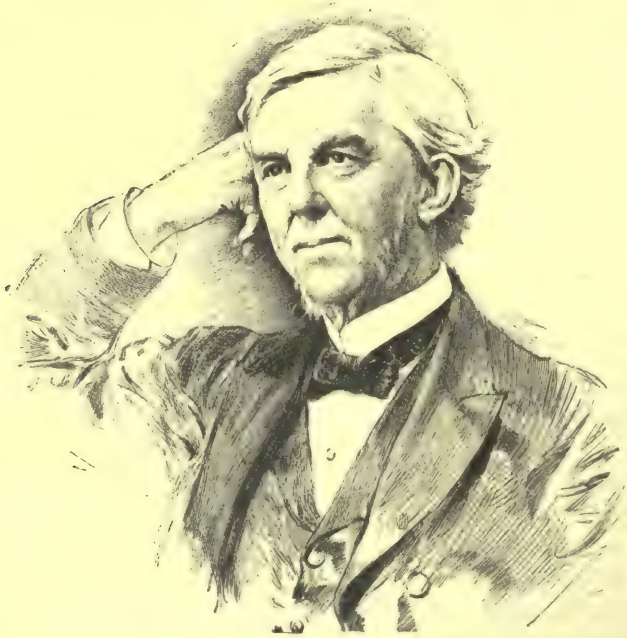
There is the picture, all color and light. Here is Holmes's:

"Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls:
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire."

Is not the one all art, the other all nature?

But, comparison as a mode of criticism is fruitful of naught but disappointment.

The relationship of poets goes farther than the surface; theirs is a spiritual affinity, and the countless influences that

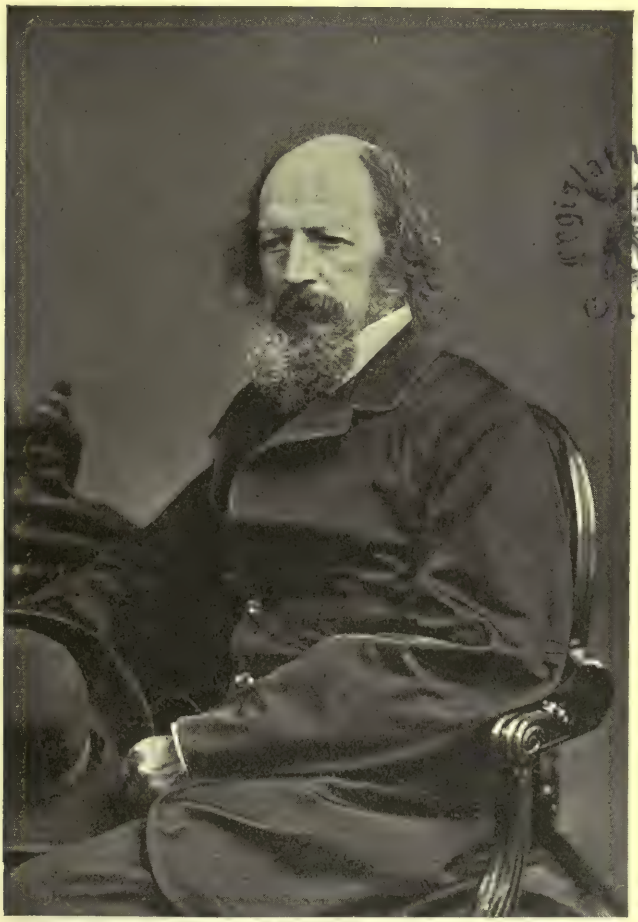


DR. HOLMES AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

have moulded two minds, a world apart, are not more diverse than their products.

Tennyson was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge—the same hallowed walls that saw the youthful Milton a student. He lived apart from his fellow-students absorbed in the great minds of Greece and Rome, and with literature as his one love,

devoted himself exclusively to the classics and made himself so one with them that his poetry bears upon its face the marks, in simple grandeur of the poet's deep learning. Holmes's early education was obtained, first at a village "academy," afterwards at Harvard, a stripling college compared with its elder brother



AS LAUREATE.

in the "right little, tight little isle." The result is obvious; the one is always deep, "a ponderous weight of learning" sometimes, the other seldom so, but when he is surprises us into new admiration for the versatility of the genius that within a period of four-score years produced forty-two books on medicine, two biographies, innumerable lectures, essays, poems for special occasions, and created for himself a new departure in the world

of letters, the "Autocrat" papers. Edward Everett Hale says of him that he left college "prepared to learn." He became a learned man; but it was more on a scientific than classical line. By expressing the life, feelings, and ideals of his own times he bettered his chance of commending himself to after-times. His muse could not depict the passion-rocked Ænone making the hills echo and re-echo her mournful lament; but beautiful as is the latter it appeals to the æsthetical sense chiefly, and is for that reason restricted. There is a certain lack of sincerity, despite their artistic beauty, in such foreign and antique exploits, and lack of sincerity is lack of truth.

Stedman says of Tennyson that of all English poets since Spenser, he and Keats are most given to picture-making, to the craft that is artistic, picturesque; but that sometimes his words are too laboriously and exquisitely chosen. He occupied himself very closely with the technique of verse, its rhythm, diction, and metrical effects, with the result of producing some marvellous word-paintings.

Aristotle defines poetry as a structure whose office is imitation through imagery, and its end delight, the latter caused by workmanship, harmony, and rhythm. "Horace," says Stedman, "among his class none more enduring, excludes himself from the title of true poet by the very attributes that make him modern—his lyrical grace and personality."

Then, too, our dear Holmes must bear him company in that great outside circle that lies around the smaller, inner one, for his writings are almost autobiographical. Measured by the extreme canons of art, Holmes is not the poet Tennyson was; but he was the poet of our own times, he sang of things we knew and loved, and we cannot but read and love him on whatever step of Fame's throne he rests. And what more does poet want?

Poets have been finely called the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," for the passionate or persuasive utterance of great thoughts brings them home to the affections, and they imperceptibly mould the minds of those by whom they are perceived. The real elements in the life of any people, the most interesting and valuable portions of their history, constitute their poetry. When Sir Philip Sidney gave away that drink of water, he was giving to the world true poetry. When Dr. Holmes lectured year after year to the students of the Boston Clinic on the wonderful and beautiful intricacies of the human body, he was contributing poetry to the world no less lasting than the spirited lines that saved the *Constitution*. "The Living Temple,"

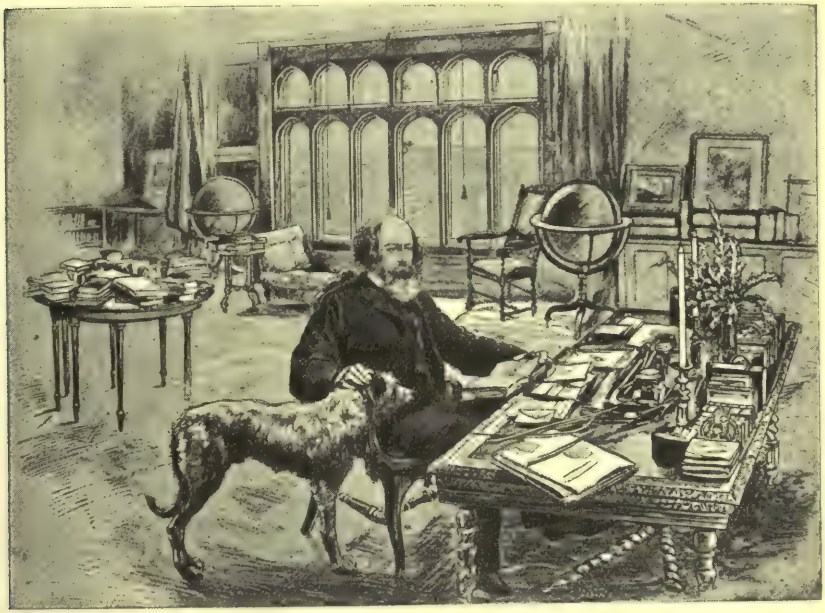
breathing as it does the strains of pure poetry, might be used as a text-book.

If their methods are diverse, their aim being the same, their personalities, both striking, are diametrically opposite.

William Howitt, in an article on Tennyson, speaking of the poet himself, says: "You may hear his voice, but where is the man? He is wandering in dreamland, beneath the shade of old and charmed trees, by far-off shores, where

> "'. . . All night
> The plunging waves draw backward from the land
> Their moonlit waters white';

by the old mill-dam, thinking of the miller's pretty daughter, or wandering over the open fields. From all these places, from



TENNYSON IN HIS LIBRARY.

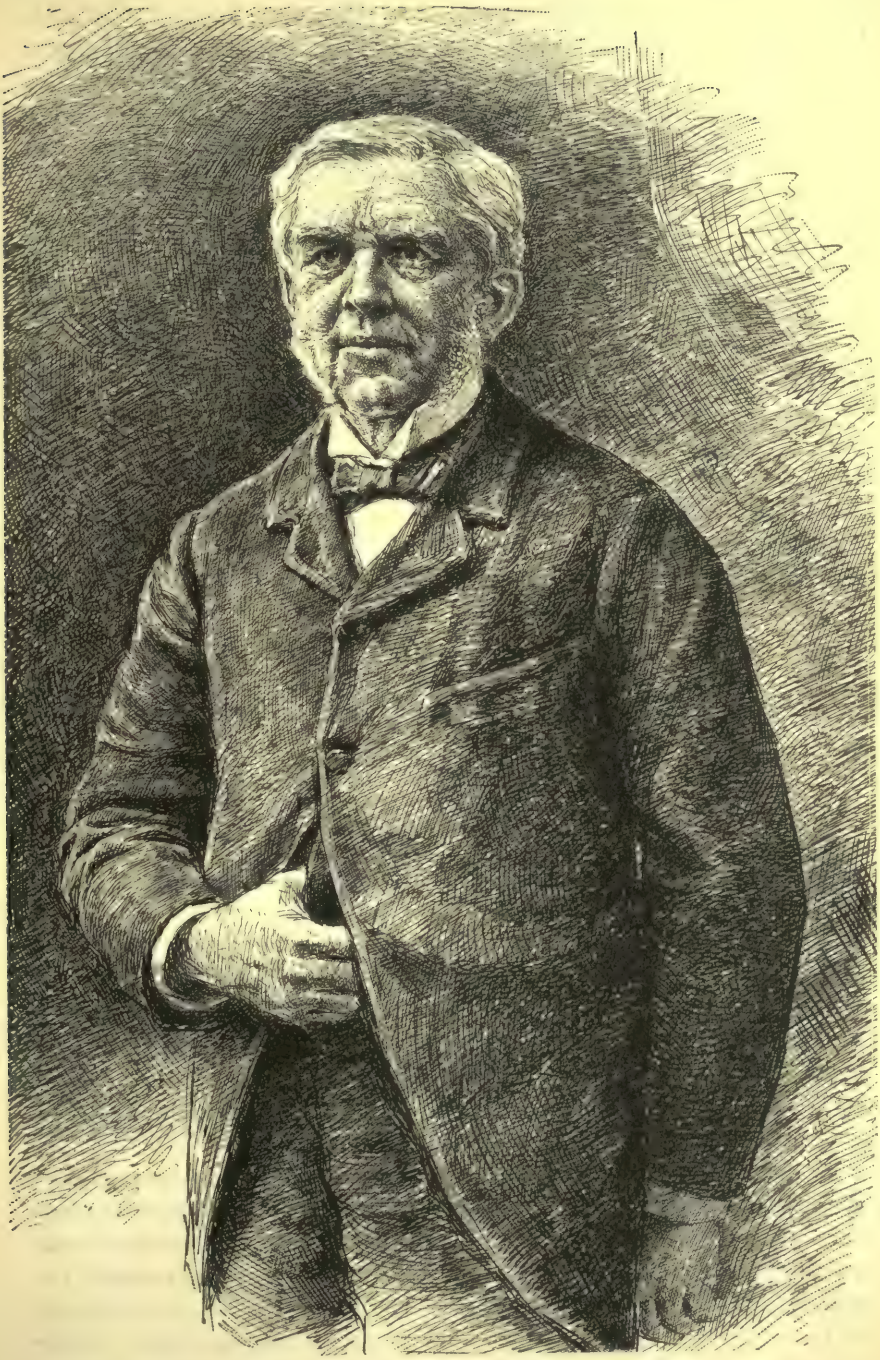
the silent corridors of an old convent, from some shrine where a devoted knight recites his vows, from the drear monotony of the 'moated grange,' or the forest beneath the 'talking oak' comes the voice of Tennyson, rich, dreamy, passionate, musical with the airs of chivalrous ages, yet mingling in his song the theme and spirit of those yet to come."

When we ask of Holmes, Where is the man? his kindly

eyes smile into ours and we find him near unto us. All the world, too, heard and loved his clear, sweet tones; but he hid not in dim forests and "moated granges." In the bustle and whirl of the "Hub of the universe" men met and talked with him every day; students sat under him day by day in the lecture-room; patients were ministered to by him in his own joyous, sunny way; and though lacking in the mysticism surrounding his brother poet, he was none the less loved because he was the better known. His was a most delightful disposition. A long ancestry noted for their perfect health and spirits forbade their descendant to live in the "purple twilight," even though the poetic temperament seems best to thrive in the soft gloom. Nothing happened in public or private life in which he was not keenly interested. The titles of his occasional poems are a sort of calendar of what is going on in the world around him. The very plan of his chief work, the "Autocrat" papers, supposed and established a close confidence between him and the reader. He, more even than most men, liked the sympathy of his audience, and he made large use of the colloquial style—a most dangerous by-path to one less than a genius—to secure the confidence he craved. The result justified his faith in his fellow-men, and firmly manifested the solidarity of his fame.

Both men had in plenty a sort of harmless vanity, never degenerating into conceit. In Holmes, the great desire for admiration that he had arose from his wish to be at one with his fellow-men; in Tennyson conservatism was at the root of vanity. Holmes's unflinching, unvarying kindness to young people, particularly literary aspirants, was inexhaustible. His joyous manner, like sunshine, put every one in his company at his ease. Tennyson's manner had always a touch of asperity in it. All his life Holmes was young—young of heart and fresh in mind, mellowed by books and reading and converse with life; and under all the fascinating surface lay the deep basis of sound scientific learning.

Tennyson was always "Tennyson," and later carried somewhat stiltedly the title, Alfred, Lord Tennyson; but Holmes, the genial, the kindly, the ever-gentle, was the "Autocrat," by his own sweet personality taking from the word any repellent shade of meaning. After reading his two beautiful allusions to Our Lady in his "Mother's Secret," and the lines beginning "Four gospels tell their story to mankind" in "Wind-clouds and Star-drifts," we as Catholics have a still warmer regard for him, and again in "Over the Teacups" he says: "So far as I have ob-



DR. HOLMES AS AN OCTOGENARIAN.

served persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by them, armed with spiritual specifics, in which they both, priestly ministrant and patient, place implicit trust. Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, these all inspire a confidence. . . . I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds."

In 1886 the two poets met for the first and only time at Farringford, Tennyson's country seat, where both could enjoy what was a common taste, a love for trees. Tennyson had read Holmes's three great books, and valued them among the best writings of their sort in our time. Six years later one of them had "met his Pilot face to face," the other following him "across the bar" two years afterwards. On the whole their two lives were touched but gently by the passing years. They enjoyed the blessings of this world, honor, wealth, fame, and longevity to an unusual degree; and who shall say, but that the world on this side of the Atlantic and that on the other were not enriched by the two lives that ran so long side by side, with an ocean between?

It is given to few men to leave the world at eighty-five and have so little ill said of them as Dr. Holmes. There was not a single unpleasant note in any obituary, editorial, or anecdote in the press of this country or of England. The English press compared him favorably with James Russell Lowell, who was the best beloved of any American, which was natural considering Lowell's constant and sometimes obtrusive laudation of all that is English; but Holmes never was anything but purely American, with a strong predilection for the special little corner of it called Boston. He was always ready to make the best of life and its surroundings; and no man was more ready to see the best in another's writings.

Long, long will we remember him, the man nature cast in such tender mould, not as a physician, nor a critic, but as a singer of unvarying sweetness whose songs well up from a heart so pure that sorrow could not injure it, nor experience embitter.

THE GREAT RULING POWERS OF THE OLD WORLD.

READY TO STRIKE—BUT WHEN AND WHERE?

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

"JE *n'aime pas la guerre; non, je ne l'aime plus: je l'ai fait trop souvent.*" So spoke the gallant, debonair Skobeleff, darling of the armies, hero of Plevna, at one time the talk of all Russia. But in spite of Veretschagen's pictures, and Skobeleff's confession, and Jules Simon's passionate plea for "disarmament," and the loud "Halt!" echoing over two continents, the nations still prepare for war; still sharpen the sword with the taxes on agriculture, traffic, science, and art. Since the annihilation of the Spanish Armada in 1588 England has grown more and more secure from the alarms of invasion. Her policy of foreign, colonial and imperial aggrandizement may be said to date from the latter part of the reign of James I. It

was this monarch who made the first deliberate efforts to colonize America in 1606 and 1607, when permanent settlements were made on the James River in Virginia.

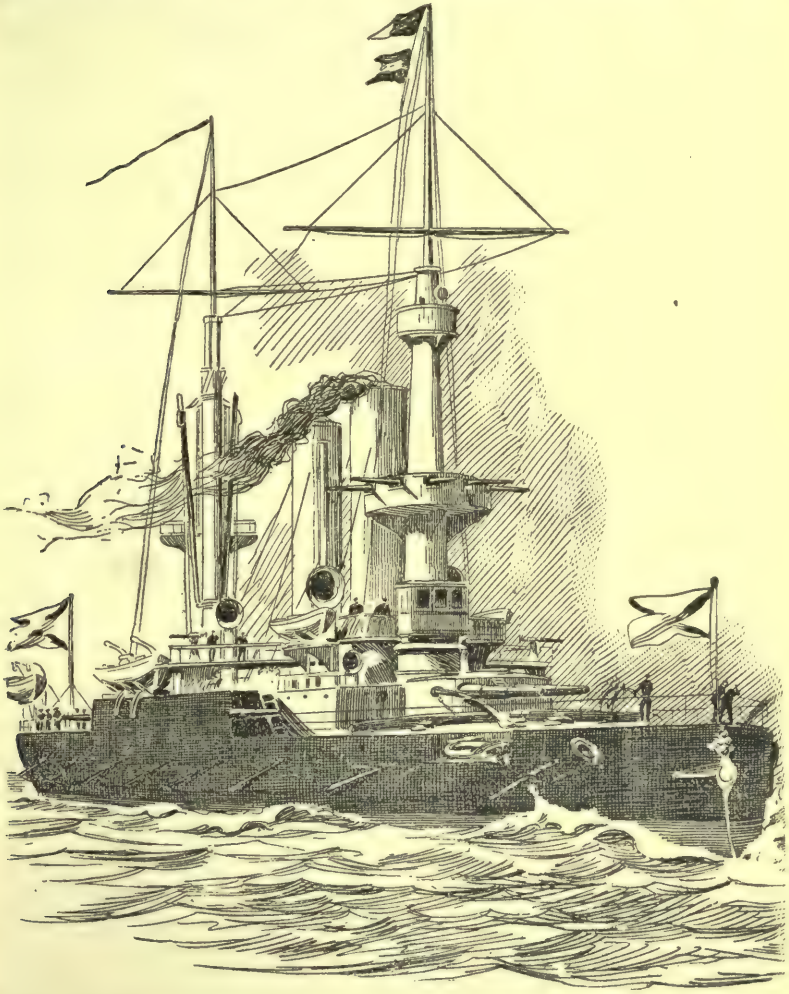
In the middle of the eighteenth century, 1746, Robert Clive laid the foundation of her Indian Empire. At the opening of the nineteenth century she took possession of an enormous territory, then known as New South Wales, which has lately been designated by the name of Australasia. This possession began as a penal settlement and ended as an empire. Since that period Burmah has been conquered, annexed and ruled as a province of India by a council of state and a viceroy. The deposition of the Tsawbwa of Wunthro in 1891 and its occupation by the English "nutted" the rivet of possession. Various large additions of African territory have also been made (Central, South and East Africa, Cape Colony, and Niger Land), including also the imperial control or "overlordship" of Egypt.

At the present day England bears rule over more than one-third of the whole surface of the earth, and governs one-quarter of its entire population. Her possessions abroad are sixty times as large in area as the parent state. She owns three and one-half millions of square miles in North America, one million in Asia, one million in Africa, and two and one-half millions in Australasia. She has thirty-eight separate colonies, varying in size from Gibraltar to Canada. Originally these dependent states were all governed in London, but of recent years the idea that they only existed for her benefit has been "veiled," and self-government by a self-elected parliament has been permitted. In each case, however, supreme authority is vested in a governor, or viceroy, appointed by the crown.

India was originally ruled indirectly through the lay figure of some native nizam or nawab, a glittering dummy, but authority now rests with an English viceroy and a resident council of state. Egypt at present occupies about the same relation to England as did India in the era of Clive and Hastings. That is to say, that while the authority of Lord Cromer, the English resident, is absolute and paramount, it is exercised through the intervention of a native ruler, or khedive. To reiterate, this khedive is practically only a puppet in the hands of Lord Cromer.

Of all her possessions or imperial dependencies, Egypt and India stand in most intimate relations with the *entourage* of Downing Street. Her virtual possession of Egypt gives England the practical control of the Suez Canal—twenty million odd

dollars worth of whose capital indebtedness she bought from Ismail Pasha, and now holds as a national investment. This canal has become a very carotid artery to the welfare of her Indian Empire. All her commerce with the Orient prefers this route, and through it would sail her battle-ships, carrying her armies, in case of attack upon her Eastern dependencies.



THE RUSSIAN FLAG-SHIP—THE "ADMIRAL SENIAVIN."

Turkey, although nominally an independent empire, is so much swayed by English diplomatic influence as to be practically in the position of a vassal state. It is a case of mind England, or be wiped out by Russia. Not only are the governments of Canada, Australasia, and of her South African colo-

nies less intimate with the home office, but, furthermore, the vital importance, from a strategic stand-point, of India, Turkey, and Egypt renders the other possessions mere *quantites negligeables* for purposes of present consideration.

To protect these colonial or imperial possessions, England maintains a large, powerful, and admirably equipped navy, and owns and holds by her well-nigh impregnable fortifications and garrisons such marine depots and coaling stations as Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Hong-Kong, and Ceylon. The army of England on a footing of active war does not exceed 300,000 men, with about an equal number of volunteers.

Peter the Great lifted Russia bodily into the company of European nations—occidentalizing his hitherto Oriental subjects. By his will St. Petersburg arose like an exhalation on the marshes of the Neva in the space of five months, and through the *corvée* of three hundred thousand men. He turned an inland into a maritime nation by another fiat of volitions, and founded naval depots on the Baltic and on the Black Sea.

When Peter died his territories included five million square miles of the earth's surface. Since his day Catherine II., Nicholas I., and Alexander II. and III. have, by diplomacy or conquest, nearly doubled the size of the empire. From his throne in St. Petersburg the tsar holds sway over nine million square miles of territory, and rules the one hundred and twenty million inhabitants thereof. This territory extends from the northernmost frozen fields of Siberia to the confines of China, India, Persia, and the Black Sea; while its extent from east to west is virtually from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The very opposite condition of affairs obtains here from that present in England, both socially and territorially. In the one case the territory is widely diffuse, in the other absolutely compact. On one side exists the widest possible personal liberty of belief and opinion, on the other an enforced absence of both. Russia is an orthodox aristocracy—one church to whom all must belong, and one tsar whose authority is absolute and final. England is nothing less than a liberal parliamentary government.

In Russia I find a vast, semi-barbaric power; governed by one will; animated by one desire; pushing its way by a sort of blind instinct towards the rich and fertile south. Any concerted action on the part of the European powers to check this advance of Russia, for good or for evil, is now utterly out of the question. The same causes that have called Russia into existence will keep her fabric together for more than a little eter-

nity of epochs. The great mass of the inhabitants, more than half Oriental in their instincts, share the innate conservatism of the Eastern world, its hatred of change, its passive acquiescence in all established authority. Russia has no trade of any conse-

THE RUSSIAN IRON-CLAD "ADMIRAL NACHIMOFF."

quence except within herself. She has no manufacturing interests to nourish. She is absolutely self-supporting. Her lack of the higher civilization, and her dearth of the finer organization, are plus and not minus qualities in the event of war. While

other political bodies are combining and separating, kaleidoscopically, she is *par excellence* always the same.

Nine times since the beginning of the eighteenth century has Russia attacked Turkey. The result of these attacks has been to disintegrate the Ottoman power in Europe. Some of its territory she has herself acquired, some she has indirectly parcelled out and established as independent states.

A prophecy of extreme antiquity foretells the final supremacy of Russia on the Bosphorus. Eight centuries ago this prophecy might be read on an equestrian statue then very old, which had been brought to Constantinople from Antioch. The Turks themselves look forward to the same consummation. This feeling of indicible ownership is instinctive. Emperors like Nicholas I. and Alexander II. have declared themselves as personally opposed to the annexation of Turkey, but as unable to resist the popular bent, which was that of a furious mountain torrent in its downward course. Edward Dicey speaks of this southward tendency as equalling the inevitableness of the breaking of its shell by the chick. That Russia did not conquer Turkey in 1829 and 1876 was solely due to the interference of England. And this in spite of the combined protests of all her most enlightened philosophers of history.

France has had a checkered career during the past century; and, while gaining much at times, has, with one exception—her African possessions—lost not only what she has gained, but also suffered deprivation in the Franco-German war of a fat slice of her own territory. Under Napoleon Bonaparte she invaded and conquered Russia. But fire and famine, and frost and snow, turned the balance irretrievably against her. The disastrous retreat from Moscow is supposed by many to have thrown the empire of the world into the hands of Russia.

Dupleix and Labourdonnais exercised imperial sway in India previous to the arrival and operations of Clive. But this able proconsul extracted the rich and coveted territory from their grasp. Jacques Cartier and Champlain preceded the colonists of James I. in North America, but the death of Wolfe and his simultaneous victory over Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham handed over the reins of empire to England in America too.

Napoleon conquered Egypt and introduced French commerce, literature, science, and art—Champollion and the splendid array of his compeers and successors. But Nelson's victory in the Bay of Aboukir eventually drove the great Corsican back

to France. And that pre-eminent French influence and *prestige* which marked the reign of Mehemet Ali, and of succeeding pashas and khedives, was lost when the French admiral declined to assist in the bombardment of Alexandria, and sailed out of the roads leaving the burden of battle with the general of the English fleet. Since then there has been a veiled protectorate and not a dual control in Egypt. It does really look as if that signal *coup de théâtre* of Gladstone's premiership actually interfered with the grinding of the mills of God.

But, as an offset to all these losses, which would form the matter for a very interesting article on "French *chefs* and English appetites," France laid the foundation in 1827, with the overthrow of the Barbary corsairs and the conquest of Algiers, for what seems destined to be a permanent and mighty African Empire. In 1881 Tunis was also acquired. These were her victories under that stately line of *maréchals*—Pélissier, Bugeaud, Canrobert, and MacMahon.

There has been no question raised by any impartial authority of the general beneficence of French control in these countries. Pélissier's smoking to death of the survivors of an Arab tribe in a cave is indeed a blot on the scutcheon. The Algerian imports have been increased from $1,400,000 to $25,000,000. Roads and bridges have been constructed. Five hundred miles of railroad have been built. Light-houses have been erected and harbors improved. A French engineer has surveyed a trans-Saharan railway, the track of which already extends through the pass of Kantara to Biskra, the African Nice. The surveyed route is across the great desert from oasis to oasis, until the southern shore of the sand is reached, when the trunk line divides, one branch running south-west to the bend of the Niger above Timbuctoo, and the other south-east to Lake Tchad. What a sound to reverberate over the dunes of the great sand sea and reach and rouse all lands will be the call of the conductor of the first train at the junction—"All out for Timbuctoo!"

Of late years French influence, pouring southward out of the Kantara Pass, has, like a deep stream which finds exit from a narrow, rocky bed, spread over the whole of Northern Africa, Egypt, Morocco (which is already largely under French diplomatic surveillance), and the valley of the Nile. In defiance of the "Hinterland" theory, France has surrounded the British and other colonies on the west coast of Africa, thereby throttling their trade with the interior. The Gambia is dead. Other

British colonies are all but moribund. Between Algeria and Senegambia, and between the latter and Lake Tchad, all is French, even the rocky plateau of the Sahara. The French colony on the Congo is extending towards the Soudan, behind the German Shere (hence the term "Hinterland," as interpreted at Paris). France has lately acquired full control in Siam and

ANOTHER PAW OF THE RUSSIAN BEAR—THE "DVENADZAT APOSTOLOFF."

in Madagascar (although the Hovas seem to still seriously object), and her diplomatic influence is rife in Morocco, Egypt, Abyssinia, and the Soudan itself.

Italy, Germany, and Austria, as is well known, form together the "Triple Alliance." Of these three, Germany, with her immense "emergency money," $150,000,000, deposited in the tower of Spandau, and other convertible funds of even

greater amount, is the only one of the three adequately supplied with the sinews of war.

France and Russia have combined under a dual alliance. The armies of these two continental powers amount together to six million men on a war footing—just about ten times the size of the forces of Great Britain. The navy of the latter is, however, equal in size and effectiveness to the combined navies of France and Russia. There is no imminent *casus belli* between the triple and dual alliances, except France's "open sore," and she will subordinate this to profounder schemes.

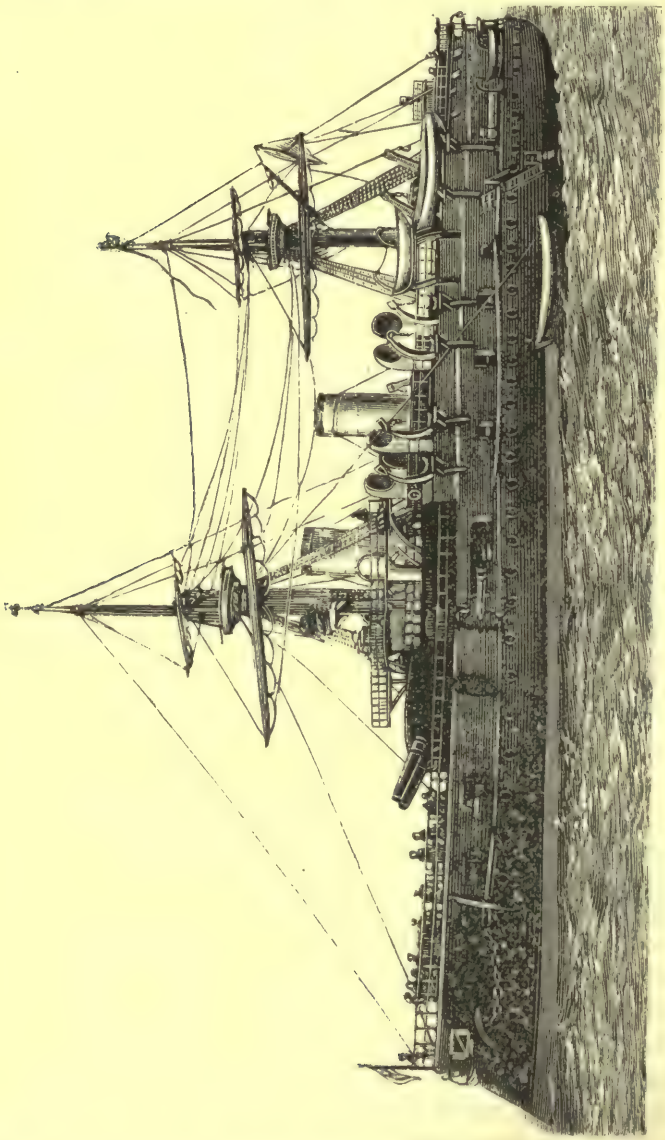
Besides her offensive and defensive alliance with France, Russia has recently inaugurated and solidified very favorable commercial relations with Germany. This commercial *entente cordiale*, particularly when taken in connection with the German tendencies of the tsar, would indicate a certain possible weakening of Germany's hostility to Russia, or to a Russo-French alliance in case of war.

The inter-relations of France, Russia, and England in the past century have been remarkable, to say the least. In 1798 the English under Nelson defeated the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir. In 1807 Napoleon bivouacked in the deserted palaces of Moscow. In 1827 the combined English, French, and Russian fleets annihilated the Turkish squadron at Navarino. In 1833 Turkey made the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi as a protection against French ascendency in her vassalage of Egypt. In 1854 France and England united their armies against Russia in the Crimea.

Since 1829, when Nicholas I. and his one hundred and fifty thousand Russians were "hindered," almost within sight of Constantinople, England's hereditary policy has been the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The avowed object of this has been that ogre, "the balance of power in Europe." Sir Henry Elliot, in a letter written to Lord Derby from Stamboul in 1876, says: "We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses, but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us (by the Bulgarian horrors) cannot be a sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests."

The dynasty of the Ottoman Turks has been supported at Constantinople by England. It has been a constant menace and scourge to humanity. Edward Freeman, the great English his-

torian, has *bruited* this inhuman attitude of England so unsparingly and so incessantly that no policy which was not stubbornly intent upon the very thing denounced would dare live on.



A SOUVENIR OF THE CRIMEA—THE "NICHOLAS I."

The Sultan of Turkey receives about $3,500,000 annually from Egypt. In plain words, England takes this amount out of the pockets of 5,500,000 fellaheen in Egypt and gives it to Abdul Hamid for the exigencies of his harem. Turkey is thus

supported as a "buffer" state, but at no expense to England. In the same way Abdur Rahman Khan, the Amir of Afghanistan, receives $900 000 annually out of the Indian treasury, that he may be relied upon as a "buffer" between the Russian outposts on the upper sources of the Oxus (in the Pamirs) and the most northern frontiers of British India. In the past fifty years England has alternately fondled and fought the Afghan amirs—Dost Mahomet, Shir Ali, Yakub, *et al.*

Another paw of the Russian bear is planted, Ignatieff wise, at Vladivostock. What the "bolted" or the "buffer" state there will be depends largely upon the outcome of the Corean war.

The Eastern question to-day can be readily put in a nutshell. Russia and France are closely united; Russia and Germany are friendly; Russia must have Turkey, hankers after India, would not object to Corea. France is determined upon the repossession of Egypt.

England is safe from attack in her island home, but is terribly open to blows aimed at her imperial dependencies. France can strike her in Egypt, from her African Empire with its foundation in Tunis and Algiers. France can threaten her Indian Empire from Siam. If Egypt be recovered by France, she can not only close the Suez Canal to England, but interfere (from her station in Madagascar) with the passage of English vessels north-eastward from the Cape of Good Hope. Russia hovers on the outskirts of Constantinople, India, and Corea.

If some power were to strike at England herself there might be a terrible collapse among the foundations of her colonial scaffolding.

Late advices from England which depict the new tsar as already shaped to play the fly to Queen Victoria's spider must be accepted *cum grano salis.* This is not the first time that mistakes have been made in forecasting the horoscopes of kings. The shy poetaster and voluptuary of Potsdam, who divided his time between laying out flower beds and composing mediocre French verse, became in a flash the greatest captain and the most absolute despot of Europe—Frederick the Great.

This article must not be mistaken for a suggestion of Alarmism. It merely illustrates Opportunism.

THE MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

MISSION AT MARVIN.

THE problem here was how to keep the Catholics away from the meetings. The tonw has over twelve thousand inhabitants, with two flourishing Catholic congregations, a zealous clergy and active-minded laity. The Opera House is a large hall, seating twelve hundred, so we undertook to "corral" the non-Catholics in the parquet, which our ushers reserved for them as the best place for hearing and seeing. But the plan was not wholly a success. Many Catholics tried to get in there and some succeeded, and the result was that the non-Catholics got what they could in all parts of the house and were secured the bigger share of the parquet. If we had had three thousand sittings we could have filled them some nights. We are sorry to learn that many Protestants were unable to get in at all each night after the opening. Let somebody with a genius for getting rid of a surplus study and solve the problem.

The mission was managed by the pastor of the German congregation, who, with his brother, has known how to achieve a splendid success in the difficult undertaking of holding on to the new generation without losing the old. It was President Lincoln who first gave currency to the saying, "Don't swap horses while crossing a stream." But what will you say to the dire necessity of swapping languages while crossing the stream of passionate race sentiment? It must be done, nevertheless, and it is being done in some places in a way to excite the admiration of all who closely observe the processes of divine grace in a faithful clergy and people. I have lived with many secular priests and have known familiarly many congregations, but I have seldom known the equal of this parish and its two devout and enlightened priests for serving God as he should be served, both by individual sanctification and general edification.

St. Joseph's choir was a feature of our meetings—a large Cecilian choir, perfectly trained, and executing with facility and exquisite taste most beautiful selections three times each even-

ing. Such fine singing makes good speaking. It tones one up to "concert pitch" thus to hear religious sentiments proclaimed in enrapturing harmonies. When one of the missionaries rose to address the audience his soul was so resonant of melody that his words came from his choicest vocabulary, and were uttered in whatever sweetness of rhythm and cadence his vocal organs were capable of.

"Don't talk to me about Catholics any more," said a good old Protestant lady to her Catholic neighbor. "I was at that meeting last night, and the priest said that no Catholic over seven years old is allowed to read the Bible." "Did you hear him say that?" was asked. "No, but I was told it by another lady who did hear him." "Who is she, for the land's sake? I was there, and heard just the contrary—who told you that, anyway?" "Well, I'm not allowed to tell who she is—but she certainly told me, and I believe it, too." Such stupidity annoys Catholics, but it also annoys sensible Protestants and helps them to appreciate just what sort of a thing prejudice is. Most of our Protestants, however, here as elsewhere, were of the more thoughtful class. Many came early and waited an hour in the hall so as to be sure of good places, paying the strictest attention, critical, we cannot doubt, but not without fairness. We had a minister in the audience at two or three of the meetings, but as a rule they ignored us. There is a large theological seminary of the German Reformed Church here, but we were unable to attract more than a very few of the students. The institution belongs to the section of that denomination which has finally dropped the German language in public services and preaching, and are connected with the Mercersburg Seminary in Pennsylvania.

Among our audience each evening we noticed one of the leading men of the city, president of a bank. He stopped the pastor in the street one day and assured him that the lectures were timely, and were beneficial to the people. "They will do much good; they will show Protestants just what Catholics believe." He is an indication of a more genial religious atmosphere than what we found north and east of here, in the old Western Reserve. That is a section in which bigotry survives in pristine vehemence. But so does religious earnestness, even among those who are tending towards rationalism. The main thing we hope for is fondness for religious discussion, for that is seldom dissociated from sincerity of character; and I am

persuaded that Catholicity will win its way into the disputatious minds of the New England race—for that is the Reserve population—if we can manage to present it in accordance with their natural mental tendencies.

We had a fruitful query box here, and therefore we managed, as usual in that case, to bring in the entire scheme of the Catholic faith and practice by way of answering the questions. I was not conscious of anything insulting, or specially indelicate in any of them; yet I was stopped on the sidewalk one morning by the following salutation from an ordinary looking citizen: "Brother, I am sorry for that question. I am a Protestant, but I have enjoyed your lectures greatly; and when that question about nunneries came up last night I felt ashamed of myself, and I sympathized with you." The question he meant must have been one asking why there were certain rooms in every nunnery which no one was allowed to enter. In answer I said there was no such room in any nunnery, unless it might be a garret or a lumber-room, and I added that the questioner should not harbor suspicions about his neighbors.

Two days after we had closed a bright Catholic girl, who writes in the street-car office, came to the pastor for some more leaflets. Said she: "They used to attack me and argue with me about religion, but now they let me alone and argue among themselves." A prominent Protestant remarked to the pastor that it would be of no use to bring ex-priests to the town after this—"Father Elliott has set at rest all the points they used to urge against Catholics." It remains to be seen whether this will be the case. The ministers here, and there are not a few of them, including professors in the seminary, gave us very little attention, though when any ex-priest has vomited his blasphemies and his slanders they attended conspicuously. Ministers are certainly not all mean men, but courage and fairness and consistency must not be counted on in dealing with them. The financial necessities of their existence make them men-pleasers, in the meaning of the Apostle: "If I please men, then am I no longer a servant of Christ."

I wish that I could give something novel from the questions, but they range very generally over the same ground so plentifully treated of in former articles. The first night I got from one questioner a round dozen of double texts from different parts of Scripture, the numbers of chapter and verse only being given, with a request for harmonization. I declined, on the ground of want of time to look up all the matter. Next

night a portion of the texts were found in the box written out for me. But they were about curious and recondite matters, and I objected to discuss them for that reason, and also because they did not touch our differences with Protestants or infidels.

God's foreknowledge and permission of evil came up, being vigorously put and often returned to. I afterwards learned that the questioner is a young infidel lawyer of the town. I spent a good deal of time in dealing with his difficulties, not only because of the intrinsic importance of the questions, but also because our energetic affirmation and proof of God's goodness, man's liberty, and the real guilt of sin is high recommendation for us with the Protestant public. It must have been the same questioner who handed this in: "If a man is a good citizen, honest and moral, but believes wholly and only in the unity of God, why could he not become a member of the Catholic Church?" *Answer.* Because the Catholic Church has all the truth to teach which Christ revealed, and that is far more than the unity of God. Natural religion knows that much without the aid of revelation. God has appointed the visible society called the Catholic Church to teach the Unity of God in the Trinity of persons, the Incarnation of the deity, the redemption of man by Christ's death, the Grace of God, or supernatural love of God for man, the ways and methods of securing that grace and thereby saving our souls, and many other truths, all necessary to be known either for salvation or because God has revealed them; among them being the origin and constitution of the church itself.

To the following I answered that I didn't quite see what the questioner wanted to know. I give it as a specimen of mental confusion often revealed by the query box. It was properly spelled and type-written:

"If trials or temptations, seemingly, chain the heart, the Bible whispers its consolation—'Whomsoever the Lord loveth he chastiseth.' Again, if those trials are *apparently* the result of the heart yielding to silent influence, the Catholic is heard to say, 'You are reaping the harvest of your ambitions'; in other words, God is displeased with your deeds; hence the trials. If he loveth, he chastiseth you; if you wrong him, he will punish you; the logic of this I don't understand. Kindly answer."

Question. "If God rules heaven, and Satan rules hell, who, then, is the ruler of purgatory or the middle state, as you represented it in your lecture Wednesday eve?"

In answering this I said that God ruled everywhere, by his

love in heaven and purgatory, and by his justice in hell. But the questioner was by no means satisfied with my answer, seeming to think that a middle state of souls must have a middle ruler, and so handed in the following: "Answer by 'Yes' or 'No'; not being satisfied with your answer last night: Is there a ruler in purgatory? if so, what is he called?"

The following seemed to be the plaintive wail of a good Catholic with a houseful of children and nothing in the bank: "Can you explain why apostate Catholics in a majority of cases are successful in their financial undertakings, and in almost everything else they undertake? Everything seems to come their way; while so many good and sincere Catholics who do their religious duty, and are in their hearts good Christians, have nothing but trials, tribulations, and financial reverses; nothing seems to come their way but many children.

"Respectfully submitted."

Question. "Would a priest marry a couple if the contracted parties were Protestants? By an interested listener."

I judged this to be the outcome of a consultation as to who should officiate at the "interested listener's" approaching nuptials.

If the printer will reproduce the spelling of this question he will assist in exhibiting a specimen of private interpretation of Scripture:

"The Bible Says heven and earth shal pas A way but my wordes shal never pass A way

"wher will those spirtes go to that are in heaven when hevenes passes away"

The following is a sort of puzzle question: "If Christ came on earth to die in order that we might be saved, why should the Jews be censured for killing him? Were they not assisting the plan of salvation?" *Answer.* If the business of the sheriff is to arrest criminals, why should he censure thieves and murderers; do they not assist him in earning an honest living? If the Revolutionary War secured our independence, why should we censure the red-coats, since they were necessary for that patriotic achievement?

A humorous Protestant illustrated his pleasure in assisting at the lectures by saying to a Catholic friend: "I wish I was a single man—I would marry a Catholic girl and have her convert me, so much does your religion please me."

We thought that our audience would be wholly drawn from the towns-people, but in this we were agreeably disappointed.

Catholic farmers drove in from many miles' distance, and not a few Protestant ones. The names of several of these latter were given us, some of whom had come a journey of five, and one nine, miles every evening. The weather favored this, for we had beautiful moonlight nights. Everything seemed to favor us here except the rush of Catholics. They, too, profited not a little by the lectures, and if for their sakes only it was worth while giving them. But we are like miners in the Rocky Mountains who complain of the silver in the ore; not because they do not want silver, but because it is less precious than the gold; it is not that we love Catholics less, but Protestants more.

I worked here in conjunction with Fathers Kress and Wonderly. Our little band is gradually forming. This mission will be ever memorable to us, because while here we received Bishop Horstmann's letter relieving Father Kress from parish duty and assigning him definitely to the non-Catholic missions. We were beside ourselves with joy, and returned thanks to God by many prayers, and by offering a Mass of thanksgiving. Let all who love the kingdom of God join with us in the same happy transport.

MISSION AT ELY.

We have never met a brighter people, and seldom seen a lovelier little city. The Catholic church has a fine congregation, a zealous pastor, and a church edifice the largest in town, and one of the handsomest. No wonder, then, that from first to last we drew out large numbers of Protestants. As a rule, a good Catholic condition means a good missionary outlook.

But this calls for a high order of speaking, if not in the brilliant qualities of oratory, at least in the solid qualities. For one has to reckon with an intelligence aroused to acute interest in religious things. Besides that, we are here in the Western Reserve, a strictly Yankee section, having been colonized by Connecticut emigrants in the earlier part of the century. No man need hope to fool the Western Yankee. But, on the other hand, a plain statement is both the best and the easiest method for winning a critical audience as long as one is certain of being right. What a joy it is to be sure of the truth, especially when one has to deal with strong minds. We felt like lawyers addressing an unfavorable judge, but one known to be upright. As my eye ranged over the audience I saw faces of men and women so grave and so deeply thoughtful that equality of speaker and listener was born of the contact-equality in all but

the possession of the truth. Let God but bring about that equality in America and this strong race will convert the world.

We had one very rainy night, a downpour in fact, which prevented a good attendance; the other five meetings were very full, over six hundred being present some nights, nearly half of them being Protestants. We dreaded a lack of public interest on account of our week being just before the election. But no difficulty was had in getting our usual audiences.

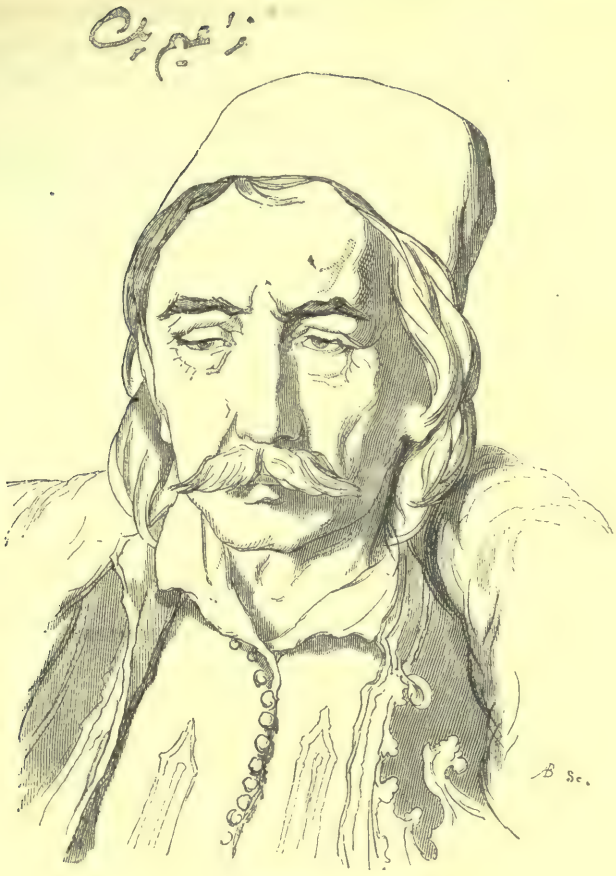
After one of the lectures a lady of much intelligence introduced herself and said: "I am thankful for your statement about human depravity. I have tried all my life to believe myself a totally depraved sinner and never have succeeded in doing so, and that made me feel guilty; for I was taught the doctrine of total depravity from childhood. Now I see things differently." Somebody had given her a copy of *Catholic Belief*, and I trust she will find her way into the church. She was deeply moved by the Catholic view of sin and its pardon, and will, no doubt, be drawn to the study of the entire Catholic system.

An old lady attended every meeting, sitting in front and paying strictest attention. She afterwards called on us, and we found her to be a sort of preacher. She lives some miles out of town in a little village and has had a good following—a bright mind with immense devotional feeling, perfect verbal knowledge of Scripture, and little sentimentality. She has been gradually working and thinking and praying and *preaching* herself towards the church, and will, doubtless, soon place herself under instruction—at least so we judged from her conversation.

The last night we held the meeting in the church, as the hall had been pre-engaged; the attendance of Protestants was fair, though not nearly so good as at the meetings held in the hall.

The questions were just about enough each evening to occupy half an hour in answering, and they were nearly all reasonable, though I do not find anything in them of sufficient novelty to make it worth while giving them to the reader.

We had many requests from non Catholics to return and give another course, and we hope to do so. In that case it might be well to choose a different line of topics, expounding, for example, the fundamental moral principles; or, perhaps, treating of the higher spiritual and mystical life of the soul.



A Turcoman Bandit.

UNHAPPY ARMENIA.

By John J. O'Shea.

AUTHENTIC confirmation of the first sinister reports of renewed outrage in Asiatic Turkey has been received. These reports may have been exaggerated, or they may not approach the truth as to the real extent of the tragedy. But the details which are beginning to leak out leave no room for doubt that a fresh illustration of the unfitness of Turkey for civilized comity has been furnished in the outbreak.

Three times in the course of the fast-expiring century has the hand of western civilization been stretched out perforce to

rescue Christian populations from the brutal grasp of the Ottoman power. And now it seems likely enough that a fourth essay must be made in order to finish the work. If only one tithe of the story of recent outrage be true, not all the perfumes of Arabia can wash the hand of Turkey clean enough to be suffered any longer to hold the reins of power over one inch of Christian territory, one soul professing the Christian faith.

For more than four centuries the experiment of trying to reconcile the Oriental barbarism which Turkey represents with the social life and the Christian systems of Eastern Europe and trans-Caucasia has been going on. Again and again has it been proved and decreed a failure, but a reprieve has come on every occasion when justice had drawn its sword, owing to the selfishness and the international distrust of the European powers. It is entirely owing to the *non placet* of England that the Christians of Armenia are still groaning under the iron heel of Turkish rule. For every drop of Armenian blood shed in the recent massacres, for every outraged maid and mother whose wrong and slaughter cry to Heaven for vengeance, the late Lord Beaconsfield, England's cynical prime minister, is entirely responsible before God.

"Statesmanship" has committed many crimes in its day; but the policy which condemned those Christian populations in the East to a continuance of servitude to Turkish rule, after the revelations made about it in Bulgaria, deserves to be execrated as monumental Machiavellianism. Nor will the world ever forget the irony of it, when it is recalled that it was England, in whose name the iniquity was committed, which first, through the fiery eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, caused the world to stir in behalf of the oppressed Bulgarians. Mr. Gladstone's noble work at the time of the Bulgarian massacres can never be forgotten. But equally will it be remembered that it was his rival, Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, who stepped in, when the sword of Russia had severed Armenia from the Turkish Empire, and insisted that it should be restored to the scoundrelly pashas. This was done with the sole purpose of preventing the weakening of the Turkish power; there was no attempt at cloaking the purpose. Disraeli was not hypocritical enough to pretend otherwise. He, who was so utterly impartial himself in the matter of religion, could see nothing wrong in compelling Christians to live under the system whose *raison d'être* is hatred of Christianity. And so the new map of Asia which Russia had made by her conquests in the Caucasus had to be torn up

and the miserable province doomed to sink back into the foul and degrading slavery from which it had fondly hoped the gallantry of Skobeleff had for ever freed it.

KURDS IN AMBUSH.

In the most solemn manner, in the face of the world, the Sublime Porte undertook, as an alternative to the withdrawal of the Armenian territory from its jurisdiction, that it should have

a complete reform in its government. The demands of the Armenian population it undertook to satisfy; their just grounds of complaint it undertook to remove. Under these conditions, and no other, did Russia consent to surrender the fruits of her costly victories in Asia Minor. Substantially, then, the Porte has exercised since then a trusteeship only over Armenia. It has stood in a fiduciary capacity to the great powers of Europe, and the unreservedly expressed condition to that relationship was a faithful discharge of its solemn responsibilities. It is liable to be held to account for the manner in which it has discharged them; and there is the strongest reason to believe, unhappily, that the day of reckoning has been delayed too long.

Already the Porte is preparing excuses for the outrages which there is no longer any possibility of denying. Every precaution was taken to prevent the disclosure being made, but despite the censorship of the press and the manipulation of the telegraph wires, the facts have been established beyond the possibility of further denial. Hence, another attitude has been adopted. It is now boldly stated that the Armenians were the aggressors, that they rose in rebellion and perpetrated outrages on the Mussulman tribes living near their villages, and that whatever bloodshed took place was the necessary consequence of the process of restoring order. We must not be deceived by this denial. Similar defences were set up for the atrocities in Bulgaria, and when they came to be investigated they were found to be utterly baseless. The defence put forward in the case of the Armenian outrages bears its own condemnation on its face. It is alleged that the Armenians were incited to revolt by an English consul. It surely is not the interest of the English government that the flames of war should be lit again in Asia Minor, and no British consul is likely to step outside the line of his duty or his instructions through a mere spirit of knight-errantry.

As the very existence of Islam was pronounced to be a standing *casus belli* by one of our greatest of pontiffs, so in these days the fanaticism of the Moslem is a perpetual danger to the peace of Christendom. It is a thing inflammable as gun-cotton, and whenever it bursts out it bursts out in massacre, suddenly and unexpectedly. The incident at Salonica about ten or twelve years ago is a very good illustration of the sort of berserker rage which seizes upon the fanatical Moslem, like rabies on dogs in summer. It is a fury like that of the Malayan when he

runs amuck—uncontrollable by the will of the homicidal maniac until its rage has spent itself in satiety. Many Europeans fell in that massacre, were murdered for no reason other than that they were of the race of the hated Giaour. Although a heavy reparation was exacted from the Porte for this infamy, its lesson has been easily forgotten.

A very peculiar position is that of Turkey. Its power is spread over a territory which embraces almost every form of Christianity. It sits upon the ruins of many antique civilizations, beautiful even in their catalepsy. It is a Cyclops—immense and savage—clutching the fair form of Caucasian civilization, its only

NOMADIC BEGGARS OF THE ORIENT.

eye aflame with brutality and sensualism. A foe to progress itself, it will have no progress amongst those enslaved peoples. An enemy to letters, it discourages literature. Conscious of its

enormities, it hates newspapers as thieves hate the light of day. There is no censorship so rigid as that which it has established

A PASHA'S PALACE.

over the press. The more permanent forms of literature are equally discouraged. This is the normal condition of things in times of tranquillity. We may easily surmise the strenuousness of the efforts which are put forth in periods of disturbance to prevent the truth from leaking out. It took seven or eight months for the discovery of the real truth about the horrors of Bulgaria, and not all the diligence of the powers could prevent the escape of the principal ruffians whom Mr. Gladstone denounced in connection with that monumental horror. They were encouraged in their career of rapine until the whole horrid work of "pacification" was over, and then rewarded for their share in it. When the cry for their punishment arose from the horrified outside world, their escape was deliberately connived at.

Now this is the very course which is being repeated with regard to the desolation of Bitlis. All the avenues of intelligence from that stricken province were carefully guarded until the work of butchery and violation was finished and the victims hidden away under the earth or devoured by the vultures and the jackals. Then the story was stoutly denied; now it is partially admitted and defended; and at last the Porte is reluctantly coerced to issue an irade for a commission to inquire into it.

Meantime it is openly asserted that the Porte has sent honors and rewards to the leaders of the troops engaged in the massacre. This is quite in keeping with the reputation which the Ottoman Porte has enjoyed from its earliest days. Duplicity has been its best defined characteristic. It lies like truth—at the beginning, and when it is detected in the lie it endeavors to palliate and defend.

In one respect there is an essential difference between the horrors of Bulgaria and those in Armenia, and that point makes the case infinitely worse against the rulers of Islam. The regular troops of Turkey were the chief perpetrators of the massacres, there is no doubt. In Bulgaria the ruffians concerned were altogether Bashi-bazouks, or irregular soldiers, not directly under the command of the Turkish war office, but in its pay. This fact was accepted as a sort of apology for the ruling power at the time, but the case stands on a different footing now. This point is too important to be overlooked in holding the Porte to account for its crime.

It is a grim satire upon the civilizations of Europe that this barbarous power should have no better claim to continue its oppressions than the necessity of its existence as a make-weight and an obstacle to the ambition of one of the rival states. In this sense the European powers are no better than their protégé. Turkey is a Bashi-bazouk, known to be a lawless ruffian, but retained in their service solely because of his fighting powers.

The general instincts of humanity compel our sympathy with the suffering Christian population of Armenia; there are special reasons which give them a strong claim upon the active moral support of their fellow-Christians more happily circumstanced. They are an ancient people—perhaps the oldest race in the whole world. The land which they inhabit is regarded as lying close to the very cradle of the human species. From the earliest times this region has been connected with the most sacred tradition. Through its midst flow the Euphrates and the Tigris, the rivers by some supposed to have watered the soil of Eden. Its skies are pierced by the heaven-climbing peak of Ararat, where rested the Ark on the subsidence of the Deluge. It was holy ground, in a certain sense, under the old dispensation.

From the dawn of Christianity it has played a very important part. It has formed an insuperable bulwark against the Zoroastrianism of Iran, as against the encroachments of Islam later on. Though the Moslem power crushed the princes of Mingrelia, it could not stamp out the religion of the people. To

that and to their national language, national dress, and national customs the Armenians clung through every vicissitude of fortune. Their tenacity in adhering to these heirlooms of ancient autonomy extorts our warmest admiration. When it is remembered that the strongest inducements, in the shape of honors and rewards, were held out to these oppressed Christians if they would only embrace the faith of Islam, it will be confessed

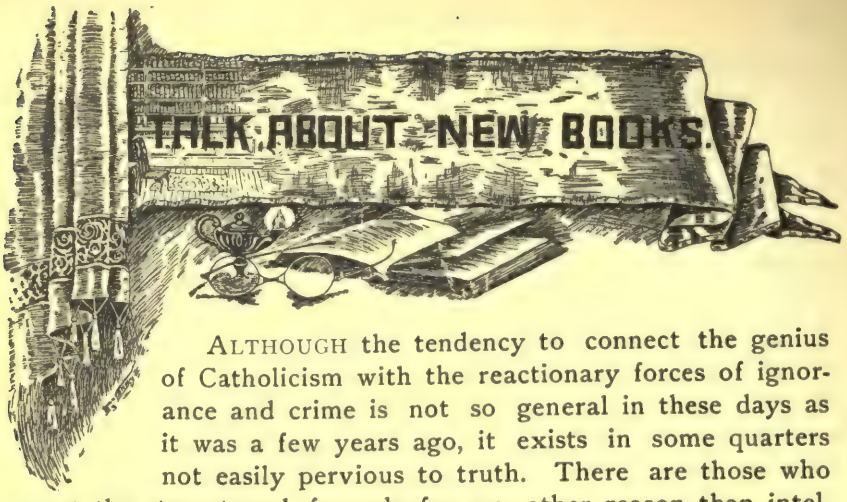
A TURKISH LADY ENTERTAINING ARMENIAN VISITORS.

that they deserve to take rank with the Irish people and the Poles in love of religion and nationality.

We may estimate approximately how a free Armenia must have progressed, in this age of universal progress, by looking at the condition of Bulgaria now and comparing it with its sorry plight a generation back whilst it lay powerless under the plantigrade hoof of the Ottoman. Bulgaria, the downtrodden pashalik, has sprung into potency as the powerful principality,

of high international rank, able to hold her own in the field of war, as she proved in the campaign against Servia, and making giant strides forward in every avenue of human progress. The Armenian race is confessedly one of the brightest of the Oriental nationalities. With a fair field for its energies, it must become a power for civilization in those eastern regions which, despite the forward movement of the world, remain practically still in the same state of barbarism and brigandage as the soldiers of Xenophon found their people when they hung upon his flank and harassed his march all through that retreat which his pen has made immortal.

A multitude of reasons compel our sympathies for the people of Armenia, but the immediate and irresistible one is the demand of nature and humanity. The day has gone by, if it ever existed, when civilized people could look on with *sang-froid* upon the flaying alive of Christian victims by their Mohammedan oppressors. This was the favorite punishment for the Greek rebel officers after the massacres at Scio and Crete. There are people still living who remember it. And there are plenty of men in the Russian army who have seen their dead comrades mutilated and their bodies impaled in the Balkan passes no later than the last war. The power stained with such abominations as these must be regarded as outside the pale of civilization, and if it be proved guilty once more, after its solemn undertakings to the combined European powers, it ought to be for ever removed from the control of Christian races and rigidly confined in its own barbarian limits like a dangerous beast in its den.



ALTHOUGH the tendency to connect the genius of Catholicism with the reactionary forces of ignorance and crime is not so general in these days as it was a few years ago, it exists in some quarters not easily pervious to truth. There are those who repeat the stereotyped formula for no other reason than intellectual density; there are others who repeat it because they honestly believe it; there be those, again, who utter it out of sheer malice. Argument is wasted upon the latter class of minds; the other two may with patience be got to see and acknowledge the mistakes into which innate prejudice or misleading information led them. To the honest and candid adversaries of the Catholic system we would earnestly commend the work just completed by the Rev. Alfred Young of the Congregation of St. Paul, under the title *Catholic and Protestant Countries compared.**

Father Young has gone about the task of dispelling some eminently respectable stock fallacies in a very methodical and business-like way. He has mastered every detail of the case which he is called upon to defend, and he proceeds to the dissection of it with all the scientific *aplomb* and masterly skill of the trained advocate. The array of testimony adduced by Father Young in support of his position is startling, not merely by its weight but by its character. All the authorities he cites are non-Catholic. From title-page to colophon he does not call upon any Catholic aid save his own pen. Out of the mouths of non-Catholics he disproves the slanders which have so long passed current with the foes of Catholicism. It is often objected—and well objected in many cases—that figures and statistics are illusory things when applied to peculiar social or economic conditions. They reveal nothing of the inner side of the question; and it is this side which in many cases it is desirable

* *Catholic and Protestant Countries compared in Civilization, Popular Happiness, General Intelligence, and Morality.* By Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P. New York: Columbus Press, 120 West Sixtieth Street.

to know when studying social and historical phenomena, or, indeed, of the ordinary every-day life of the outside world for that matter. But Father Young has not relied upon bare, bald statistics. He proves his case up to the hilt by copious extracts from the writings of acknowledged authorities—men who made the esoteric side of life their special study, and who may all be depended on for having no especial reason to favor the Catholic side in any debatable matter.

The branches of the subject are many and diversified, making the task Father Young set unto himself no mere leisure-hour amusement. University education, intermediate, and primary; the social life and habits of the people; the condition of labor, and especially the condition of women and children employed in various industrial pursuits, and the moral state of the various populations passed under review—all these things are amply dealt with. The work, great as it is, is a work to bear the severest test of scrutiny. It is like a great ship, complete in all its parts, all its machinery perfect, and every bolt and rivet fashioned of such stuff and placed with so much care as to render the whole structure completely impervious to the assaults of the winds and waves of controversy. It is a book for the time—a dynamite gun, before which no foe can hope to stand for an hour. We commend it to every Catholic home in the land.

Half Brothers, by Hesba Stretton—one of Cassell's "Sunshine" series—is a fine example of the Exeter-Hall style of literature. Vulgarity, bigotry, and improbability are the characteristics of the production. If there be any class of English readers of whose tastes this novel is a reflection, their intellectual status must be on a par with that of the region of Tierra del Fuego.

It is pleasant to hear that so excellent a book as Father J. M'Laughlin's *Is One Religion as Good as Another?* has reached its fortieth thousand, as the fact goes to show the spread of a wholesome spirit of inquiry. Whether this success is to be attributed to the catching style of the book or the soundness of its arguments, we should hesitate to decide. The merits on either side strike a pretty even balance. The new issue is a cheaper one than any of its predecessors, and we confidently anticipate for it a speedy exhaustion.

There could be no better Christmas present for young

people than Mr. Maurice F. Egan's two stories (bound as they are in one handsome volume), *The Flower of the Flock* and *The Badgers of Belmont.* These tales have already appeared in serial form; in their less ephemeral shape they will prove a welcome addition to the literature for our *jeunesse dorée.* They are vivacious, life-like pictures of the time, and the spirit of harmless humor which pervades them renders them very agreeable reading for the long winter evenings. The book is produced by the Messrs. Benziger in handsome holiday dress.

An admirable little drama suitable for schools is the new one of *Ursula of Brittany*, just published by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's. A judicious selection of passages from standard authors in appropriate places lends to the famous legend the dignity of a fine mosaic. To judge from the reading of the piece, it ought to make a splendid and impressive stage spectacle. The drama is published at the Ursulines', 137 Henry Street, New York.

One of the oddest literary coincidences ever known, perhaps, is the selection of the same ode in Mr. Gladstone's new Horace by the reviewer of this magazine and the reviewer on the London *Daily News*, for a comparison between Mr. Gladstone's rendering and that of Milton. That this particular ode (To Pyrrha) should have been picked out from over a hundred by two minds working three thousand miles apart is a curious fact for the psychologist. No two minds could be by any possibility more ignorant of each other's intentions, or even existence. They were, and still are, utterly unknown to each other. Surely "there are more things in earth and heaven than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The *Ordo for 1895* has been issued from the publishing house of Fr. Pustet & Co., in the usual neat and convenient form, with blank pages for memoranda at the end.

We are too apt to overlook the noble part played by women in the evil days of martyrdom and persecution. It is well to recall the many examples of heroic fortitude and constancy displayed by noble Catholic women in times when physical suffering was relied on to overcome spiritual grace. The Countess de Courson performs a service in this way in bringing before the French public the career of four illustrious women * who

* *Quatre Portraits de Femmes, Episodes des Persecutions d'Angleterre.* Par La Comtesse de Courson. Paris: Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie, Rue Jacob, 56.

figured in the grim drama of English persecution, at different epochs—namely, the Duchess of Feria (*née* Jane Dormer), a lady who rendered vast assistance at the court of Spain to her compatriots who took refuge in Spain during the Tudor persecutions; Luisa de Cavajal, a Spanish lady who devoted herself to the service of God and at the time of the so-called Gunpowder Plot rendered much service to the persecuted Catholics in London; Mary Ward, who under great difficulties established a religious community in England during the days of Puritan supremacy; and Margaret Clitherow, the heroic martyr of York. There is no more thrilling chapter in human history than the trial, the torture, and slaying of this brave woman by Elizabeth's minions, and the Countess de Courson tells it well. The work is furnished with portraits of two of the ladies treated of—viz., the Duchess of Feria and Mary Ward.

To the foregoing some section of the reading public may find a kind of set-off in a work by H. M. Bower, M.A., entitled *The Fourteen of Meaux.** Herein the transactions which led to the Huguenot troubles in France are investigated, apparently with the view to show the Catholic Church was to blame for a state of civil turmoil and repression by the secular arm entirely beyond her control. In his quest after light the author has come upon some scraps of history which serve the purpose of vindicating the institution he would fain inculpate. He shows, for instance, the effect of the violent and outrageous proceedings of the early "Gospellers," in filling the cities with vile placards denouncing the Mass as idolatrous and containing foul libels on the priesthood. One of these placards was affixed to the very door of King Francis the First, as if in defiance of his authority and as a taunt at his moderation. This was the spark that set fire to the magazine. Parliament was summoned, and stern measures of repression—civil repression—were adopted. For it must be borne in mind that the movement for religious reform at this period meant a political and social reconstruction in every detail of life as well. The war was begun by the Huguenot party, and it was a civil war in France, and a civil war as purely as any other insurrectionary outbreak that ever arose within her borders. There were massacres and atrocities on both sides whilst it desolated the country, at which humanity and Christianity alike must weep. There was an intimate connection between

* *The Fourteen of Meaux.* By H. M. Bower, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the reformers of Geneva and those of Meaux, and the mode in which the former used the right of private judgment in a way not agreeable to the Calvinists deprives the assailants of the French government of the Huguenot period of any shred of argument. In Geneva it was the church which really acted to stamp out dissent from Calvinism; in France it was the Parliament which set the law in motion for the preservation of the public peace.

A volume of lyrics from Mr. Charles H. A. Esling reveals a graceful and facile calamus. The author is one of those ready writers who adorn the bare surfaces of opportunity, as they present themselves, with the pictures and festoons of fancy and music. The seasons, commemorative celebrations, social events, visits to famous localities, historic events of war and peace, all find him ready with an ode, a ballad, an epithalamium, or an elegy. The title very aptly describes the collection, *Melodies in Mood and Tense.** They are melodious pieces as a rule, and they reflect many phases of life and thought. They are of unequal merit, and some of the work might have been well left out because of its awkwardness and straining both of idea and versification; but it must in fairness be owned that the genuine ring of poesy is oftener heard than the false. A few excellent plates embellish the work; and to some of the pieces there is the addition of a musical setting. The volume ought to be a very acceptable Christmas or New Year's gift.

Of other books suitable for the season there is no lack, but on the contrary so many that our space will not permit us to do a moiety of them the justice their merits demand. We must, therefore, only briefly note the more prominent:

Three Heroines of New England Romance (Little, Brown & Co.) is a tripartite literary effort sketching the lives and *habitat* of Longfellow's Priscilla, and of Agnes Surriage and Martha Hilton, two Boston ladies who played memorable parts upon life's stage in pre-Revolution days. The three sketches are rather biographical essays than personal chronicles, and they will be read more for their quality than their bulk. The names of the respective authors is a guarantee of good work. They are Harriet Prescott Spofford, Alice Brown, and Louise Imogen Guiney.

Much talk there was a few years ago about "the best hun-

* *Melodies in Mood and Tense.* By Charles H. A. Esling, M.A., LL.B. Philadelphia: Charles H. Walsh.

dred books." We do not think a tithe of it worth remembering when we go through the charming gossipy pages of Miss Agnes Repplier's latest production, *In Dozy Hours, and other Papers* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York). She chats with such pleasant, erudite vivacity about old friends as well as new aspirants for that title that she is very likely to convert hours that might otherwise be dozy into very alert and wide-awake ones. She gossips also about the respective qualities of American and English humor, and about many other things, and though we may not acquiesce in all her deductions we continue to read on with unalloyed pleasure. The book is one of the best we know of wherewith to exorcise dull care or warn Morpheus off when his visits are "too previous." We would like to see it in a less Quakerly cover.

Father Finn's holiday book, *Mostly Boys* (Benziger Brothers), is capital reading for our golden youth. It embraces nine live stories, in all of which the charm of variety and the dash of hustling boyhood are kept up from start to finish.

Legends and Stories of the Holy Child Jesus (Benziger Brothers) is an admirable collection of quaint and delightful tales of the infant Saviour as they are found in various countries. The compiler is A. Fowler Lutz, and the work is well done. The book will be welcome at every Christmas fireside.

Ballads in Prose, by Nora Hopper (Roberts Brothers, Boston), are well named—or if they were styled "poems in prose" it might be better. The collection is one of old Irish legends, and we have not seen the subjects more beautifully treated in any literary shape. The spirit of the work is quaint and tender, and the stories of witchcraft, wonderful deeds, and passionate love and revenge are brimful of Celtic sympathy.

Timothy's Quest, a story by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an illustration of that clever writer's best style. It is not much as a story, but as a piece of refined humor it is admirable. *In Sunshine Land* (from the same firm) is a book of poems for young people by Edith M. Thomas. It is full of pretty fancies and conceits about animal life and nature. Fine illustrations by Katharine Pyle abound throughout.

John Boyle O'Reilly's book is recognized in the *Moondyne*

Joe of Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. The novel made its mark deeply whilst the talented writer lived. It was one of those which are described as "purpose" novels, but it is remarkable for power in dramatic construction and picturesque presentation of antipodean life, no less than the wrongs and mistakes of the old-time penal system. It is a book that deserves to live.

A Story of Courage (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the joint work of George Parsons Lathrop and his wife Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. It is a record of the founding and growth of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, admirably told. A more befitting notice of the work we hope to be able to give later on.

Many people have heard of the Brehon Laws;* few know what the term means, save that it refers to an obsolete code of legal rules for the government of a primitive Celtic people. A little inquiry would at once place us face to face with the startling fact that these laws had their origin in the very foundation of modern constitutional systems, and that they represent the earliest forms of popular and parliamentary government ever known to history. The Feis of Tara, which practically represented the collective wisdom of the Irish nation, was instituted, according to the ancient chronologists, by the high King, Ollamh Fodhla, *anno mundi* 3884. It was to all intents and purposes a national parliament, and it was continued on at irregular intervals down to the time of the coming of St. Patrick, by whom the whole body of Irish laws, national, provincial, and local, as well as judicial, tribal, social, and sumptuary, was collected and revised, with the help of the most learned legists of the time, and placed in permanent form under the title of the *Senchus Mor*. This book was completed, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, in the year of our Lord 438. It is, therefore, an older legal compilation than the *Codex Justiniani*. The much-vaunted *Magna Charta* is a modern and trivial document as compared with it.

The *Senchus Mor* has been translated under the supervision of the Brehon Law Commissioners, but it is a bulky volume. Many will be glad to avail themselves of a handier work just published by Mr. Lawrence Grinnell, Barrister of the Middle Temple, London. It does more for the general reader than the larger volume, from its nature and limitations, could. It gives

* *The Brehon Laws.* By Lawrence Grinnell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

him a comprehensive view of early Irish society and civilization, and of the causes which led to the decay of the ancient system and the destruction of its literature. Those who might expect to find in this volume a mere dry legal commentary, will be agreeably disappointed on opening its pages. They will find it instead a very luminous and sympathetic review of a most interesting upgrowth, and a very helpful hand-book in the mazes of a forgotten period.

I.—HYPNOTISM AND THE STIGMATA.*

This very important and valuable work, the scope of which is sufficiently indicated by its title, is a very notable contribution to even the knowledge possessed by Catholics of facts in the supernatural order. We venture to say that few, even of those most familiar with these matters, can fail to be astonished at the number of the instances, particularly of stigmatization, which are here presented, and the strength of their attestation. Beginning with St. Francis of Assisi, we find here a list of over three hundred persons who have, in one form or another, received the stigmata, and in many of these a detailed description has come down to us. And though the subject of ecstasy is not treated at such length, and indeed hardly needs to be, as mention of it occurs frequently in the accounts of the stigmatized, the facts presented, specially with regard to the elevation of the body into the air during that state, are far more numerous, and more surprising in their character, than most of us are accustomed even to imagine. The apparition of Lourdes, and the subsequent miracles, continued, as every Catholic knows, down to our own day, are more summarily treated; the evidence of these will be found more fully elsewhere.

The book is written, and the facts and evidence collected, specially as an argument against those who at the present day explain stigmatization and ecstasy by means of hypnotism; the discussion of the facts, which occupies the second volume of the work, having mainly this scope. And, for reasonable readers, the author undoubtedly accomplishes the result which he intends. No Catholic, and indeed no person whatever who be-

* *La Stigmatisation, l'Extase Divine et les Miracles de Lourdes : réponse aux libres-penseurs.* Par le Dr. Antoine Imbert-Gourbeyre, Professeur at l'École de Medicine de Clermont (1852–1888), Commandeur de l'Ordre de Charles III. Clermont-Ferrand, 1894.

lieves in God and in the possibility of his action in a supernatural way in the world which he has created, can fail to see that no human agency or occult powers of nature will sufficiently account for all the phenomena here detailed. The only escape from this conclusion is to deny the value of the testimony presented where it does not fall in with preconceived notions; to say, in short, that the witnesses are liars, consciously or unconsciously. By this short cut, of course, all difficulties can be overcome; but we need hardly say that those who follow it abandon by doing so the right to be called reasonable beings. And least of all mankind do those deserve to be called free-thinkers who are obstinately and resolutely pledged to dogmas of their own making, and absolutely refuse to admit evidence irreconcilable with them. They may call themselves scientific men, but they bring disgrace upon the fair name of science.

Still, though such men cannot be entirely silenced and put out of the field, and will always have their followers and adherents, it is desirable to stop their mouths as far as possible, and not give them any more ground than can be helped for their objections; and not to use any arguments against them which they can find other grounds for rejecting than the general one above stated. And it seems to us that the eminent author lays himself open to attack unnecessarily in this way. He is, perhaps, somewhat too strong in his own faith for the purpose which he has in hand, and does not always recognize that cavil may be made in cases which are to the well-disposed quite clear. It would, we think, have been better for the purpose to admit the possibility of doubt in instances where we ourselves feel no doubt, and to allow that the natural may play its part to some extent even in cases mostly supernatural. Undoubtedly the author would admit this, and actually does recognize it; but he might well give the natural more scope, at the same time devoting himself more distinctly to showing, by arguments which his opponents would be forced to admit, that there are limits beyond which it cannot go. Instead of this, he too frequently falls back on the authority of the church, a good authority surely for us, but worthless for those who pose, whether sincerely or not, as unbelievers. It is utterly immaterial, for instance, to the English or American Protestant whether an ecstatic or stigmatized person has been canonized or not; we do not see why, in controversy, it should be otherwise to the French bad Catholic, whatever his interior convictions may be.

The book is, as has been said, a very important contribution to our knowledge; but its scientific and controversial value might, it would seem, have been much increased on the basis of the facts in hand, and of others which no doubt the author would have been able to furnish.

NEW BOOKS.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

The Ceremonies of Holy Mass Explained. By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. Translated by Rev. P. F. O'Hare. (Third revised edition.)

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati:

Legends and Stories of the Holy Child Jesus from Many Lands. By A. Fowler Lutz. *Jesus the Good Shepherd.* By the Right Rev. J. de Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington. *The Lover of Souls; or, Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* By a Priest. *A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church.* By Rev. John O'Brien, A.M. Fifteenth edition.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

Hero Tales of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Boston:

Faith, Hope, and Love. Selections from sermons and writings of James Freeman Clarke. *The Deeper Meanings.* By Frederic A. Hinckley. *Old and New Unitarian Belief.* By John White Chadwick.

EDGAR S. WERNER, New York:

The Basic Law of Vocal Utterance. By Emil Satro. *Werner's Readings and Recitations.*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis. By C. W. E. Body, M.A., D.C.L.

BURNS & OATES, London:

A Manual of Scripture History. By the Rev. Walter J. B. Richards, D.D., Oblate of St. Charles, Inspector of Schools to the Diocese of Westminster. *Journals of Retreat.* By Father John Morris, S.J.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Occult Japan; or, The Way of the Gods. By Percival Lowell.

LAND & LEE, Chicago:

A Frogland Wedding. By Roy Conger and Helen Hitchcock.

CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES, Buffalo:

Foreign Societies and American Schools. By Thomas Jefferson Jenkins.

Editorial Notes

WE have received a letter from the Bishop of Tarsus and Adana, Right Rev. Paul Terzian, conveying very deplorable tidings. By an accidental fire his church and presbytery and schools at Hadjine, one of his principal mission stations, have been destroyed, and his school children are now without a regular school building. The church services are being held in a private building which has been rented for the purpose, and great inconvenience and unseemliness in divine worship are the consequence. The good bishop is in sore distress over the disaster, and we hope that Catholics of means in this country may be touched by his tale of disaster so as to lend him a helping hand. The burning appears to have been accidental, as Adana is not in that part of Armenia where the outrages have taken place, but away down near the sea-shore.

WE are to have a *Catholic University Bulletin*. This is as it should be, in order to keep pace with the growth and importance of the institution. The *Bulletin* will be issued quarterly, and its editorial work will be in the hands of the Rev. Professor Shahan. We are justified in anticipating that its literary claims will be on a high level, and we hope it may receive all the support needed to enable it to accomplish its laudable aims.

DEATH has been busy of late amongst our notabilities. His latest distinguished victims are the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Thompson, and Mr. Robert Louis Stephenson, the famous novelist. The Canadian premier's demise took place under singular and terrible circumstances. He had been at Windsor Castle, the guest of Queen Victoria, when he was seized with a sudden stroke, and died in fifteen minutes afterward. The tragic event created a profound impression, the Queen being deeply shocked. Mr. Stephenson died suddenly also, away in his South Sea island retreat.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITHIN the past year the Catholic Truth Society established at Ottawa has put into circulation 10,422 leaflets and bound volumes. Since its formation three years ago it has distributed 25,396 publications in defence of the Christian religion. The object of the society is the diffusion of Catholic truth and its vindication whenever assailed. Communications from the members to the daily press are not intended to provoke controversy, but solely for the purpose of explanation and correction of errors. This highly important part of the work, requiring literary skill and calm judgment, has been attended with satisfactory results.

At the annual meeting lately held in the Ottawa University the president, Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, likened the power of the Catholic laity to a moral Niagara, stating that the mission of the Truth Society was to afford a channel by which some of the power of this Niagara might be utilized to spread Catholic truth. While Catholics knew they had the faith in its fulness, had the whole and entire truth, had the church builded by God, not by men, the church that had civilized and humanized mankind, they too often forgot the obligations that go with this privilege. The obligations of the clergy did not excuse the laity from their share of the work of spreading the truth. The achievements of the Truth Society should encourage and attract the support of the laity.

The financial statement presented by Dr. MacCabe showed receipts $442.17 and an expenditure of $340.34, leaving a balance of $101.83.

Archbishop Duhamel thanked the officers of the society for the work during the year, and expressed his happiness and consolation at seeing the Catholic laity understand their duty to help the clergy. He asked all present to join the society and to encourage others to join, that they might work towards the perfect union of mankind on the basis of the truth as taught by the Catholic Church, that all men might be of one heart and one soul, recognizing one Father, God, in heaven, and one mother, the church, on earth.

* * *

Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, Wis., is determined that there shall be no hostility between the new Summer-School to be held at Madison, Wis., and the one already established on Lake Champlain. In a letter to Mr. Warren E. Mosher he states that we must preserve union and harmony at all costs; Summer-Schools and Reading Circles should work together to give the force of unity to the Catholic intellectual and educational movement.

"It is my intention at our next meeting in Chicago to propose the question whether a uniform course of study and lectures could be devised acceptable to both Summer-Schools. Not to speak of the united work among our Reading Circles, East or West, the simultaneous treatment of the same important subjects and vital Catholic questions by different men and in diverse modes would be, it seems to me, of incalculable advantage. Such uniformity could easily be obtained if the respective special committees on studies and lectures of both schools would arrange the plan conjointly. By such a plan lectures could be interchanged—the East to get men from the West, the West from the East. Thus the unity of scope, plan, and object, together with the diversity of place and persons, treatment and presentation of the object, would lend a charm to our Catholic movement and power to its work."

The lecture by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P., on *Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes* delivered at the Summer-School last July awakened considerable healthful discussion. It has now been published by P. O'Shea, New York, in pamphlet form, with a dedication to Archbishop Corrigan, and should have a wide circulation. Inferior publications bearing the name of Catholic are boldly attacked. A pungent writer in the *Seminary* fully approves of the attack, and desires the joy of writing a brief obituary of "a score or more so-called Catholic weeklies," believing that nothing in their life would so become them as their leaving it.

From the same writer we take this excellent and accurate statement of present conditions:

"We are so accustomed to praising ourselves because of our material prosperity that we need frequent, plain-spoken reminders of our defects and neglects. In the matter of Catholic literature for Catholic homes we have much to do and much to undo; and though many heads and hands are now engaged in the great work of the apostolate of good reading, more wise heads and careful hands are needed. The rich must be interested in the work. It is a duty they owe to religion and society. They should be the leaders, the exemplars of the poor, providing sound, nourishing food for their minds and souls, as well as for their bodies. Unfortunately some of our rich men are destitute of a proper sense of the duties of wealth.

"Then there are the publishers, the editors, and the writers. For those who are wholly Catholic, giving their time and talents to the cause of Catholic truth, the editor of the *Rosary* has a kindly sympathy; and they deserve it. The rich do not patronize them; nor do the booksellers share a profit with them. Indeed there are editors of journals and of magazines who would not extend them common politeness, if common politeness were cash. Still, the Catholic writer should know what is in store for him, and be prepared for a life of sacrifice."

The claims of the Catholic magazine as a powerful aid in the apostolate of good reading are thus presented:

"Some argue that the reading of magazines spoils a taste for good books, and makes superficial men and women. As far as our experience goes, everything depends on the magazine and on the reader. Most people are satisfied, and must be satisfied, with superficial information. The goodness of the sources from which information is drawn is, therefore, the more important consideration. We believe that because of its timeliness, its change, its freshness, its cheapness the magazine has an advantage over the book. The quality of the average magazine is as good as the quality of the average book; its variety is beyond question, its quantity decidedly greater. Several dollars for a volume means one subject soon read, soon ended, ordinarily, Several dollars for a magazine means a year's delightful, varied reading."

* * *

In the *Cosmopolitan* Mr. William L. Fletcher has given the results of his study of the public libraries in the United States. Those established by private endowment may or may not allow equal rights to Catholic authors. The following list shows the number of libraries wholly or mainly supported by taxation, which should make no discrimination against good books on account of the race or creed of their authors:

"Massachusetts, 179; Illinois, 35; New Hampshire, 34; Michigan, 26; California, 18; Ohio, 15; Rhode Island, 13; Indiana, 13; Iowa, 11; New York, 11; Wisconsin, 9; Maine, 8; Kansas, 7; Minnesota, 7; Connecticut, 5; New Jersey, 4; Colorado, 2; Missouri, 1; Vermont, 1."

We have received a marked copy of the *New Ireland Review*, 54 Eccles Street, Dublin (New York office, Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay Street), which contains a most practical statement of the good to be accomplished by parish lending libraries. The writer, J. G., approves our plan of providing not merely devotional and religious books, but also popular works in history and literature, and a collection of good, instructive, and amusing novels. Without a liberal supply of fiction no library for young people will long survive. They will have novels if it is possible to get them, and hence the best way to oppose the pernicious literature of the day is to place within easy reach such novels as will enlighten, refine, and amuse without corrupting their minds.

Country districts in America have very much the same state of things as in Ireland. Though passionately fond of reading, "people in rural parishes have scarcely any facilities for procuring sound, entertaining, and cheap books. There are no book-shops nearer than the larger towns, and even there the selections offered for sale, through want of knowledge and discrimination in the shopkeeper, are often of a trashy, worthless, unhealthy character. Besides no reductions in published prices are usually given. Moreover, country people seldom go to the larger towns except to fair or market, and then they are so engrossed in their business that the idea of looking out for the book-stall will scarcely occur to them. It would be very different if cheap, attractive books were brought under their notice in the rural village, or in their houses by colporteurs or by means of book-stalls erected near the chapels on Sundays. It would then be found that country folk are without books simply from want of opportunity to purchase them. The danger in the means here suggested for supplying the people with cheap literature would be the possibility, or rather probability, that without strict supervision on the part of the local clergy publications dangerous to faith and morals would unwittingly or maliciously be circulated. Hence, although it would be a boon if our country people had better facilities for procuring a collection of good books of their own, the remedy to be suggested for turning them into a reading people is not the buying of, but the borrowing of books.

"Since, therefore, the people do not read, although eager to do so, the question arises as to how this state of things is to be remedied. The most obvious and practical way is by means of the parochial lending library. By subscribing a small sum to purchase books, each one can thus have access to, say, 200 volumes, with as much right to their use as if all were his or her private property. Hence it is also the cheapest way. Moreover, and this is of far greater importance, each one will thus read only such books as are instructive, moral, and healthy, and so will be protected against the terrible evil of having, perhaps, faith and morality sapped and underminded by the immoral and infidel publications with which the country is being flooded. Happily few of them have found their way into our country parishes, but the danger that they may remains all the same. Strange that when we do find a few books which the young people have purchased or borrowed they are generally of the most worthless kind, and if not immoral or infidel, near akin to both. The only thing the good, simple bookseller in town knows about them is that they are novels and cheap, and on this recommendation the unsuspecting country boy or girl buys them, and unawares imbibes their poison. The parish library is hence the only safe way to satisfy the people's love of reading. It is a continual and pressing want, and one which there is reason to believe is not at all adequately supplied."

* * *

Recent events demand that we should make a loud protest against people

who want to get something for nothing. About two-thirds of the letters sent to us since September, requesting information concerning Reading Circles, etc., have had enclosed not even one postage-stamp for a reply. Each printed list represents a money value. The minimum charge is ten cents, and this is absolutely required to pay expenses. We fully endorse a statement recently published in the *Living Church*. Though written by an Episcopalian and for Episcopalians, it has Catholic approval, because it contains the truth:

"We started out, some sixteen years ago, to furnish a paper that would be readable and useful at $2.00 a year, or less than four cents a week; yet now and then we hear of people who 'can't afford it.' In the case of poor clergymen who are trying to support their families on a dollar and a half a day we can understand that a dollar is a serious matter, and we generally see that they have the paper if they want it. But when we hear the above from those who live in elegant houses, and go to church in carriages, and dress in cloth and silk, we feel just a little impatient, not because we have any claims upon them to take 'our paper,' but because they make this wretched excuse for taking no paper and no interest in church affairs. They afford a thousand things that are of no real benefit to themselves or their families. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for offering such an excuse. They 'afford' nothing which does not bring some selfish gratification.

"These remarks are not intended to reflect upon our people as a whole; but we think it might as well be frankly stated that there are large numbers of church people, so called, that give no attention whatever to church matters, and care not at all to be informed about them. They supply their families with reading of every other kind, and buy many things that they could well do without, but do not see a church paper of any kind from year to year. In many cases they spend twenty dollars a year for the daily papers and the magazines, but they 'can't afford' one-tenth of that sum for the papers that are maintaining the honor and contributing to the growth of the church. It may be somewhat the fault of the papers that they are not more interesting; but how can we expect to enlist enterprise and capital in producing that for which there is such a limited demand?"

* * *

Under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers, Henry Austin Adams, M.A., delivered a course of lectures during Advent at Columbus Hall, New York City, and won deserved tributes of praise for his remarkable oratorical gifts. The subjects are here given with a synopsis:

Random Reading in Fiction.—Imagination—Memory—Will—Habits—The Average Reader—The Average Book—Pure Genius *versus* Commercialism—The Writers—How to Choose and Why—A Book's Credentials—The Columbian Reading Union—Some Schools and Tendencies—Friendships in Fiction—Ultimate Results.

Facts and Fabrications in History.—The Causes of False Witness—Romance—Delights of Delusion—Prejudice—The Idolatry of Letters—The Making of Humbug—Ignorance, Fraud, and Antiquity—The New Historical Conscience—Its Manifestations: Iconoclasm, Reparation, Restatements—Standard Historians—Some Instances of Colossal Injustice.

Duties and Defects of the Reading Public.—The Public—Does it Read?—Printer's Ink—Taste—The Publisher—The Editor—The Author—The Hack—The Penny-a-liner—The People—The Gentle Reader—Who is to Blame?—Duty in the Matter of Reading—Books—Newspapers—Periodicals—Information *versus* Knowledge—Reading Circles—The Personal Question—Life.

M. C. M.

CHURCH OF ST. OLAF, STOCKHOLM.

THE

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LEO XIII., POPE, TO MOST REV. FRANCIS ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

(REPLY TO THE ADDRESS SIGNED BY THE EDITORS OF CATHOLIC PERIODICALS IN THE U. S.)

VENERABLE BROTHER:

Health and Apostolic Benediction.

It has ever been Our most ardent desire that in these days of such unbridled literary license, when the world is flooded with hurtful publications, men of marked sagacity should labor for the public welfare by the diffusion of wholesome literature. That this great work was being most zealously prosecuted by Our faithful children in North America, We were already aware, while an Address which many of them had signed and caused to be transmitted to Us, confirms Our conviction of their zeal.

Assuredly, since it is the spirit of the times that people of nearly every condition and rank in life seek the pleasure that comes from reading, nothing could be more desirable than that such writings should

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be published and scattered broadcast among the people as would not only be read without harm, but would even bear the choicest fruitage.

Hence to all those who labor in a cause at once so honorable and fruitful We are moved to extend Our hearty congratulations, and to accord to them the tribute of well-earned praise; exhorting them at the same time to continue to defend the rights of the Church, as well as whatever is true, whatever just, with becoming harmony and prudence. But we hope to treat of this matter at another time and soon.

In the meantime you will give expression to Our grateful and kindly sentiments in their behalf, and will announce the Apostolic Benediction which We lovingly impart to each one of them, as also to yourself as a token of heavenly reward.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, the 12th day of December, 1894, in the 17th year of our Pontificate.

LEO P. P. XIII.

THE QUESTION OF RECONCILIATION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

IN studying the question of Reconciliation between Church and State in Italy we need not fear that we are spending time to no purpose. The question is a permanent one: from time to time it gives promise of actual development, of passing from the order of "questions" to that of facts. Reconciliation always exists *in fieri* and must eventually exist in fact, unless we count upon the certainty of a future chaotic social state and the internecine civil and religious war which will betoken the days of Antichrist. It is only in such evil times that the question would be dead and its discussion untimely; it is timely even in the condition of things at present existing in Italy; in better days and in any more normal condition of things, the question would assume vast proportions and enforce its own solution. The trend of the times in Italy should be considered in weighing it; so should the current of public opinion; the abating of the more general and excessive anti-clerical violence; the predominance of moderate opinions. Then there are certain minor facts to be taken into account: the comments of the newspapers and the falling into line of officialdom with the spirit of its masters; the weighty declarations of the Vatican, and, strange to say, the novelty attaching to the public utterance of the name of God by the prime minister. There is a rude diapason in the dissolution of three offending Catholic syndics for the burlesque offence of objecting to the hoisting of the national flag on the 20th of September last.

We have here unquestionably a concatenation of recent facts of no slight importance, as their detailing will more fully show, but the roots of the question have some depth in the past.

This last aspect has not been sufficiently set in relief by the heralds of Reconciliation in the press.

Unquestionably there has been a lull during late years in the state of warfare existing between the Italian Church and

State, and it has probably been the more real for having escaped the dangers of publicity. I do not mean that the Italian people would have been averse to it; but the anti-clerical section would have been, and their accredited organs would have tolerated it with less grace than suits their present humor. The bank scandals form an epoch, and Colajannis' revelations deserve the honored name of epoch-making. There was a consequent sobering, and it has affected the church, partly negatively inasmuch as it has distracted attention from the skirmishing persecution going on before, setting men's thoughts in new channels, and partly positively inasmuch as the corruption revealed set the integrity of Catholics in relief, they having been notable for their complete absence. This sobering has also been the more real because the less talked about, and indeed almost imperceptible; for, whatever be the case elsewhere, in Italy it is in great part true that the less abundant the demonstration made, the more thorough is the matter of conviction.

Some Catholics call Crispi a *commedian*, and one hears genuine anti-clericals calling him a madman. He is neither the one nor the other. The reason of these exaggerated estimates is the extreme versatility of his policy, to speak euphemistically. But great ships of state in many European lands have suffered deviation in their political career, and if Signor Crispi was not subjected to the early and sudden transformations which befell Beaconsfield and Gladstone, he deserves at best but measured censure if he has compensated for the lack of direction in his political freshness by steering steadily towards conservatism in the latter part of his life.

He has, therefore, recognized that the Papacy is something more than a merely resistant and conservative force, and that it is, in every sense of the word, an enemy to be reckoned with. Hence also, though of late years he has not neglected occasional harassing measures, he has somewhat laid aside the old fury of anti-clericalism. Moreover, since his coming to office the last time, besides the question of the temporal power, there was only one serious cause of strife between the government and the church—the question of the Patriarchate of Venice—a legacy of clumsy feud bequeathed to him by his antagonist, the preceding minister, Giolitti. It would have been indecorous for the armed man to have yielded this point of honor to the vanquished Vatican. Yet never was claim more ridiculous. In former times a very exceptional privilege had

been granted to an extinct Catholic government, and it was therefore purely temporary and particular to those conditions. The present government has succeeded neither to its spirit nor to its local character, and could only unreasonably claim to instal the patriarch on its own account. This preposterous demand was too trivial to be seriously contended for, and the issue was only momentous for the moral aspect which the combat had assumed. Last summer the Giolitti government asserted its determination to withhold the *exequaturs*, or letters of royal recognition, from all newly-appointed Italian bishops until the point was won, and the Vatican's decision that the privilege should not be granted created a deadlock.

It is not easy to admire Signor Crispi's escape from the difficulty; it did not save forms, but for this very reason it was regarded as an olive-branch. The king's government nominated the Pope's nominee, against whose person and against whose nomination such strong objection had been taken, and a royal *exequatur* was finally granted. Other *exequaturs* followed.

About the same time the press announced that the Holy See had created a new prefecture apostolic in Erythrea, ordering the substitution of Italian for French missionaries. The entire liberal press was jubilant. The news was as timely as welcome. To the Liberals it seemed a recognition of Italian unity as made visible in Africa, and therefore a peace-offering, and as such a boon. Everything here takes a French aspect. Nowhere is France so truly *la grande nation*. The action was interpreted as a favor to Italy and as not less of a rebuff to France. The Catholic press in its "inspired" parts vainly protested that it was the constant policy of the Holy See to depute to colonial possessions priests of the protecting European nationality, and various instances were cited to this effect. But years of secularist education and anti-clerical *fanfaronnade* had engendered crass ignorance of ecclesiastical traditions. The same Catholic organs pointed out that the interest of souls was the only one held in view by the Holy See, and that the fact of calling Italians to labor in Erythrea while Italy was at enmity with the Papacy was a typical instance of apostolic indifference to human interests. But the liberalistic interpretation was a *fait accompli*, and it had a good effect.

Then came Signor Crispi's speech. From the applause of the audience, as disproportionately reported by the *Stefani* agency, and from subsequent comments, it would seem to have been his apotheosis. In 1884, when Naples had been ravaged

with cholera, King Humbert and Cardinal Sanfelice had taken an active and heroic part in allaying the evils of the scourge, and it constitutes one of the best-founded claims of the immense popularity of both. It was determined to consecrate the memory by a lasting memorial. An inscription was erected recording the fact, and Signor Crispi honored the occasion of its uncovering by his presence. He took occasion, from the union of prelate and king in the act of heroism, to point out the rightfulness of union between church and state, and he called upon the former to unite with the latter in the defence of the fatherland against subversive sects. He concluded, to the surprise of all, with an invocation of the aid of God. An ardent discussion was raised in the press as to the nature of the God invoked, and an article in the *Tribuna*, said to have originated with the prime minister himself, explained the expression in a moderate manner. But the circumstances of the case and the appeal made to the Catholic Italian majority sufficiently indicated to what God the destinies of Italy are ultimately to be entrusted, if she is to escape shipwreck.

So far the main facts of the case.

One is not justified in dealing with intentions either in an arbitrary or unauthorized way. What I say of Signor Crispi's intentions is drawn from a trustworthy source. He has been manœuvring with the Vatican for a long time past, and the two facts last related are simply a public demonstration of his tendency. He is supposed to have taken alarm at the Milan elections in June, when the results were as follows:

Radicals,	7,961.
Catholics,	5,275.
Moderates,	4,889.
Socialists,	1,905.
Anarchists,	600.

Last February he told the Chamber of Deputies that the king was "the symbol of unity and the ark of salvation," but there is little doubt that if the ark failed in efficacy Signor Crispi would place his faith in the next best symbol that succeeded it. Still, in the present condition of things he strenuously upholds the monarchy. He sees it threatened by Radicalism, Republicanism, Socialism, and Anarchism, practically weakened and morally disavowed by the abstention of the millions of Catholics who, obeying the pontifical directions, are

neither electors nor elected. Were they to *rally*, they would form an essentially conservative force and the safety of the cause would be assured. But there is an indispensable condition to the pacification which would result in their going to the urns: the Sovereign Pontiff's repeated and insistent claims to plenary independence by means of temporal sovereignty. It is in protest against his dispossession of the temporal power that the *non expedit* debars Catholics from voting. The measure is intrinsically bound up with the principle of papal independence, in fact if not in theory. Thus, if they were to vote, their support would be given to the power residing in the Quirinal in possession of the conquered papal territory. The Pope declines to play into the hands of his enemies, and the *non expedit* will continue in force as a momentous protest and efficient measure. Signor Crispi's negotiations with the Vatican have all tended to the removal of this prohibitory measure. On his part he offers such secondary concessions as could be contained in a pacific policy founded on relative friendship between irreconcilable antagonists. He would engage to cease from the persecution which has wearied but not broken the Catholicism of Italy.

The compromise as such has not been accepted by the Vatican. The removal of the prohibition to vote occupies the same place in the desires and needs of the Quirinal as the recognition of territorial independence in the desires and needs of the Holy See. Not even a multitude of minor concessions, nor an entire policy of peace, could be equal in value to the favor sought in its removal. There is no just proportion between the advantages sought and offered by the prime minister. The question, therefore, remains where it was before. But if he be willing to follow pacific lines, the Vatican, I am informed, is disposed to suspend hostilities in part, to make fewer protests, to abstain from demonstrations which would provoke reprisals, and to await events; but always in the expectation and hope that matters may mend radically. Each party is tired of war and desirous of peace, and failing to obtain the main point of contention, to suspend hostilities as pernicious to itself. If Signor Crispi wishes, it is in his power to establish a *Truce of God* with the Vatican, as with the parliament.

The negotiations are said to have been carried on through Monsignor Carini, canon of Saint Peter's and first custodian of the Vatican Library, a man of vast learning and in great favor with Leo XIII. His father was a Garibaldian and general of

the forces at Perugia during Leo's rule there, and a warm friendship during life happily resulted in the archbishop's receiving him into the church on his death-bed. Monsignor Carini is a frequent visitor at Signor Crispi's house, and is a friend as well as a fellow-countryman of the Sicilian prime minister. The negotiations concerning Erythrea were carried out by the *minutante*, or secretary, for Eastern affairs in the Congregation of Propaganda.

Considering these negotiations for peace on the part of the Garibaldian and anti-clerical premier of modern Italy, expressive as they are of surrender, we cannot help thinking that Signor Crispi has set out on the way to Canossa. True, he is still very far from that celebrated castle, but he has unquestionably made some steps on the way. I say this in the fullest realization of a possible change of attitude on his part, because it is certain that any such change of attitude would result in the customary ill-success. The favorite of Garibaldi, become a royalist, after a long tenure of the reins of supreme power, has had to beg *the old Vampire* to save the newly-modelled state for the creation, but not for the maintenance, of which the united efforts of Garibaldians and Royalists have proved sufficient.

The attitude of the government during the coming months, while showing what success has been achieved by the prime minister, will probably reveal the final phase of the question. In the promised destruction of the *Pia Casa dei Catecumeni* it may be that we have the revenge following upon failure.

In writing the present article I have consulted a staunch Liberal, who told me, among other things, that every effort for reconciliation which has been made hitherto has enjoyed the effective patronage of Queen Margherita, who is very strongly disposed to peace and not less willing to use her great influence in that direction. He assured me, moreover, that pacific proposals on the part of the government would obtain a preponderant majority probably in the parliament, and certainly in the senate, and would, moreover, realize the ardent wish of the overwhelming majority of Italians.

The fact was improbable at no time, and is more probable than ever now. The growing organization and increasing fervor of Catholics; the disillusioning which has followed the failure of unitarian and secularist ideals; the influence of the pacific attitude to the Vatican on the part of France, Germany, and Russia; the pressure of political and national interests; the

tactics and necessities of the war against subversive parties; the truthful revelations which time has brought; the acceptance given the latest phase of the question; the majestic character of the Pontificate itself, are all signs and tendencies that go far to make Italy recognize that its real interest is to make peace with the great spiritual power which it is its traditional and unique glory to possess in its midst. The efforts of the Liberals will be met with enthusiasm by the Catholics. The success of any peace policy will depend upon the fulness of its acceptance by the Liberals. The Holy See, being the offended party, has taken up a defensive attitude, from which it cannot recede without difficulty. What is required is a strong hand in the government or the stronger force of facts. Those who are acquainted with Italy know that a peace once inaugurated would grow apace. It is the singular European country which has never had a religious war, though it has been the seat of dangerous and widespread heresy and of the Supreme Pontificate. Italians are, for the most part, essentially tolerant and submissive to existing conditions. The advent of peace would be marked with the revival of prosperity for Italy. Freed from the embarrassments which its short-sighted polity had imposed upon it, rid of the military incubus which it must support as a defence of its present unity, strong with the moral influence of the Papacy reposing in its heart and inevitably profiting the chosen land of its destiny, there is every ground for the hope that it would see a new and fuller realization than was ever before made of the prayer of her saints and pious people in all ages: *Fiat pax in circuitu tuo et abundantia in turribus tuis.*

THE ROSARY HOUSE, STOCKHOLM.

CATHOLICISM IN SCANDINAVIA.

BY MOST REV. FRANCIS JANSSENS, D.D.

TO many readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the three Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, are perhaps a terra incognita, and it may be of interest to them to learn some few details, taken at random, about these northern countries of Europe.

Sweden is the most populous kingdom of the three, containing a population of about four and one-half millions, whilst Denmark and Norway have each about two millions. Sweden and Norway are governed by the same king—at present Oscar, a descendant of Bernadotte, one of the generals of Napoleon I. Norway, though governed by the same king, is free and independent of Sweden; it has its own legislature, laws, flag, army, navy, money, and import duties. The King of Sweden is recognized only there when he is crowned King of Norway, and he is obliged to spend some months every year in Norway. The Norwegians desire no closer union with Sweden; on the contrary last summer they agitated the question of having their own ministers and consuls abroad, independently of those who now represent the two kingdoms together. The two countries

are separated by the Scandinavian mountains, and the Norwegian government carefully keeps up the broad avenue cut in the forest to mark the division line.

During the last year many travellers, who had already visited middle and southern Europe, directed their steps to its northern portion, and were delighted by the beauty of the magnificent scenery of land and water, of coasts and mountains and fjörds. The inland route through Southern Sweden is a wonderful piece of engineering, due to the genius of the famous Ericsson, of American renown. The great Werner and Vetter and some smaller lakes, the Gotha and Motala rivers, are made navigable by means of canals and of seventy-four locks, built of granite, which connect the Cattegat with the Baltic Sea, connecting also the two principal cities of the kingdom, Göteborg and Stockholm. Göteborg has become well known these last years by its vast increase of commerce and population, and not less so by a new system for the suppression of drunkenness, originated in that city and called the Göteborg system. Few drunkards are seen in the city; all the saloons are controlled by a committee of gentlemen under the supervision of the city government. These gentlemen locate the saloons, control and appoint the barkeepers; great placards are placed on the walls which show the evils of drunkenness and admonish the frequenters to abstinence or moderation.

The revenues derived from the traffic, excepting five per cent. of the net gains, fall to the city treasury, and are applied to the erection and maintenance of beautiful and substantial school-houses, hospitals, and orphanages; to the laying out and keeping up of public parks, and to the improving of the city generally, making Göteborg one of the cleanest and prettiest cities in Europe. The trip by boat from Göteborg to Stockholm takes nearly three full days. It is exceedingly interesting to the traveller for the beauty of scenery, and because it gives him an insight into the character and the customs of the Swedish people. The Swedes of the better class are of an amiable and gentle disposition, fond of pleasure and of flowers, and polite to the stranger who comes among them. They partake more of the character of the French than of their nearer neighbor the German, and they prefer to learn the language of the former rather than of the latter. We noticed on the fingers of some ladies one, two, or three plain gold rings, and were told that it is the custom to give one when the lady is engaged to be married, she receives the second at the marriage

ceremony, and puts on a third when she is mother of her first child; she does not add any more for the following.

When looking at the quantity and the variety of things spread out for dinner and supper, it would not be rash to suppose the Swedes are fond of eating and drinking. Before beginning the regular courses served at these meals, probably to stimulate the appetite, they help themselves first from a table on which is placed what they call smörbröd; smör means butter; bröd, of course, bread. But smörbröd is a misnomer, for the bread and butter is the smallest portion of the table, which holds a variety of cold meats, of salted or smoked fish, and of cheeses (I counted once thirty different dishes for the smörbröd), all of which may be washed down by as much gin and kümmel as one desires to take, without extra charge. When the smörbröd, to which each one helps himself, is partaken of, the more substantial courses of warm victuals are passed around. The Swedes are so polite to the ladies that they charge them one-third less than gentlemen for the price of dinner. At the railroad stations where the train stops for meals the meals are not served by waiters, but each one takes his plate, with the necessary implements, and helps himself from the various dishes placed without stint on a large table. When time is limited to fifteen or twenty minutes, this proceeding, whilst novel, is very commendable and acceptable to the traveller.

The scenery on this three days' trip is grand and replete with variety. On the first day, whilst the boat passes through a series of locks, the traveller, preceded by a guide, may take a two hours' walk along the bank of the Gotha river, which near to its connecting point with the Werner lake casts itself down through the majestic Frollhättan falls, called the Niagara of Europe. The falls are neither as grand nor as wide as our American celebrity, but they are considered the finest falls in Europe, and are well worth visiting. Further on the boat stops at Wadsena, renowned for an old castle, but more worthy of interest to the Catholic on account of the old convent, still in existence, in which St. Bridget of Sweden died and was buried. The only native Swedish priest, an old man, has built a little chapel in honor of the saint near to this convent, where he says Mass for half a dozen Catholics who still cling to the faith.

On the same route—whilst it takes the boat one hour to pass another series of locks—an old monastery church may be visited at Vreta, where several of the old Swedish kings lie buried and where are placed against the walls the remains of

statues of Christ and of his saints, torn from their niches and broken by the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century. Stockholm is a lovely city, surrounded by rocky upheavals and fjörds of great beauty; and intersected by many canals. The city is rich in monuments, old churches, a national museum, a magnificent palace for the king, a zoölogical garden and the Skanze, which represents the dwellings, utensils, and costumes of different por-

BISHOP JOHANNES VON EUCH.

tions of the kingdom. The Swedes call Stockholm the Paris of the North, and it seems to be a city of amusement and pleasure. In summer every one who does not go to a country house—and even families of small means leave the city for three or four months—is seen at the many saloons, where in open gardens they listen to delightful music and sip Swedish arrack punch. The capital of Norway, Christiania, presents little of

interest except its magnificent bays and fjörds, and we leave to others to describe the grand Atlantic coast scenery and the inland lakes of Norway. We also left to others the pleasure of travelling to the North Cape to behold the midnight sun setting and rising almost at the same hour. It is very pleasant to have a long day of it in summer, but what of the long night in winter? A priest, who during six years labored among a very small congregation at Hammersfest, told me that for more than two months in the year he had just enough of daylight, without needing the artificial means of candle or oil, to say his Little Hours, provided he placed himself near the window.

Christianity was partially introduced into Sweden during the ninth century by the holy Bishop Ansgar, the Apostle of Northern Germany, and it was fully established in the eleventh century by St. Canute, King of Denmark, who also established it in that kingdom and in Norway.

The three Scandinavian kingdoms, which in olden times were usually at war with one another, were united into one kingdom by the Union of Calmar in the fourteenth century, under the King of Denmark as the head. Christian II., in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a cruel king. He beheaded many of the Swedish nobles, among others the father of Gustaf Wasa. This Gustaf Wasa availed himself of Protestantism to shake off the dominion of Denmark and to proclaim himself King of Sweden. At the end of the same century, Charles IX. used the same means to dethrone his Catholic brother, Sigismund, and to usurp his place. As a matter of course, Gustaf Wasa began and Charles finished taking all the properties belonging to the church and to the monasteries, and kept them for themselves and their followers.

In Denmark the political power and the landed property were divided between the bishops and the nobility. Christian II. took Lutheranism as a pretext to break down the political power of the bishops and to confiscate all ecclesiastical property. His work was continued by his son, Christian III., and already before the middle of the sixteenth century laws were passed by which the clergy were banished from the country, and Catholics were debarred from holding office and deprived of their hereditary rights. Norway, which remained united to Denmark until the reorganization of Europe in 1814, followed its example and lost the faith in a similar manner. The people fell almost unawares into the doctrines and practices of Lutheranism. The government translated the Roman Liturgy into the

vernacular, but left its substance almost untouched. Confession was abolished, priests were allowed to marry, communion was administered under two forms, but the order of archbishops and bishops was retained. They are, however, appointed by the king, who thus becomes the spiritual head, and they are considered as superintendents and not as possessing any special power by virtue of their consecration. Even to-day the altar is adorned with a large crucifix, six tall candlesticks, and lighted candles; the Mass is, in a great measure, the same as according to the Roman rite, and the minister wears the chasuble with the cross on the back, and the ceremonies of baptism are almost identical: the sign of the cross is made over the child, which is baptized by a threefold pouring of the water. Baptism administered by a Lutheran minister in the three kingdoms is looked upon as valid, and the three vicars apostolic assured us that converts so baptized are not rebaptized conditionally.

These three northern bishops, whom we visited in our travels, were exceedingly kind. They extended to us a most hearty welcome and furnished us with much of the information contained in this article, for which they will please accept our most cordial thanks.

The Scandinavian kingdoms resisted the march of religious freedom longer than most European nations. Until within the present generation no religious denomination was tolerated except Lutheranism, which even unto this day is the acknowledged religion of each state.

In Denmark Catholic service was allowed in the private chapels of the ambassadors of France, Spain, and Austria, who resided in the capital. Owing to the many Catholic soldiers in the pay of the government this privilege was extended in 1686 to the fortress Fredericia. The law of 1849 granted freedom of worship to all dissenters from the state religion, and it was from that date that any effort towards Catholic missions could be attempted. A few Catholics, mostly immigrants, were scattered here and there, and when in 1860 the present vicar apostolic was sent as a newly ordained priest to Denmark, he found but 5 priests, 675 Catholics, and two schools numbering 90 pupils. The kingdom was erected into a prefecture in 1869, and in 1892 into a vicariate apostolic, with Monseigneur John von Euch as vicar apostolic and titular bishop in *partibus infidelium*. Monseigneur von Euch is a man of great talent and of most imposing and pleasing appearance; he is universally esteemed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The Danes possess a firmer

and more steady character than their northern brethren, and conversions have been more frequent and are more reliable. The poor, of course, have the Gospel preached to them, and heed the invitation; but many others, who by their social position or learning wield great influence, have entered the fold with them. The small number of Catholics, 675 in 1860, has risen, principally through conversions, to the respectable number of near 6,000 in 1894, with about 1,000 children in the Catholic schools. Copenhagen is a beautiful city and most favorably situated on the Sund. Its population, as it is with all capital cities, has vastly increased these last years. The government is finishing very extensive works to make the city a free harbor; this is attracting commerce and shipping, and will still add to its already large population. The energetic bishop does not remain idle, but keeps pace with this progress, and two more churches have recently been built to give the city population a better and easier opportunity to attend to its religious duties. The so-called cathedral of the bishop is a very modest building without steeple—steeples on Catholic churches were prohibited until within the last years—and his episcopal palace so-called, an appendix to the rear of the church, is of still more modest dimensions, and whilst fully in accordance with the poverty of his means, it is far from being in accordance with the dignity of his office. The bishop is assisted in his work by 36 priests, one-half of whom are Jesuits, who, besides parish work, attend to two colleges, one in Ordrup, the other in Copenhagen. The Sisters of St. Joseph from Chambéry are already some years in the country and God has greatly prospered their work. They possess a very large convent in the capital, which serves for mother-house, novitiate, schools French and Danish, and

THE PARISH PRIEST OF FREDERIKSHALD.

hospital; they number one hundred sisters in the mother-house, and about sixty more in their other convents.

Besides these Sisters of St. Joseph there are a few of another order, and some brothers. For a good many years a weekly paper has defended the interests of the church. The best proof that the church is making itself felt in the hearts of the people is afforded by the fact that of the 18 secular priests 12 are natives of the soil, as well as the 4 ecclesiastical students, and the religious orders of women count about 40 sisters born in the country. Great hopes for conversions had been placed on the marriage of the third son of the Danish king with the Catholic Princess Marie, of the house of Orleans; but the result has been disappointing. It was stated at the time of this marriage that the conditions required by the church for mixed marriages had been complied with, yet the three children of this union, all boys, have been baptized by a Lutheran minister.

The great drawback and the most burdensome cross of the good bishop is poverty in worldly goods. In the early days of Christianity poverty seemed not to hinder the rapid progress of religion, and St. Francis Xavier accomplished the conversion of thousands and thousands without any money to his credit; but somehow or other it is the experience of modern missionaries, even of the most zealous, that money is a necessary adjunct to the grace of God. And so in Denmark the lack of this precious aid makes it difficult to keep up what is done, and still more difficult to extend the work that should be done. Yet the Lord has been good, conversions are increasing, and the future of the Church in Denmark becomes daily brighter. The vicar apostolic has charge also of the island of Iceland in Europe and of Greenland in America, but so far he has not been able to send a priest to those far-away and cold countries.

The Catholic religion and its adherents had been proscribed in Sweden for nearly two centuries when, in 1789, the king allowed Catholics to live in the kingdom and publicly to exercise their religion. In 1860 the law which punished with banishment and privation of patrimony whomsoever should abjure Lutheranism, was abolished. Previous to 1873 marriages performed by dissenting ministers were illegal; in fact, no one not confirmed in the Lutheran faith could legally be married. Lutheranism still remains the official state religion, but of late all religious denominations are tolerated and enjoy full liberty to exercise their rites.

Bernadotte, born in Pau, Southern France, a marshal and prince of the French Empire under Napoleon I., was elected Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810, but as soon as he landed on Swedish territory he had to abjure Catholicity and to embrace Lutheranism. His son Oscar, who as a child had been reared a Catholic, followed his father's evil example. Oscar married Josephine, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, the son of the Empress Josephine, the lawful wife of Napoleon. She remained a faithful Catholic, and was universally esteemed and beloved by the people. She favored, in as far as she could, her few Catholic subjects. She founded and endowed an asylum for thirty poor widows—Catholic or non-Catholic—placing the asylum under a mixed administration, with the proviso that it be under the care of the Sisters of St. Elizabeth.

Already in 1783 a vicariate apostolic, embracing Sweden and Norway, had been established by the Holy See, but with no visible results, for it was only in 1837 that the first Catholic church was built in the kingdom. In 1868 Norway was made a separate apostolic prefecture, and in 1892, simultaneously with the erection of Norway and Denmark into a vicariate, Sweden obtained a vicar apostolic in the person of Right Rev. Albert Bitter, who was consecrated bishop *in partibus infidelium*. The number of Catholics in Sweden is about 1,500; probably one-third are natives and converts; 800 live in the city of Stockholm, and the balance, 700, are scattered here and there over a vast territory and among a population of more than four and one-half millions. The bishop and his clergy are very zealous for Christian education; their resources are exceedingly limited, yet each parish possesses a Catholic school. Thus they retain the faith in the Catholic families and add some few by conversion to the church. There are a dozen priests and three orders of sisterhoods to assist the bishop in his vast diocese. Their trials are great and so is their poverty; but they bear up bravely. If they reap little comfort, and at times bitter disappointment in this world, they may reasonably expect a very bountiful reward in the next.

When passing through Göteborg we looked for the Catholic church; few people seemed to be aware there existed such a building; at last we found it. The exterior presents no beauty nor architectural style, neither has it any steeple; the interior, however, is beautifully decorated. It is in charge of two Jesuit fathers, who also attend to the neighboring missions. The capital, Stockholm, has two churches. One is under the care of

the Jesuits; the building possesses no special attraction, but is favorably situated in the heart of the city and well attended, especially in winter. The ambassadors for the two kingdoms reside in Stockholm; several represent Catholic countries and add respectability to this church. The cathedral is situated on a high hill and in a poor neighborhood. It is not a large but a very beautiful building. It was erected by the present vicar apostolic from alms, principally obtained from friends and benefactors in Germany. It is exceedingly neat and chaste in design; its interior furnishing corresponds with the

PANORAMIC VIEW OF FREDERIKSHALD.

style of the church, the decorations and stained-glass windows display great artistic taste, and everything is kept scrupulously clean. The good sisters, who live in the same building with the bishop and keep a school and orphanage, sing in the choir. We said one of the parochial Masses on Sunday; the attendance was small, the singing by the sisters most devotional; the choice and execution of their church music rivalled any we

ever heard. The beauty of the building, the solemn services, and the impressive music attract many Protestants and often result in conversions. The church is slowly, though steadily progressing; but the scarcity of means and of priests, and the emotional and unsteady character of the Swedes, are serious drawbacks to the spread of the Catholic faith.

By royal decree of 1842 the few Catholics of Christiania, Norway, obtained a special permission to constitute themselves into a congregation under the management of a priest. The law of 1845 granted to all dissenters, among them the Catholics, the liberty to observe their religious rites, yet forbade Jesuits and men of religious orders to exercise sacred functions. Civilly, dissenters and Catholics remained excluded from nearly all public offices until the year 1894, when the exclusion was restricted to the king's ministers and to all public-school teachers. These teachers are required by law to teach the Lutheran religion to the pupils, and, as a natural consequence, the law must exact their adhesion to that particular denomination. Still, children of dissenters, at the request of their parents, are not obliged to assist at religious instruction. Moreover, dissenters are allowed to erect and control their own schools and teach their own tenets during school hours, and the parents are exempt from the special school-tax if their children frequent a school which is conformable to certain reasonable state regulations. Marriages of Catholics, or between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, are subject to certain regulations, which, on the whole, are not unfair. Though the Chambers still cling to Lutheranism as a state religion, they are inclined to deal liberally with all dissenters. The Catholic Church in the kingdom remained in a languishing condition; she possessed but one church in Christiania, built in 1856, and a handful of members, mostly foreign immigrants, until the year 1869, when Pius IX. erected Norway into an apostolic prefecture with a French priest, Father Bernard, as prefect apostolic. From that time dates a period of constant though slow progress.

In Norway, no more than in America, are conversions made by the wholesale; the reaping is rather a slow but steady gleaning of scattered ears of grain. A priest, stationed in a large territory with but a few dozen Catholics under his ministration, requires the patience of a saint and much strength of character not to lose courage when gathering in the stray sheep one by one, and sometimes at long intervals, into the true fold of the Lord. I visited the pretty town of Frederikshald, where the

cousin of a friend was pastor. The surroundings of the town are grand; waterfalls hurry down from the mountains and through a chain of lakes along the valley, the Tisdal; the city is overlooked by the fortress, in olden times considered impregnable, and near it a monument has been erected by the Swedes in honor of Charles XII. This Swedish king, whilst leading a brave attack on city and fortress, was struck dead by the Norwegian troops, who were fighting for liberty and country. On the monument a Latin verse records that this brave king knew not how to retreat, but knew how to die. The congregation of Frederikshald is in possession of a nice but half-finished and small church, and of a little frame convent, where some Sisters of St. Joseph brave the cold in the winter, and poverty nearly the whole year round, in order to nurse the sick and to teach a few children. The good pastor, whose smiling face has made friends with the whole town, and whose choir is made up three-fourths of Lutherans, is the spiritual ruler over just forty members, and his neighbor at Frederikstadt, about thirty miles distant, ministers to only twenty. It is hard and trying to be able and willing to serve two or four thousand souls and to have but twenty or forty under one's care and ministration. So there are many other parishes in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark where priests find an insufficient field for their zeal, and where they must and do keep their souls in patience until the Lord give them a reward greater than to priests who labor for thousands of Catholics. In 1887 Father Bernard was succeeded by Father Fallize, a Luxemburger, who in his country fulfilled the office of vicar-general and of state deputy. There were then 8 stations, 4 houses of sisters, and about 700 Catholics in the whole kingdom. The 15th of March, 1892, Leo XIII. erected Norway into an apostolic vicariate and appointed Father Fallize vicar apostolic, who was consecrated bishop of some extinct oriental see. The Catholic religion is steadily on the increase, and has doubled its number by conversions taken from various classes of society, who seem sympathetic for the old Mother Church, whom they should never have deserted. At present there are 11 parishes. Each one has a Catholic school attached, frequented by many non-Catholic children, who are often the cause of the conversion of the whole family. There are 9 houses of sisters, among whom 12 natives, who devote themselves to all good works; they teach the children, nurse the sick, care for the poor, and give an example of heroic charity and piety to all. Seventeen priests,

only two of whom are natives, assist the energetic bishop in his extensive and laborious missions. May God send him some more reapers for the field of the Lord, and add thereto the necessary funds to sustain his clergy and to establish and keep up the works of religion! The bishop has erected a printing press to print catechisms and devotional books in the Norwegian language; the same press issues a weekly paper, called *St. Olaf*. This short report shows that there is life and activity in those cold Northern countries, and any one who possesses some surplus means, and has the spread of our holy religion at heart, will do a good work by helping the zealous Bishops of Christiania, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. They rely almost entirely on the alms from the Propagation of Faith, which are entirely inadequate, and these worthy bishops frequently have to take the beggar's staff in hand in order to solicit help from kind friends in other countries.

FOR THEE THE JOYS THAT CROSS THE TIDE.

By Edward Doyle.

H, while my baby sleeps, what fancies rise!
A sparkling dew, all tremulous, she seems,
On Slumber's crimson-opening bud of dreams.
Cease, Zephyr! hold thy breath; nor move thine eyes.
Lo! angels deem her sleep auroral skies,
And float thereunder from the crescent's beams.
Oh! God be praised that, while with woe earth teems,
It is on Gideon's Fleece my infant lies—
O Beatrice! my love spreads azure-wide
Above thy slumber, and, star-lighted, reaches
The Father whom no soul in vain beseeches.
It craves for thee the joys that cross the tide,
When the dark seas that roar along Life's beaches,
With threat of chaos, hear God and divide.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER X.

Break-up at the Seminary.—Professors take Alarm.—Jesuits in Disguise.—Wattson and Donnelly dismissed.—McVickar withdraws.—Walworth, McMaster, and Wadhams cross over to Rome.

THE trial and degradation of Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, was a substantial triumph for the Evangelical party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It effected in the United States in many respects what the condemnation of Ward had brought about in England, although accomplished by different means. In England it was a square, open fight. It was made evident that the Mother Church there would not tolerate any further advance of Tractarianism, and this spirit prevailed even amongst High-churchmen of every variety of color and degree. The High-churchmen in the United States, however, had not taken so much alarm. Hitherto they had resisted all the efforts of evangelicals to meddle with the situation of things at the General Seminary. They had with great unanimity sustained the ordination of Arthur Carey, believing that all the leanings of Carey towards Roman Catholic doctrine and customs were at least things to be tolerated in the same way that the leaning of evangelicals towards the doctrines and fashions of dissenters found tolerance.

So confident were the High-church bishops of maintaining the toleration that they desired for their own views and for a very large latitude in those views, that they ventured sometimes to indulge in a very humorous vein when dealing with the alarm felt by the opposite party. This sportive mood displayed itself sometimes even in their General Conventions. In the convention held at Philadelphia in October, 1844, Bishop Chase presiding, it was proposed to send certain questions to the faculty of the Chelsea General Seminary in order to ascertain if Tractarianism was not propagated at that institution with the connivance and even with the open aid of some of its pro-

fessors. From the autobiography of Professor Turner (page 192) we learn that forty questions were prepared and forwarded from the House of Bishops.

Some of these questions ran as follows:

"Are the Oxford tracts adopted as text-books in the seminary? Are they publicly or privately recommended to the students? Is *Tract 90* used as a text-book, or (so) recommended?"

"Are the works of the Rev. Dr. Pusey, Messrs. Newman, Keble, Palmer, Ward, and Massingberd, or any of them, used as text-books, or publicly or privately recommended in the seminary?"

"Are the superstitious practices of the Romish Church, such as the use or worship of the crucifix, of images of saints, and the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and other saints, adopted, or publicly or privately recommended in the seminary?"

The questions just given emanated unquestionably from spirits of the Low-church type. They are ridiculous when the character of any of the professors of the seminary in my day is taken into account. How much fun was to be found among the right reverend bishops convened at Philadelphia may be gathered from the following questions, which were put in to serve as foils to the mischievous thrusts of the Low-church prelates:

"Is Calvinism, comprehending what are known as the 'five points,' so taught or recommended? Is any one of the five points so taught or recommended?"

"Are the works of Toplady, of Thomas Scott, and John Newton, and Blunt on the Articles, or any of them, used as text-books, or publicly or privately recommended to the students of the seminary?"

There is not so much fun in some of the other questions which intimate at the seminary the teaching of rationalism. These seem to be aimed chiefly at Professor Turner. There cannot be the slightest justice in them. Out of deep respect for the memory of that learned scholar and truly good man, I deeply regret them. They belong, however, to the history of the time, they are quoted by himself in his autobiography; no call of delicacy requires me to leave them out.

"Is the German system of rationalism—that is, of rejecting everything mysterious in the doctrines and institutions of the Gospel, and making human reason the sole umpire in theology, adopted or so recommended in the seminary? Are German or

other authors who support that system adopted as text-books, or so recommended as guides of theological opinion?"

Had the opponents of Bishop Onderdonk left his private character unassailed, they would have gained nothing in their war against the seminary or the stout old Bishop of New York, who was a champion too doughty for any honorable weapons which they could bring to bear upon him.

As it was, however, they conceived that they had scored for

PROFESSOR SAMUEL H. TURNER.

the time being a substantial triumph in accomplishing his degradation and suspension. Many churchmen who had stood by the bishop in defence of Carey were not prepared to justify, nor willing to appear before the public as justifying, all that was proved against the bishop on his trial. They felt humiliated in his humiliation. They felt demoralized and in a way discouraged. They became afraid to identify themselves with him in anything, even in what they believed to be right.

All this made a great difference with matters at the seminary. Our principal defender, the Bishop of New York, had now become defenceless. Those professors there who were either friendly to us or naturally indisposed to listen to anything which could disturb the seminary now became timid. They would gladly have shielded Tractarian students, but dared not. Professor Ogilby, on the other hand, though professedly a High-churchman and intolerant towards dissenters, was in his way a good deal of an Orangeman and always ready for a fight against anything that was really Catholic. He was now ready to take the lead in purifying the seminary of all Romanism. He soon succeeded in making things lively at Chelsea. He took it into his head that there was an organized party both in the seminary and outside, including clergy, whose object was to Romanize the Episcopalian Church.

One day near the close of December, 1844, Professor Ogilby sent for one of the students named Wattson, of the middle class, and accused him and several other students of being engaged in this conspiracy. The manner in which this suspicion arose I never knew until lately. The particulars have been furnished me by Wattson's own son, the Rev. Lewis Wattson, of Kingston, N. Y., with permission to use his communication freely. His father, Joseph N. Wattson, one day jokingly said to Prescott, who subsequently became a member of the English Society of St. John the Evangelist, known in the Anglican Church as the Cowley Fathers: "Don't you know, Prescott, that there is a number of Jesuit students in disguise here at the General, and that when they have made all the converts they can, they are going openly to Rome themselves?" Prescott took the joke in dead earnest and reported it to the dean. Upon this Wattson was called up before the dean. In due course of time he, and another student named Donnelly, of the same class, namely, that of 1846, were publicly tried upon charges founded upon this misconception. They were acquitted for want of sufficient proofs, but for all that they were quietly dismissed.

The other students implicated by name in this supposed plot were Taylor, Platt, McVickar, and myself. Of these Platt was a graduate belonging to the diocese of Western New York and already in orders. Of Taylor I have no special recollections, though he belonged to my class. I find his name included in a list of alleged conspirators named by McVickar in a letter written at the time to my friend Wadhams, afterwards Bishop of Ogdensburg. This letter I have given nearly in full in my

Reminiscences of Wadhams. I myself was at the time not in the seminary, although nominally a student still. I was residing during the latter part of that autumn, and during the winter and spring of 1845, with Wadhams in the Adirondacks. He was in deacon's orders, having charge, under Bishop Onderdonk, of Essex County. His principal stations were Ticonderoga, Port Henry, and Wadhams' Mills. I did not belong to the jurisdiction of Bishop Onderdonk, but had received from him a license to act as lay-reader. This empowered me to conduct the morning and evening service as provided in the Book of Common Prayer in the absence of my friend, as also to read a discourse from any book of sermons published by some clergyman of the church in good standing.

I do not remember to have read in public anything except from the "Plain Sermons," which were discourses of simple practical piety intended to be free from points in controversy and unobjectionable to any Anglican congregation.

McVickar, mentioned as one of the partners in this complot, was a son of the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Columbia College, one of the most learned of the clergy of the New York diocese and one of those examiners of Arthur Carey who had decided in his favor.

Henry McVickar had his trial before the faculty on the seventh of January. A special charge was made against him of recommending Romish books, and of believing in the papal supremacy. In the letter above mentioned McVickar states that the information came through P——. This may be the same student upon whom Wattson played his perilous joke.

It does not appear that anything was made out against McVickar at his trial, except that the latitude of opinion which he had used was detrimental to the interests of the seminary. His judges furthermore alleged that not McVickar, but they themselves were the best judges of what was thus detrimental. This claim McVickar allowed, and said that if they would point out how they thought he had injured it, he would avoid it for the future. Afterwards he thought he had allowed too much, for they restricted him so closely that he felt himself thoroughly hampered by his own promises and preferred to leave the institution. He retired to rooms in Columbia College, where he prosecuted in private his preparation for orders. He did not count, however, upon receiving orders at all. In a letter to Wadhams, dated Maundy-Thursday, 1845, he says: "I am extremely doubtful whether I can obtain orders without exciting

new commotions and troubles; and if I think so when the time comes I shall not apply for them."

Whitcher (Benjamin F.), belonging like myself to the Western diocese of New York, was also involved in these troubles, although, being a graduate and in deacon's orders, he was no longer responsible to the faculty of the seminary. On a visit to New York at the time, he informed his friends there that he had been summoned to appear before his bishop. All those supposed to be in this popish conspiracy were reported to their several bishops. It is certain that Bishop De Lancey gave little heed to the charges made against myself. He never spoke to me or wrote to me on the subject. In fact I never knew that I had been denounced to him except through McVickar's letters. For this confidence in me I feel grateful to him; I have never ceased to cherish his memory as a loved and honored friend of my youth.

Dr. William Everett, now rector of the Catholic Church of the Nativity in New York City, name loved and revered by all, then residing not far from the seminary and within easy reach of the students, a post-graduate of the last class, was as much a papist as any of us, but I cannot find that he was at all involved in this alleged conspiracy. I suppose the reason to be that, like Arthur Carey, he was considered too valuable a man to lose whatever his religious tendencies might be.

One thing connected with this complot is and, I fear, ever will be a profound mystery. Who could the concealed Jesuits be? Among all the faces at the seminary, still familiar to my memory, I cannot recall one that fills the picture. Shall we look for them among the faculty? It could not be Bishop Onderdonk, the president. He was bold, open, and outspoken in maintaining the right of Tractarians to toleration in the Anglican fold. But boldness and frankness are not the supposed characteristics of jesuitism, and he would never have been selected by that terrible society to act in such a capacity. Dr. Turner could never be suspected of acting in such a *rôle*. He was a most devoted student of the Bible, and so familiar with it that he seemed to know it all by heart; besides this, although not averse to quoting from the early Fathers in the interpretation of Scripture, he leaned more to modern Anglican commentators, and especially to such German authors as he considered to be reliable critics in matters of biblical text. Moreover, as dean of the faculty, he took not a little part in this very scare of which we are speaking. Professor Ogilby

was a most violent anti-popery man and hated Romanism more even than he scorned Dissent. Professor Haight could not have been one of them. If so, he died in the same disguise. Good Dr. Moore must be acquitted of any such suspicion. Although learned in the Hebrew and gifted as a poet, he was as simple and hearty a man as Santa Claus himself. Moreover, while teaching us Hebrew from the Hebrew Bible, he made it an invariable rule, as being a layman, never to interpret the passages he translated. By this rule he cast away, as a concealed Jesuit never would, his best opportunity to poison our minds with popery. The only two left about the institution who had any easy access to the students were Professor Bird Wilson, who taught theology, and a good old man who presided over the coal-bins and furnaces. One gave out doctrines more or less new to us, and the other furnished fuel and fire. If these were Jesuits, they concealed themselves most effectually. No suspicion ever fell upon either of them.

Among the students themselves I can recall only two that can possibly lie open to suspicion. One had been a Catholic. He did not always give the same reasons for having joined the Episcopalian Church. Sometimes he alleged that it was because when he was a Catholic he was not allowed to read his Bible. This made him very interesting to a society of pious ladies who maintained him at the seminary. He told McMaster once that it was because he couldn't stand the fasting imposed upon him in the Catholic Church. This roused McMaster's indignation, who confronted him with the first reason given, insisting upon it that he should stand upon one story or the other, and say whether he had come over to Protestantism for the love of his Bible or for the sake of his belly.

The other student had been brought up in the Greek Church, and consequently early imbued with all that is held to be odious in Catholic doctrine except the supremacy of the Roman See. This one redeeming trait stripped him of horns and hoofs and made him welcome to Protestantism. Even thus, however, he might be a concealed Jesuit, but I am not aware that any such suspicion fell upon him.

The sensitive dread of Jesuitism which prevailed about this time, and had succeeded at last in placing a time-honored institution under public surveillance, was not confined to Chelsea, nor to the Episcopalian Church. It found lodgment also in seminaries of other Protestant sects. It existed, for instance, at the same time at East Windsor, Conn. It existed most tenaciously

in the mind of one of the faculty there. He was, if I remember the tradition right, a professor of scriptural exegesis, and irreverently named by the students, for reasons of their own, "*Old Kaigar.*" One day he enlarged before his class on a subtle policy attributed by him to the Church of Rome of locating Jesuit spies wherever an opportunity was afforded of doing mischief. "They locate themselves," said he, "in every city, every town, every community, every social circle, with an eye upon every family. I should not be surprised to learn that there is a concealed Jesuit, perhaps, in this very seminary, perhaps in this class-room at this very moment." The impression made upon the students was not a very solemn one. It was not only long remembered by the inmates of Windsor Seminary as a joke, but was well circulated outside.

In a series of lectures delivered at London by John Henry Newman, in 1849 or 1850, he compares the great break-up of Tractarianism to an incident related in the *Arabian Nights*, when Sindbad, the sailor, and his companions found themselves stranded on what they took to be an island, but was in reality the back of a sleeping whale. The merry crew amused themselves in dancing, and shouting, and a variety of other antics on the back of the unconscious creature, and with perfect safety. When, however, they proceeded to build a fire upon his back the great fish woke up to a sense of pain and, becoming conscious that mischief was going on, he shook himself suddenly free from these disturbers of his peace. In England the Tractarian coals grew too hot for toleration when William George Ward, at Oxford, published his *Ideal of a Christian Church.* Ward's speedy condemnation followed, and all the Tractarians who really meant anything by their Catholic antics were either obliged to take refuge in the real Catholic Church, or else reconcile themselves to those quiet slumbers so congenial to their Anglican mother.

The break-up of Tractarianism in the United States was simultaneous with that in England. In the Mother Country and in the Mother Church the coals on the whale's back lay hottest at Oxford, and there the first nervous shock of the sleepy old creature made itself felt. The Seminary at Chelsea was the Oxford of American Anglicanism, and there occurred also the first throes of that convulsion which forced so many enthusiastic young Tractarians either to climb back into the Protestant ship and stay quiet, or else take to the water and swim for their lives.

One student had already left and united with the ancient church before the whale began to flop. This was Edward W. Putnam, of the class succeeding mine. His conversion occurred in 1844. It took place so quietly that many of us did not know of it when he left us. Even now I do not know any details to show the special reasons and circumstances which led to his conversion. About three years afterwards he took priest's orders in the Catholic Church. I think he must have been ordained for the diocese of Albany, for I find his name in the parish records of St. Mary's, Albany, officiating under Bishop McCloskey during the first year of his pontificate in that diocese, after that prelate's transfer from New York. He was a good, zealous, and fervent priest, and his memory still remains in benediction among the few Catholics of Albany who are old enough to look back to his time. The latter part of his life was spent in Maine. He was a fruit of the Tractarian movement, but he does not belong to that great break-up of which I am now speaking.

The first conversion consequent upon the great scare at Chelsea in January, 1845, was my own. I was not at the seminary when the scare took place, although my name was involved in the supposed conspiracy. Its influence upon my life, however, was almost instantaneous. The reader must here recall the pretty little by-play of founding a monastery which Wadhams and I, in connection with McVickar, were carrying on among the Adirondacks in Essex County. This air-drawn convent of the future went down at once into the ocean when the scared fish shook his sides and dived. McVickar crawled back at once into safe quarters. Our beautiful *Fata Morgana* disappeared like a dream. Prior Wadhams, although suddenly unfrocked, still held his mission in Essex County and could take time to feel his way out. But I was completely afloat. Crawl back like McVickar and others, I would not. Go forward in pure dreamland, without a single peg to hang a hope on, I could not. Neither could I go home to my father's house at Saratoga, and to the village circle which surrounded it. There the atmosphere was more stifling even than the sham pretences to Catholicity so rife in Episcopalian Protestantism. Besides this, my Tractarian course had been so contrary to the wishes of my parents and other old friends near the homestead, that it seemed to me a call of honor to become independent, and by earning my own living acquire a right to follow my own conscience. The monastic

bond between myself and Wadhams being broken, there was nothing to keep me any longer by Wadhams' side. Our vocations lay along different lines, and I must strike out a separate path for myself. I therefore made arrangements to work at a lath-mill in Essex County until I could see my way distinctly to join the Catholic Church, and enter its priesthood. Before I could carry out this plan, McMaster arrived at Ticonderoga on his way to Canada, and my friend and I went down there to meet him. On learning my determination to become a Catholic, and my preliminary purpose of becoming a miller's boy, McMaster said :

" Don't do that. I can tell you where to go. I've stumbled on a priest in New York City that is just the man to receive you into the church. It is Father Gabriel Rumpler. He is the superior of a convent of Redemptorist priests in Third Street, New York. He is a most remarkable man, full of learning, wisdom, experience, and a truly holy man. And besides that, it is an order of religious missionaries. You were always wild after missionary work. You can't do better than join them."

The account he gave of Father Rumpler and of the Redemptorists put an end at once to my project of going into the lath business. It opened a practical door by which to enter the Catholic Church. It promised me a wise Ananias to take me by the hand and direct my course among the new faces which were soon to gather around me, and in the new life which lay before me. My determination to become a Catholic was fixed and resolute. To unite with the Catholic Church all I needed was an introduction to it. The opportunity was now offered and I embraced it immediately.

Wadhams and McMaster accompanied me from Ticonderoga village to the steamboat dock by the old fort to see me off. I urged the former to take the same step without delay.

" Don't hurry me, Walworth," said he ; " I am in a position of responsibility and confidence, and when I leave, if leave I must, it shall be done handsomely. You have no charge. You have only to let your bishop know what you are about doing, and then do it."

" Go ahead, dear old boy," said McMaster. " I'm ashamed to have you get the start of me, but I'll follow you soon. I've been fooling about with these Puseyite playthings too long. Look for me in Third Street when I get back from Montreal."

There we parted. I took the steamer for Whitehall. McMaster took the same boat on its return and made his visit to

Canada, and Wadhams went back, lonely and desolate, to his room at the village inn at Ticonderoga Falls.

A couple of days later found me knocking at the convent door in Third Street. I found in Father Rumpler the very man I needed. The Redemptorist convent and church were wooden structures at that time and very shabby. Everything was new and poor. I liked it all the better for its destitution.

During my stay in New York I stopped with my sister, Mrs. Jenkins, who resided with her husband and children in Eleventh Street, near the corner of Fifth Avenue; but I visited the convent in Third Street every day. Father Rumpler examined me very particularly, to see how near my religious convictions were in accord with Catholic faith and how far my intelligence of Catholic doctrine extended. My answers were satisfactory, and he said: "I see no reason to delay your reception into the church. Is there anything in Catholic doctrine which you find difficult to believe?" I answered: "No, father. I do not understand Indulgences, but whatever that doctrine really is, I am willing to take it on trust without the least doubt that whatever the church believes and teaches is true." He smiled and said:

"Well, that has the true ring of faith. You can take your time to study up that question, and now about your baptism."

I told him what I knew about my baptism when an infant by a Presbyterian minister; and the subsequent ceremony of trine immersion in the waters of New York Bay administered by my old friend, the Rev. Caleb Clapp. He said that the first baptism was probably done right and so valid, but if not, the second was superabundantly sufficient, and could not be made surer.

On Friday, May 16, 1845, I made my profession of Faith, in the Church of the Holy Redeemer, in the presence of three or four witnesses only, and thus terminated at the same moment my connection with the Chelsea Seminary and with the Protestant Episcopal Church. On the following Sunday I made my first Communion at the same altar. Shortly after I was confirmed at St. Joseph's Church, on Sixth Avenue, by Archbishop Hughes.

In the meantime McMaster had arrived at New York. He took up his quarters with the Redemptorists, and was there received into the church. Both of us had come also to the determination to embrace the religious life in the Redemptorist Order. About the middle of June I went to visit my parents at Saratoga, where I remained two or three weeks. I then re-

turned to New York, and on the 2d of August I set sail, in company with McMaster and Isaac Hecker, for the novitiate at St. Trond, in Belgium.

It is scarcely necessary for me to give any further details concerning the conversion of McMaster and that of Wadhams, since that would be only to repeat what has already been published at some length in my "Reminiscences" of the latter. I may be excused in like manner for observing the same reticence in regard to my friend, Henry McVickar. He never became a Catholic. He died, not long after his leaving the seminary, still an Episcopalian and in deacon's orders. Another of the same family, Lawrence McVickar, more happy than Henry, found his way into the Catholic Church at Chicago, or Milwaukee, during the sixties. He was a nephew of Dr. John McVickar, of Columbia College, and therefore a first cousin of my old friend and fellow-seminarian. He also died young.

In my next chapter I propose to continue my account of the great break-up of Tractarianism in the United States, introducing especially what I remember or have ascertained of other old companions at the seminary whose names have been introduced to the reader in these Reminiscences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEW OF FATHER TANQUEREY'S SPECIAL DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.*

By Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D.D.

A GOOD theological manual, *i.e. hand book*, as an adjunct to the professor's lectures, and a companion and guide in the study of larger theological works, is of great practical utility to ecclesiastical students. It is also a difficult work to compose, like every other sort of compendium. There are several such compendiums by authors of high repute. The fact that such an experienced teacher as Father Tanquerey has seen reasons for adding one more to the number proves that he finds some deficiencies in the existing ones to be remedied, and some modifications in their method desirable, so that students may possess a manual better suited to their wants. One naturally looks, therefore, to see what are the specific differences which distinguish this manual from others of the same kind.

The author has written especially for American students. He has aimed to exclude all matter which has become antiquated and comparatively useless, and to insert that which has become especially important for the present time. For instance, there is a more full exposition than usual of the doctrine of development, (vol. i. p. 33) of the dogma of the Trinity, with a refutation of the objection of modern Unitarians; of the dogma of our Lord's divinity, etc., etc. The questions concerning the Mosaic cosmogony, evolution, and hypnotism are treated as fully as the succinct method of a text-book can permit. The two volumes now published contain only the Treatises in Special Theology, but another volume on Fundamental Theology is promised to appear after the lapse of one year.

The first thing which arrests attention in looking at Father Tanquerey's Theology is the beauty of the mechanical execution, which is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that it is

* *Synopsis Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Specialis, Ad Mentem S. Thomæ Aquinatis, Hodiernis Moribus Accommodata.* Tomus Primus: De Fide, de Deo Uno et Trino, de Deo Creante et Elevante, de Verbo Incarnato. Tomus Secundus: De Deo Sanctificante et Remuneratore, seu de gratia, de Sacramentis et de Novissimis. Auctore Ad. Tanquerey, S.S. Tornaci (Belg.): Desclee, Lefebvre et Soc.; Baltimore, Md.: St. Mary's Seminary. (For sale also by the Messrs. Benziger.)

published at Tournay. This may seem to some a trivial circumstance; but really, it is not so; for study is made much more attractive when a book has an agreeable and convenient style of typography.

Of course, the greatest part of a theological text-book is taken up with the matter on which there is no controversy or difference of any moment among Catholic theologians. Here, it is only method and style which come into consideration, in the case of any particular text-book. In these respects the present work may compete with the best of its predecessors. We turn naturally, with a more special interest, to see how the author treats those questions which are topics of controversy between different Catholic schools, or, at least, between authors of repute who advocate different opinions. His method, in respect to the principal questions on which the great schools are divided, *i.e.*, the two grand divisions of theologians, one commonly called Thomistic, the other Molinistic, is to present impartially the principal arguments on each side, and to withhold any judgment of his own; even professing a conviction that in the crucial instance of predestination before or after foreseen merits, a certain judgment is unattainable (vol. i. p. 154). A reason for pursuing this course may be found in the fact that the narrow limits of a compendium do not admit of the thorough and extensive discussion of such abstruse and contested topics, which is requisite to a complete understanding of the case. The author of an extensive theology may properly make a more succinct abstract of a cause which he has already fully argued, in a compendium of his own work; but it seems more suitable that a Synopsis which stands alone, should leave the student to investigate the most difficult controversies of Catholic theologians in the standard works of both sides. The questions here alluded to may probably become burning, as the disputations which interest the public at large are turned upon them by the progress of controversy. In fact, these questions have already begun to be discussed, through the already widely spread and increasing revolt from the old Calvinistic formulas among the members of the Presbyterian sects. The searching for some better formulas in which to embody the Christian doctrines turns the attention of thoughtful minds upon Catholic Theology, and awakens inquiry after the answers which Catholic theologians are able to give to anxious questioners as to the relation of men to God; the destiny of the human race in the present and the future world, under the

ruling of Divine Providence; as to the possibility of solving the problem, how the sovereign dominion of God over rational creatures can be reconciled with free-will; and his infinite wisdom, goodness, and power with the existence and prevalence of evil. Catholic theologians and philosophers must therefore look these dark and metaphysical questions in the face, and consider whether and how far they can receive an answer; what, if any, the answer must be; and what, if they are unanswerable, is the just and reasonable ground of tranquil submission to the necessity of remaining always over-shrouded by the cloud of unknowing. We may be permitted to wish that another St. Thomas Aquinas may arise, who shall stand in the same relation to him that he does to St. Augustine, and complete his vast edifice of philosophy and theology.

Dr. Tanquerey has modestly abstained from undertaking any solution of these deepest problems. He has not, however, confined himself to the mere task of making a synopsis of that part of theology in which there is a perfect agreement of doctors, or of giving an analysis of the arguments for differing views and opinions on questions in respect to which there is a division among expositors and advocates of Catholic doctrine. He has explained his own intention (Preface) of discussing questions which are practical for the preacher, and which relate to the task of confuting modern errors. In the questions which he has selected for this purpose of discussion, Dr. Tanquerey follows a definite line of his own, and what is most interesting in a review of his work is to follow this line and discover what he has contributed of his own to the theological treasury.

In our opinion, the starting-point for the philosophy of revealed facts and doctrines, is the idea of the *supernatural order*, and the direction taken from this position is that which determines a large part of any theological system contained within the limits of orthodoxy. The doctors of the two great schools mentioned above are in substantial agreement respecting this idea. There is, however, the school represented by Berti, Belelli, and Noris, which still survives, and has in recent times found advocates, who, although not among the masters of sacred science, are writers on sacred subjects of honorable repute. The characteristic position of this class of writers is the impossibility of a state of pure nature. Consequently, they cannot admit that the plane of elevation and grace is so absolutely and completely above all nature which has been or could possibly be created, as those theologians maintain that it is, who

closely follow St. Thomas. Their theory of original sin and its logical sequences is determined by their primary notion of the supernatural, and a special tendency is imparted to the whole current of their theology, which carries it far away from rational philosophy. Even among authors who profess and intend to follow St. Thomas, there is often found a lack of clearness and consistency in their apprehension of the supernatural idea, together with confused notions on particular topics which really imply the Bertian premisses which they formally reject.

This being our view, we are pleased to find that Dr. Tanquerey has made a full and clear statement of the doctrine of the supernatural order in all the extension and comprehension which it has in the writings of the chief theologians of both the great schools. Of course, the possibility of a state of pure nature is maintained, and, in harmony with the description of the two states of pure and elevated nature, the state of lapsed nature is explained as having for the specific difference from the other two, privation of sanctifying grace. The three states can therefore be tersely designated as humanity nude, clothed, and denuded (vol. i. p. 330, etc.)

Such a view of original sin prepares the way for a recognition of the natural good, the capacity for virtue, the intellectual and moral dignity, remaining in man after the fall. Moreover, it opens the prospect of a state of relative eternal felicity as the final determination of the unregenerate who are free from the guilt of actual sin.

The general topic of the attitude and relation of the natural to the supernatural branches out into another series of important questions, when the action of supernatural light on the natural intellect, and of supernatural inspiration on the natural faculty of will and its free self-determining power of choice, is considered.

These faculties have a concurrent action with divine grace when the act of faith is elicited. Hence, the analysis of the complete act is a very delicate and difficult operation. The Treatise on Faith includes in its compass some abstruse questions. One of these, viz., what is the ultimate motive of assent to the veracity of God as the Revealer of truth? has not been answered by a common consent of theologians; but discussed in various senses by the most eminent authors, such as Suarez, De Lugo, and Cardinal Mazzella. We believe articles of faith because God has revealed them. Why do we believe that God has revealed them, and that he is veracious in revealing? Is it because we are convinced on grounds of reason and evidence, or because

God reveals that he has revealed and is veracious? Dr. Tanquerey decidedly adopts the first alternative. The question appears on its surface to be purely speculative and of no practical importance. It is not so, however. For, if the second alternative is embraced, the action of supernatural grace does not enable the intellect to elicit an act substantially different from that which it is capable of eliciting by its natural power, but only elevates and modifies the act of rational assent. The assent of a philosopher, a Zoroaster, a Pythagoras, a Plato, to those divine truths which are necessary, *de necessitate medii*, and which may have been derived to him partly by the secret, obscure tradition of a primitive revelation, may therefore be regarded as sufficient to make him a competent subject of supernatural grace, elevating his rational convictions into acts of faith, a faith which through divine grace can become that *fides formata* which is intrinsically sufficient for justification and salvation.

On the second alternative, divine revelation must explicitly and distinctly propose itself as revelation, by the mouth of a witness specially accredited, and the assent of faith be given from first to last to a manifest divine testimony; otherwise there is no material or formal credible object upon which an act of faith can be elicited. There is no way open, then, to the heathen, even to begin to work out their salvation. It is a matter of some practical importance, to have a view of human history which harmonizes with the truths we are taught in the Bible of the universal benevolence of God, and the universal redemption of mankind by the divine Saviour of the world. It is also important to remove obstacles to faith from the path of doubters and inquirers. Now, one of the chief of these obstacles is a notion that Catholic faith represents God as governing the world by an arbitrary and partial providence. An explanation of Catholic doctrine which amplifies the extent of the operation of divine grace and mercy renders more easy the refutation of this false view, and has therefore a great practical value. Dr. Tanquerey shows, moreover, that the opinion which he rejects involves reasoning in a vicious circle. I believe what God reveals because he is veracious; I believe he is veracious because he reveals it. This is the logical fallacy of *idem per idem*.

Another question is, whether the authority of the church is an essential part of the motive of faith, in technical language, the *formale objectum quo*. That is, do I believe a revealed truth because of the veracity of God revealing, *and* the infallibility of the church proposing? If so, I must first know the

true church and submit to its infallible authority, before I can make an act of faith in the truth as revealed by God. This is as much as to say, that only one who is formally and explicitly a Catholic can make an act of faith. For, according to this opinion, a man must believe a certain doctrine to be credible on the veracity of God revealing, *because* the infallible church declares it to be so; and no other reason or motive for regarding it as revealed, and therefore credible, will suffice. The necessary logical conclusion from these premisses is: that the dictum *extra ecclesiam catholicam nulla salus* must be interpreted in the most literal and exclusive sense. Only those who are in formal communion with the visible church, at least in desire and intention if they are unable to be so actually, and baptized infants, can possibly be in the state of grace and in the way of salvation. All other adults are in the state of sin, and if they die out of the church, are reprobates. The multitude of these reprobates must therefore be a very large majority of those who have already lived and died in this world. And, if the spirit of rigorism leads on, as it sometimes does, to the conclusion that the majority of adult Catholics die impenitent, theology assumes a very sombre aspect.

I am not aware that any theologians of recognized authority teach the doctrine just described. But there have been writers in the English language who have done so, and thereby given occasion to grave misrepresentations of the authentic teachings of the church by her adversaries.

Dr. Tanquerey cuts the ground from under this whole fabric of extravagant assumptions, by denying the proposition that the authority of the church is of the essence of the *objectum formale quo* of faith. The object on which the act of faith terminates he explains to be revealed truth, and the motive of faith the veracity of God. The authority of the church is the ordinary and most perfect attestation of the fact and the true sense of revelation. But, no matter how the revealed truth, as revealed, is brought face to face with the intellect, the objective term of an act of faith is present. One may have no explicit knowledge that the Roman Church is the true Church and infallible. He may live and die in the communion of a schismatical or heretical sect. Nevertheless, he may have been validly baptized in his infancy, thus having infused into him the habit of faith; he may have been taught the Creed, become familiar with the divine gospels, kept the commandments, remained always in good faith, and at the close of life may

have died believing and trusting in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. If he has never committed a mortal sin, he cannot have lost baptismal grace. If he has not knowingly and wilfully sinned against faith, he cannot have lost the habit of faith. His inculpable separation from the communion of the church does not render him a schismatic, his inculpable ignorance of a part of the revealed truth does not make him a heretic. He has faith, hope, and charity, he may, perhaps, receive truly and worthily all the Sacraments in some one of the sects which have preserved them all; and he will certainly go to heaven. Now, it has been seriously affirmed by some Catholic writers whose works have had a considerable circulation, that infants baptized and brought up in sects which are separated from Catholic communion, lose the gift of faith and sanctifying grace as soon as they reach the age of reason, because they are incapable of making those acts of faith which are indispensably necessary to salvation. It is not without reason, therefore, that Dr. Tanquerey has refuted this utterly groundless opinion.

The church teaches nothing positive about the relative number of the saved and the lost. There are some whose spirit leads them to magnify the sphere of sin and evil, and to minimize the sphere of divine grace and mercy. Others are disposed to magnify the mercy of God and minimize the amount of evil which is the dark shadow of good in the rational creation. Dr. Tanquerey has none of the spirit of the former class. On the contrary, he is disposed to recognize a large sphere of operation to divine grace outside of its regular and ordinary channels within the domain of the visible church. Of course, then, he will incline to extend its efficacy within the bounds of the church as largely as possible.

In respect to those who are not Christians, he quotes with approbation, among others speaking in the same sense, Gener, who says: "There are not so many reprobates as is commonly asserted; for the Church has *innumerable hidden children*, of whom she will say at the last day: Who hath begotten these? and these where were they? (Is. xlix. 21.)" Concerning adult Christians, Dr. Tanquerey writes: "If it is question of Catholics only, it is commonly taught with Suarez, that even among adults the elect outnumber the reprobate. If it is question of *all Christians*, Catholics, schismatics, and heretics, many hold that the number of the condemned exceeds that of the elect. The contrary opinion, however, seems to us more probable.

For a third part die before the age of reason, and all who are baptized are saved; moreover, there is a sufficient reason for supposing in regard to non-Catholics, that many Protestants and Schismatics are in good faith, who, even if they have fallen into mortal sin, can be reconciled to God by perfect contrition, and also, in the case of schismatics, by receiving absolution, which, at least in the article of death, is valid. Besides, in those things, which are necessary, God never fails to provide, and therefore he will grant them special graces in their last moments by whose aid they may be able to repent; so that there is no hindrance to the salvation of many of them" (vol. i. p. 155, etc.)

It is not so much an estimate of the relative number of those who are admitted into or excluded from the kingdom of heaven that is requisite, in order to vindicate the justice and goodness of God in his final judgments upon men, as a well-supported statement of the principles which regulate those judgments. The most serious of all the objections against Catholic theology is this: that it represents God as leaving a multitude of men under a doom of guilt and misery which they are unable to avoid and from which they cannot escape. It makes no difference with the import of this objection, whether the number of supposed victims of this doom bears a greater or a lesser proportion to the whole number of mankind. And the objection has really more influence on the minds of men, in withholding them from faith, than any difficulties respecting history, chronology, biology, or any similar matters.

Now, Dr. Tanquerey touches the precise point, in the following brief but pregnant sentence:

"*One thing is beyond doubt, to wit, that no adult, even among those who lack Christian faith, will be condemned, unless he has knowingly and wilfully offended against laws known to himself, in a grievous manner*" (p. 155).

Of course, infants are not subject to any judgment at all, being incapable of either merit or demerit, and their final state in eternity is determined by the capacity and exigency of their nature, whether regenerate or unregenerate.

As for all who have actually passed through a state of moral probation, they incur the privation of natural or supernatural felicity only in so far as they have despoiled themselves of the good which they might and should have obtained, by their own free choice of evil; nor is their doom rendered hopeless except by final impenitence.

In regard to the doom of the reprobate, Dr. Tanquerey summarizes the common teaching and arguments of theologians. He maintains the physical reality of the infernal fire, but at the same time excludes every positive doctrine concerning its nature and mode of action from the domain of faith. Wherefore, he gives an admonition to preachers: that "in practice great caution should be used in speaking of the fire of hell, and those horrible descriptions so very often employed by preachers should be carefully avoided, descriptions which, while they terrify some pious believers, cause others to doubt of the existence of hell or to regard God as a cruel tyrant."

The opinion advanced by the celebrated Abbé Emery, formerly superior of the Society of St. Sulpice, that not only are there some sufferings in hell which are accidental and temporary punishments, like those which are endured in purgatory, an opinion favored by St. Thomas; but also that there are intervals of relief from the pain which is a punishment of mortal sin, and a continuous mitigation of the same, finds favor in the eyes of Dr. Tanquerey as more probable than the opposite opinion.

"A transient or successive mitigation can be admitted, in accordance with some Fathers and theologians, a mitigation not indeed due in justice but granted in mercy, by which the lot of the condemned, though always lamentable since they will be for ever separated from God, will become nevertheless more tolerable. For this doctrine is found in a hymn of St. Prudentius formerly sung in many churches,—is allowed by St. Augustine,—is insinuated by St. Chrysostom,—is expressly taught by St. John Damascene,—was proposed by Mark of Ephesus in the name of the Greeks at the Council of Florence and not condemned; moreover it is altogether agreeable to the mercy of God, and admirably shows how that mercy is exercised even in hell. Therefore, such an opinion can be held without hazard to faith, whatever some theologians may have taught to the contrary. (See *Emery*, Dissertation sur la mitigation des peines des damnées)" (vol. ii. p. 398).

In respect to the important question of the Mosaic Cosmogony, the following is Dr. Tanquerey's thesis:

"Nothing certain can be defined from the first chapter of Genesis concerning the order of creation and the Genesiac days, wherefore the various systems excogitated among Catholics for reconciling the Mosaic narrative with natural sciences, can be freely discussed, without danger to faith, so long as the truth of Scripture is firmly held."

In respect to Evolution and Transformism, Dr. Tanquerey's thesis is as follows:

"Mitigated Transformism, although at first sight seemingly opposed to the obvious sense of Scripture, is nevertheless not evidently contrary to faith, but can be maintained as a probable hypothesis, until the church has pronounced a judgment on the matter" (vol. i. pp. 258–272).

In respect to Dr. Mivart's hypothesis on the formation of the human body, Dr. Tanquerey expresses his opinion, in conformity with that of Palmieri, that it is not heretical, although it is *prima facie* opposed to the Mosaic narrative (p. 317).

The use of *hypnotism* he judges to be generally unlawful, but allowable when prudently employed by competent physicians for medical purposes (p. 312).

The foregoing analysis is not complete and exhaustive. It may suffice, however, to give an idea of the spirit, tone, and scope of the work under review.

It is manifest that the author keeps carefully within the limits of the doctrine prescribed or permitted by ecclesiastical authority. Moreover, that he is very sober and moderate in the exercise of his own private judgment upon disputed questions, and not addicted to novel and singular theories. His work is, therefore, eminently safe, is in general a reflex of the common teaching of theologians, and even where it advances beyond the beaten path into ground where the road is not yet so accurately surveyed and laid out, he is careful to avoid any temerarious excursions into by-paths and across lots.

We cannot profess to agree with all the particular opinions advanced by Dr. Tanquerey, and it is morally impossible that any text-book should command universal assent in all its special expositions of matters within the sphere of free opinion, where we have only reasoning and human authority as the motives of assent. We are convinced, after a sufficient examination of Dr. Tanquerey's Theology, that it is an excellent and useful manual to guide students in their researches into this sublime science, and also well adapted to assist the younger clergy in reviewing their course and preparing themselves for examinations and conferences. Its style and method are clear, and its whole construction and arrangement betokens the hand of an experienced teacher of young ecclesiastics, who is not only erudite, but possessed of the talent, cultivated by practice, of imparting his knowledge and fulfilling well the important function of a teacher.

CATHOLIC VERSUS CAWTHOLIC.

By Henry A. Adams.

III.—HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

PEOPLE who rove very much over this little globe of ours forget a great deal more than they remember of the places and things they see. But who ever forgets what he sees on those miracle spots of beauty, the isles of the tropical seas? They come back and come back to one's memory over no matter how many dreary years, like the subtle scent of their own rose gardens.

In a moment one feels it all over again—the nameless yielding to their transcendent charms.

One sees the fleckless blue, the strange, vast clarity, the opalescent gleaming of that wondrous light.

One sees those waters—pulsating mirrors of liquid amethyst, shot here and there with the incessant flashings of the fish, golden and cardinal and blue and silvered green.

One can recall the merest detail of the gardens, and number for you just how many palms stood in the little lane between the high stone walls. And with these memories of the sublime come the ridiculous.

I can remember the various toughnesses of beef, for instance, in the Bermudas and the Bahamas and the West Indies. Cuba in this respect was *facile princeps;* but, then, Cuba made up for it in other ways.

I remember that in Bermuda the asking price of all articles in the little shops was twice the actual fetching price; whereas in Nassau it was invariably four times as great. A dollar sponge in Nassau can be bought for twenty cents—that is, when it cannot be bought for fifteen.

I can never forget Nassau. And among the many, many beauties which the very name brings back, I can best of all remember the religion and the churches of the place.

At the quaint old landing, which is as well the market and the rendezvous (on steamer days), I was asked by about sixty-nine very polite colored gentlemen, if I would drive up to the hotel at a charge as elastic as I afterward found to be the case in the sponge market. An ebony boy with the finest teeth

I had ever seen in my life, and a grin which I defy anybody to resist or forget, held the door of his carriage open, with the remark: "Here I be, boss. You see Charlie *doant* forget." Need I say that I got in? Well, Charlie proved to be worth his weight in—sponge.

Before reaching my hotel I had engaged him to serve me in the capacity of guide during my stay. I was at that time an Anglican calling myself a Catholic, and thoroughly miserable as a result. Nassau has long been more or less dear to the ritualistic heart through the Anglican bishop being a prominent and very saintly advocate of the "advanced" party. Accordingly I regarded my visit to the place somewhat as of the nature of a pilgrimage, and my first thought was of the church.

Charlie was a mighty theologian. At all events he set me to thinking more than once by his inimitably funny comments on the religious life of his native land.

He promised to come for me after dinner, and he did—wondrously washed and starched and decorated with flowers.

"Take me to some Catholic Church that is kept open for prayers," I said to him.

"Does you mean a Catholic Church, boss, or a *Caw*tholic Church?"

He was not joking. I looked at him. He was as serious as if he had not just put a very mountain of controversy in the nutshell of a phrase. He kept blinking his great eyes at me, until the contagion of my burst of laughter had caught his grin. I envied him his two rows of flawless ivories for a moment or two, and then asked him: "What on earth do you mean by Catholic and Cawtholic?" He drew up his gray horse in the shade of some flowering trees, and took off his immense hat as if out of respect for the subject about to be discussed.

"You see, boss, the English Churches is ob two kinds, high and low. Dey calls de high ones *Caw*tholic."

"Exactly," I answered eagerly; "of course they do; but what did you mean by Catholic?"

"Why, boss, deres a *sure enough* Catholic Church—Father Mc's—and we calls dat Catholic."

It was a matter of a broad "a" or a narrow, and yet what a difference!

Our whole party broke out into a storm of merriment at my expense, as I was the only "Cawtholic" present, and, therefore, the only one unable to relish the delicious satire so unconsciously perpetrated by the little ebony imp, as I thought him just then.

Far and near, Charlie conducted us to the churches, and an exceptional bit of church-life that is which one sees in that natural paradise.

Probably nowhere else has the Catholic movement in the Anglican communion found quite such a theatre for its action.

It is unique. First of all, that bugbear of a ritualist, a bishop who is not "sound," is not present in the tight little island diocese.

On the contrary, the bishop is one of those singularly holy and learned men who were the fruit of that deep spiritual movement in England forty years ago, and which led its choicest to the logical length of submission to the Holy See.

Such a man has naturally surrounded himself with a clergy to whom self-sacrifice and the Faith mean all.

And, however much the Catholic may and must deplore the absence from such a work of the vitalizing essence of communion with the One Living Body, who can but see that the English affectation of "Cawtholic" is making and will make, in God's good way, for the truth.

Charlie, for example, was brought up in one of the outlying parishes there in Nassau—a Cawtholic. But when we knew him (some fifteen years of age) he was preparing for his First Communion in the Catholic Church. His family had been converted the preceding winter. And what had they previously been taught? Much which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health.

One remembers, as I said, much that one sees in those wonderful dream islands of the blue-gold South. How well I now recall our Charlie's rector. I noticed him before the steamer was made fast to the pier. The visage and the carriage of a saint. He was attired in a coarse cassock girded at the waist, and his deep black eyes looking from the shadow of a broad pilgrim's hat, and the long white beard, gave him the very likeness of those old monks one sees in the more quiet corners of the Grande Chartreuse.

We watched him as he moved like a father and a friend among the motley crowd of English and of blacks.

His church is in a distant and despised suburb; but for us now it best will illustrate our point.

Fancy a long, low church, of white calcareous stone, covered with flowering vines, and lying deep among the dense perpetual shadows of palms and oleanders and fruit trees. Quite by itself, save for a cluster of mean, poor little houses, homes of this pastor's flock. There is a large, plain cross above

the tiny belfry, and cut into a marble slab above the door a simple exhortation to remember death and the soul and God.

The door is never locked. Enter it. A Catholic would find it hard to say what in this church was lacking.

The simple but most scrupulously tended altar has its large crucifix and countless candles.

A tiny lamp before the Tabernacle speaks of a Presence. About the plain white walls are hung rude painted Stations of the Cross, and even as we watch, an aged colored woman is "making" them devoutly.

The old care-taker tells us that there is "daily Mass," and there are evidences that Holy Water and the Confessional are known and used.

Here, with the simplicity of some Breton *curé*, the pious clergyman teaches poor negro children their Our Father, their Creed, and their Hail Mary!

They learn the virtues which build up character, and grow into strong, clear conceptions of God and life. And yet—

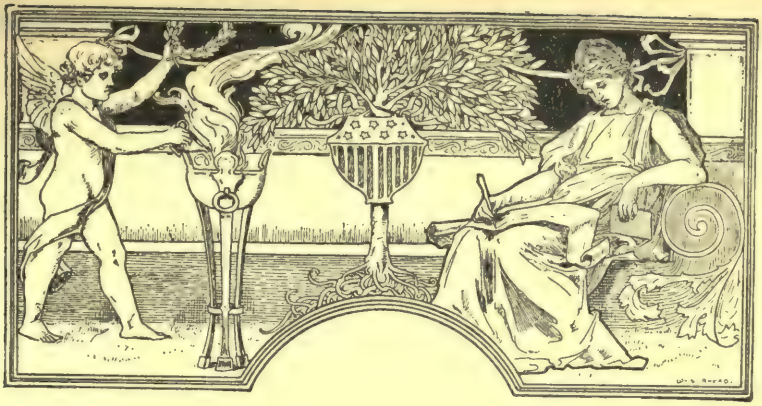
Yes, how a Catholic can see it! And yet they lack the one great Fact of all!

So, close to it the ever watchful, sleepless mother of all souls, has built *her* altar and put her priest to witness for that Fact that is the difference between Catholic and Cawtholic. And Charlie and Charlie's people are learning that difference now.

If to the Anglican zealot I then was that little island church with its so great peculiarities furnished so much for study and for most anxious questioning, certainly to us, as Catholics, the meaning of the movement in the English Church must for some years to come invite the closest scrutiny.

In possession as she is of the vast fabric of the Establishment, and capable of deep spiritual results, as witness Nassau and ten thousand quiet corners where souls grow, surely a communion which, as she grows in life, approaches nearer and nearer to Catholic truth, must call from the Catholic student of history the glorious hope that the approximation toward similarity may result in vital union and return to Catholicity.

Abiding charity and unflinching steadfastness may yet transform this bleak and rugged world of ours into a "garden of the Lord" fairer than are the islands of the tropic seas, where under the broad shadow of the truth all men may know him as he is and hold alike the one and only faith without so much as the distinction of a broad accent. *Spes mea!*



DULCE IN UTILE.

By Paul O'Connor.

SMALL is the profit where no pleasure lies
To lure the mind along the page of thought;
If pleasure leap not in the poring eyes,
Poor profit's best endeavor falls to naught.
The heart and mind, co-operating, tend,
In mutual ray reciprocally bright,
To perfect purpose; soul and body blend
Not more harmoniously, or day and night,
Than profit and the promptings of delight.

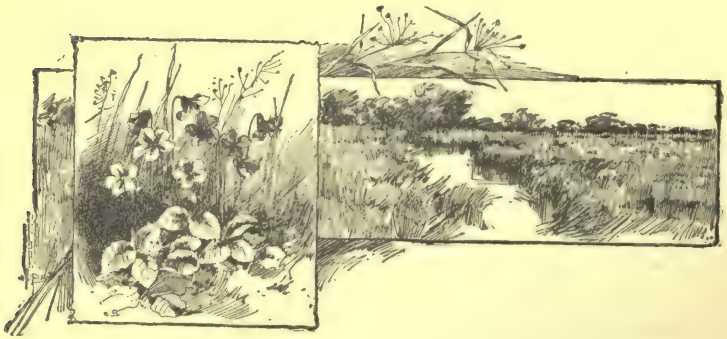
Of pleasure robbed, see how the mind's dim orb,
Like eve's dull beam o'er darkening moor and hill,
Scarce conscious of the sense it would absorb,
Droops as it flies, or soars uncertain still,
In all the weakness of unaided will;
Or if a wandering beam it chance to note
Along the dim skies of its mental night,
Mounts not the wings on which its beauties float.
But give it pleasure—how the wakeful sight,
Alive to every beam obscured before,
Sweeps sunward on the pinions of delight!
Dull effort ceases, and, its languor o'er,
As dew-bejewelled larks ascend the skies,
Into the mind the beaming beauties soar,
Perspicuous to the receiving eyes,
Revealing other beauties as they rise.

For, skilled to catch the hidden sense within
The darkened page o'er which dull effort pined,
Pleasure is profit's parent, yet its twin;
Sees at a glance the truth it seeks to find,
And leaves enduring impress on the mind.

O Memory! thou mirror of the brain,
Reflecting every image in life's sun!
What but for pleasure were thy smiling train,
Thy trophies intellectually won?
Dim Recollection! groping in the dark,
Thy lamp still fed by Memory's sputtering oil!
What but for pleasure were thy shining mark?—
Pleasure! which strews while profit strips the soil,
And only lack of which makes labor toil.

But dulness is the gaoler of the mind,
Locking the portals effort fain would ope;
And all endeavor, without pleasure, blind,
Doomed, rayless still, in noon's bright beam to grope,
Grasps but to lose, each struggle but a strain
Born of the froth of the fermenting brain.

Let then this rule direct the studious mind,
Aspiring still to learning's quiet fame:
To study only when the heart's inclined,
Avoiding moments when its mood is tame;
When pleasure kindles, profit shares the flame.



THE PULLMAN STRIKE COMMISSION.

By Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P.

THE commission appointed by the President to inquire into the causes of the strike at Chicago and the conditions accompanying it has furnished its report. It recommends the creation of a permanent strike commission to deal with disputes between railroads and their employees. However, the value of this recommendation seems to be greatly impaired by a statement in what lawyers would call the matter of inducement immediately preceding the recommendation. It is stated as the opinion of many—and the commission apparently endorses it—that while the employer can be readily made to pay under an arbitration decision more than is, or than he thinks is, right, the employee cannot practically be made to work. It draws a distinction then between railroads and other employers as a reason for holding that the former may be justly subjected to the jurisdiction of what, in plain terms, seems to be nothing more than a one-sided tribunal.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION THE BEST SAFEGUARD.

Upon the whole we are inclined to think the report a valuable one, and its recommendations very far from deserving the strictures so freely lavished by the press. In dealing with it we shall avoid, as far as possible, topics of a controversial character and suggestions of a purely experimental character. The question is one of very great complexity, but by attending to some main characteristics, and putting aside circumstances that are merely accidental, we hope to show that compulsory arbitration is the true solution of the difficulties between railway companies and their servants.

A TREMENDOUS "COMBINE."

It is seldom we can obtain so much and such reliable information as we possess concerning the strike at Chicago. We have a pretty exhaustive account of the position of the different parties to the controversy, their resources, their modes of action, and their temper. We find that, over and above the

ordinary strain of relations between labor and capital, we have the capitalist a monopolist—nay more, a league of monopolists banded against the public and every interest that in any way might come in collision with them. In a word, the battle of the Pullman Company was fought by an association of twenty-four railroads "centring or terminating in Chicago"; so that the wealth of this tremendous combination was for the time employed in giving a crushing defeat to labor.

THE REPORT A GREAT STATE PAPER.

As might be readily enough anticipated, the strike was a failure. The report finds that it was injudicious, and in so far as it involved labor interests different from those of the Pullman employees, injurious to those interests. This finding should be regarded, we submit, as evidence of the impartiality of the commission; but the press, to a very great extent and by very considerable organs, denounces the tribunal as if it were no more than a working-man's committee, and its report a labor pamphlet in the guise of a state paper. It is, on the contrary, a state paper of importance, and deserving of the careful consideration of the government and legislature of the Union and of every State belonging to it. It is no excuse for the hostile opinion of so many newspapers that the commission finds the employees had a grievance and that the attitude of the Pullman Company was hard and unsympathetic. We do not see, indeed, that it could come to any other conclusion as to the company's tone and temper having regard to the evidence of Mr. Wickes, its second vice-president. This gentleman declared that they would not treat with their men as members of any union. "We treat with them as individuals and as men," he continued, as if this should settle the merits of the question for good and all. When, however, the commission suggested that a man of his ability would have an advantage over the individual workman, Mr. Wickes complacently replied that that would be the latter's "misfortune"; but in any case the company would have nothing to do with the organizations of their employees, and this in its naked insolence or beauty was the pith and marrow of his evidence.

A MONSTROUS OUTGROWTH OF THE STATE.

It is not too much to say that the evidence taken by the commission, the disclosures then made, and their relations to each other, show a state within the state in some respects more

powerful than any State of the Union. So far as we know, the government of every State, from ocean to ocean, from Canada to the Gulf, reflects the sentiments of the majority of the citizens within it. Whenever an executive runs counter to the popular will, the power it used or abused is taken away. The verdict of the electorate may be wrong and capricious, or sound and deliberate; but it is theirs, and their servants must abide by it. But any single railway company, by sheltering itself in a conspiracy with others, seems able to trample upon thousands of citizens who are its employees, and to disregard the rights of millions of citizens who may have the misfortune to travel or send goods along its road; and this although the very company owes everything to the state, to the powers conferred by the state, the concessions, the grants of land made by the state; although, in a word, from beginning to end, from top to bottom, from side to side, it is the creature of the state.

TERRITORIAL WEALTH OF THE RAILWAYS.

The question has gone beyond the dispute between the Pullman Company and its men. Divested of extraneous circumstances it amounts to this: Is a combination of railroads to be at liberty to use the privileges and resources granted by the public against the public interests? The twenty-four railroads fought the battle of capital on that occasion, and they may fight against the interests of passengers and consignors of goods on the next. Whoever has a dispute with one must reckon on the twenty-four. No resources of an individual could contend against such wealth. There is nothing to prevent the whole railway system of the United States from entering into a league as well as the Chicago roads. What would that mean? It is estimated that up to 1883, 255,000,000 of acres were granted to railway companies by Congress and the States. To more than one company belts of land eighty miles wide were granted, to others belts of forty miles wide. The Atlantic and Pacific Company owns a belt eighty miles wide extending across New Mexico and Arizona to near the Pacific.

If deduction from the grants be allowed on account of forfeitures, still it is estimated that the area of the lands remaining in the hands of the companies is twice and a half the total area of Great Britain and Ireland. If we take the grants as they originally stood, we find them bestowing estates greater in extent than the Empire of Austro-Hungary, together with the Kingdom of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, and greater than the Empire of Germany combined with Italy,

Portugal, Greece, and the Republic of Switzerland.* The thirteen original States of the Union comprised a territory one-fifth less than the grants originally made to the companies, and the lands retained by the companies are very nearly as extensive as the same thirteen States.†

LEGALITY OF THE APPOINTMENT OF A COMMISSION.

In his letter appointing the commission the President names the Illinois Central as one of the two companies whose controversies with their men were to be part of the subject of investigation. The *Sun* declares the appointment was illegal. We apprehend that the President knew the power conferred upon him by the statute under the authority of which he sent forth the letter constituting the court of inquiry; so we shall pass from this to call attention to the fact that the first grant of land by Congress was made to the company just mentioned. If there were an analogy between a royal charter granting a franchise for public purposes and the grants conferred by the United States on railway companies, then as no one could seriously contend that a *quo warranto* might not issue to be argued in the case of the crown grant as to whether the conditions of the charter had been observed or broken, so we think there might independently of any statute be a show of equity on the part of the President in appointing the commission in question. What are the facts?

Public traffic had been stopped, or at least greatly impeded; the whole police force of Chicago had been withdrawn from its ordinary duties to occupy the premises of railway companies, a civil and military force besides of eleven thousand men had been engaged in preserving order and protecting property; and all this array of force, as well as the disorder which rendered it necessary, had sprung from the action of corporations created and endowed by the state; so we can only say, if the President had no power to institute an inquiry in order to fix the responsibility, that the United States is behind every government in the world.

DANGEROUS CHARACTER OF THE RAILWAY COMBINATION.

There was clearly a grave responsibility somewhere. We do not suggest that Congress can be charged with apathy or indifference because those railway companies have acquired a dangerous power by their combination. But it seems strange that they may cause a civil war and its attendant loss whenever they seek to increase profits or prevent the reduction of them at the

* Denslow, *Economic Philosophy.* † Ibid.

expense of their employees. There must be found some means to control action leading to such consequences.

THE REMEDY PROPOSED.

With the report of the commission before them the public cannot be ignorant of the dangerous possibilities in store for the country. They know the mischiefs; it remains to apply the remedy. But first the remedy must be found, the newspapers say. The most favorable deny that a real remedy is suggested by the commission. They contend that what stands for one is so obviously unjust as to be impracticable. Others maintain that even if there were an equal power in the tribunal with regard to the parties before it, still the decisions could not be enforced. The meaning of this is that the compulsory fixing of wages would destroy a number of enterprises; while, on the other hand, to use the language of the report itself, to compel employees "to obey tribunals in selling their labor would be a dangerous encroachment upon the inherent inalienable right to work or quit as they please."

As we have said, that opinion is the weak part in the recommendation, and it could not escape the criticism of friends and enemies alike. The latter could ring the changes over the novel experiment of an unilateral tribunal constituted to confiscate the property of one class for the benefit of another; and this tribunal would necessarily fluctuate in the character of its blood-letting according as, with the changes in its *personnel*, it happened to be more or less favorable to capital. The friends of the working-man sneered at the recommendation on the ground that it was not intended to be acted upon, while they admitted that to some extent the ventilation of this particular phase of the great and far-reaching labor question might be of value.

WEAK ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

It is difficult to realize the absence of responsibility with which important organs of opinion approached the question. It is charged that the commissioners entered upon a field of inquiry not included in the scope of the reference in order to give themselves a factitious importance; it is even charged that they recommended the permanent board of three—their own number—as a means of providing for themselves at the expense of the state. All this is discouraging. When we look for light and leading in the press we discover only confusion, contradiction, malice, folly.

We take the question seriously for the benefit of all parties.

Let the papers say the commission is hollow, unreal—a mockery; but what paper will deny the reality of the rioting, burning, and plundering at Chicago? deny that lives were lost? that the State troops were called out, and the troops of the United States? Is it a dream that five thousand extra deputy marshals were employed and two hundred and fifty extra deputy sheriffs? that nearly six hundred arrests were made by the police, and that indictments were found against seventy-one persons? That number of indictments a century ago in England would afford the title of Bloody Assizes to the assize at which they might be tried.

THE REPORT REALLY MODERATE.

We think the report of the commission a singularly temperate document when we consider the facts upon which it was based. If it errs at all, it does so on the side of moderation. It is more in the nature of a plea than of a judgment, a plea for consideration towards the weak—for justice towards the weak. Its very moderation, its deprecatory tone, is the strongest condemnation of the hard and tyrannical character of the Pullman methods and of the astounding insolence of the twenty-four railway companies. Every offer of conciliation proposed on behalf of the men before the strike was decided upon was rejected. There was nothing to arbitrate, was the invariable reply of the companies to proposals for arbitration. Yet the commission finds that the reduction of wages was excessive, and expresses the very significant opinion that if the Pullman Company had abated the rents payable by their workmen for the tenements occupied by them the strike might have been averted.

VERBAL SUBTERFUGES.

The company is the landlord of their workmen. They say that they don't compel their workmen to become their tenants; but it requires very little penetration to see that there must be a moral coercion when the workmen believe that their chance of retaining employment very materially depends upon whether they are tenants or not. No one can entertain the slightest doubt but that the position of landlord of rooms in the vicinity of the workman's place of labor deprives the latter of all freedom of choice as to his abode. Besides, the company erected the houses for their workmen, and, surely, it was with the certainty that they would be occupied. It appears from the evidence that the rent was higher by twenty-five per cent. than for the same kind of accommodation in Chicago or elsewhere. The contention of the company that they were entitled to keep

the question of rent distinct from that of wages may be legally sound, but in substance the relation of both was inseparable. It was a form of the infamous truck system by which workmen used to be so grievously oppressed both in England and in this country.

CAPITALIST MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Yet the *Sun* describes the commission as "three representatives of a Populistic President," and their report or themselves—it is not clear which—"an outrageous violation of a national statute"; while the *Evening Post*, from the serene air of an Epicurean Olympus, informs us that the "best citizens" rejoiced with a great joy because "the implacable Pullman and the hard-hearted managers refused to arbitrate." The latter paper calls the report "a travesty," and informs us that the recommendation referred to above is "too absurd to be credible." Of course we do not pretend to know what this *aristos* of the pen means by the phrase "best citizens"—we have been frequently amused by the ardent championship of class privileges and the lordly contempt for the proletariat written in some garret of London or Dublin—but whoever "the best citizens" may be, we pity them if the gentleman of the *Post* expresses their sentiments correctly. Something more germane to the matter is the practicability of arbitration with or without the clog which the commission has tied to it, and we think we can show that it is the way out of the difficulty.

THE DOCTRINE OF STATE SUPREMACY.

The commission has laid stress on the fact that railway companies are the creatures of the state, and seems to infer that where the interests of the great army of railway employees are involved the state is entitled to step in to protect them. There is nothing novel in the doctrine implied in this inference. Not a government in Europe but has asserted its right to control the administration of public funds vested in private corporations. European states have gone farther: they have extinguished such private corporations for breaches of trust, or when their mode of action or their existence was deemed a danger to the state. The proposal of the commission goes no farther than arbitration as to wages. For this there is a precedent in the fair-rent clauses of the Irish Land Act of 1881. Labor organizations in England have asked the Duke of Devonshire's commission to apply that principle to the adjustment of wages disputes in that country.

AUTOMATIC SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES.

There fairly working schemes of voluntary arbitration are employed in various industries. We take, *e.g.*, the Durham collieries; and we find that for "the settlement of disputes an official relationship exists between the Durham Coal Owners' and Miners' Associations." These bodies jointly deal with (1) local questions and (2) county or general questions by a constitution which provides for questions of the former kind by a committee of six elected representatives of the owners and six representatives of the men. The county court judge of Durham is the chairman of the committee and has a casting vote on all points of dispute. The general or county questions of wages and hours of work are considered between the federation board, consisting of representatives of the miners, mechanics, enginemen, and cokemen, and a special committee of the Owners' Association. This federation board sometimes deals with serious local disputes.* We find a similar system in Cleveland, in Northumberland, in South Wales, and generally equivalents to the system elsewhere.

THE ARGUMENT FOR COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

What has been just mentioned concerning the mining industry is applicable to other industries. At the same time there is a feeling in favor of compulsory arbitration, because where the men are imperfectly organized the owners are stubborn and impracticable. One cannot help seeing that the attitude of the capitalist everywhere is naturally harsh and exacting, while that of the workman, as a rule, is conciliatory and liberal. This contrast runs through the passages of the commission's report which refer to the position taken by the men and that of the employers. For this the report is severely criticised by the newspapers, as if in offering the result before it the commission betrayed a bias in favor of labor.

But the case in favor of compulsory arbitration between railroads and their employees has not been presented with its full force in what we have been saying hitherto. The newspapers in reviewing the report referred to railway companies as if they were private capitalists in no way different from a small shopkeeper or small farmer. The report dealt with them mainly as public or quasi-public bodies. We suggest that they must be treated as the owners of monopolies granted by the state, and therefore controllable by public policy. The nearest parallel to their position is that of the French seigneur before the Revo-

* *Royal Commission on Labor.* Vol. i.: Mining. P. 59. Presented to Parliament April, 1892.

lution, the Irish landlord before the act of 1881. It was in the power of both of these to turn their estates into chases, if they preferred hunting to rent. Whole country-sides have been depopulated in Ireland in obedience to the clamor of certain political economists who thought beef and mutton more productive, more in the nature of wealth, than agriculture and the hands it employed.

THEORIES OF INDEFEASIBLE RIGHT IN MONOPOLY.

Those monopolists of the old world land-system believed themselves above all law; accountable to no one for the innumerable hearts they broke, lives they withered, crimes they caused. A curious illustration of the mad selfishness of these men is witnessed in a petition presented by the landlords of the counties adjacent to London against the opening of roads because it would interfere with their vested right to a monopoly of the metropolitan supply.* There is something as blind and brutal in the action of the associated railroads in the case before us.

CONCLUSION.

This paper has already gone beyond the space we may fairly claim. We shall now conclude. All political economists recognize that the circle of man's wants is susceptible of indefinite extension. Whoever calls to mind Cooper's Indians, and at the same time thinks of an Athenian of the age of Pericles, or an educated artisan of New York to-day, will realize how much education has to do with awakening wants. It is as much a part of the business of education to provide for such wants as to awaken them. Whatever stands in the way of such supply is an obstacle to the material purpose of education; whether it be an European landlord of the evil past or a conspiracy of American railroads it is equally a public enemy. The comforts of life, with leisure to read, to cultivate in some degree a taste for the fine arts, to enjoy the best productions of genius as exhibited on the stage, these are among the wants of modern civilization which every working-man of good character has a title to satisfy. These are quasi-necessities which economists must recognize upon their own principles. But even more than these should be within the reach of men employed by the great corporations of the country. They should be enabled to provide for an annual holiday for themselves and their families in order to admire the fairness of this earth of ours, in the woods, waters, mountains; and, while gaining a fresh store of health, acquire an appreciation of the lines of beauty which God has drawn upon the world he created for man.

* Senior's *Political Economy.*

ROME VIA ENGLAND.

By Marion Ames Taggart.

BOSTON is a city of ideas. They spring up beside the Charles as rushes around other rivers, and radiate from the gilded dome of the State-House as from the helmet of Pallas Athene. Indeed, it is well known that as soon after the destruction of the Acropolis as circumstances would permit the goddess made her headquarters on that same dome as a convenient point from which to distribute ideas to the dwellers around.

Close to the State-House, straight up the "long mall" in the Common, and a short distance northward, stood a sombre house, the home of the Hamiltons. In this mansion the ideas rife in the atmosphere found a shelter and fostering care.

Mr. Hamilton had been a tall, visionary man, with a high white forehead and far-away blue eyes. He had in his youth been imbued with the views of Channing and early Unitarianism, and had become an ardent Emersonian. Later he left the teachers of earlier days, and adopted German mysticism and a gentle atheism, that was discordant with his favorite theory of the ultimate preponderance of soul in the universe, and his unceasing investigation of the influence of soul upon soul, independent of, and superior to, the aid of the body.

Mrs. Hamilton was an entire contrast to her husband, and her ideas had travelled in precisely opposite directions. In her youth rationalism had possession of her, chemistry and geology had been her passion, and John Stuart Mill her prophet. She became a rabid abolitionist in due season, and after the war substituted an interest in tenements for science, and a study of the effect of improved sanitary condition of the race for that of rocks and gases. After her husband's death she revived the Puritanism of her ancestors, united the saving of souls of the poorer classes with her improvements in their sewerage, and, slavery being abolished, turned her attention to the African on his native shore, where she proposed imbuing him with Calvinism, encouraged thereto doubtless by the warmth of his climate.

Somehow, among these ideas crowding his home a little boy

managed to grow up, and his naturally precocious mind developed rapidly in the invigorating atmosphere. His father had died when he was too young to imbibe his views; but he had inherited enough of his mystical nature to prevent him from sympathizing with his mother, from whom, on the other hand, he had too much practical common sense to follow his father's steps.

Between these conflicting influences Ernest developed ideas of his own, and in his twenty-fifth year presented in the old house a third, and in that family quite new, phase of thought, which took the form of ardent ritualism.

The Church of the Approach was near where the Hamiltons lived. It was ministered to by a kind of religious order that lived in something not unlike a cloister, and wore in the street a habit with a large silver cross on the breast, that with their flowing capes commanded attention.

Among the young men of their congregation there was no one that they valued more highly than Ernest Hamilton, whose birth, education, and qualities of mind and heart made him an important auxiliary.

There had been a slight falling off in his fervor that was observed by his mother with satisfaction. "He will settle down to a common-sensed, ordinary Christian by the time he is thirty," she thought.

The truth was, there were two facts that gave Ernest great uneasiness. One was, that though he had a firm faith in the Real Presence in the Eucharist himself, of his Episcopalian friends none save some of his fellow-communicants of the Church of the Approach shared his belief. It was a source of actual pain to him that, with the exception of a very few, all the members of the "Anglo-Catholic Church" "ate and drank unworthily, not discerning the Body of the Lord."

The other cause of disquiet was closely allied to this one; it was the great diversity of opinion entertained by his friends, who were all under the same bishop. These two disturbing thoughts intruded themselves frequently, and cooled Ernest's ardor a little. He strove to banish them, telling himself that he must be patient and suffer with the church; at the same time he could not help perceiving that unless by "the Church" he meant the Church of the Approach, she did not suffer at all.

He was dressing one evening to go to Miss Hardy's when these annoying thoughts presented themselves more vigorously than usual. Miss Hardy was a great friend of his; a kindly,

agreeable lady of thirty-five, young enough to be a pleasant companion for a young man, yet old enough to be a safe one. She had invited a friend of whom she was very fond—Miss Hardy was subject to violent affections—to pass the winter with her, and it was in honor of the arrival of this friend that she had sent a few invitations for that first evening of Isabel Durand's presence in her house.

Miss Durand was much younger than her hostess, younger in fact than Ernest himself, and she was a Catholic; "Romanist" Ernest called her in his cogitations, and it was owing to this latter fact that the thoughts he strove to banish came to him so forcibly that evening.

At Miss Hardy's house one always met the pleasantest people, and her circle was almost entirely composed of Episcopalians; but they were of such divers sorts, high, low, and broad churchmen, as well as ritualists, that animated discussions frequently took place between them, and Ernest foresaw the probability of their renewal with the addition of a Catholic to help them on. Hence, as he gave a final touch to his necktie and turned off the gas, he walked away with the painful sense of disunion among his fellow-churchmen unusually keen.

On arriving at his destination and being presented to Miss Durand, Ernest found her so different from his preconception of her that he had a confused impression of being introduced to the wrong person. As he had opportunity he discovered that, though her features were regular and beautiful, she possessed more than that, the indescribable something that makes what we call a charming woman. There was a womanly tenderness in her clear brown eyes, but Ernest saw in them too a gleam of humor, the traces of which he distinguished again in the lines of her sweet curving lips.

There was no other young man present besides himself, a fact to which his hostess called his attention as she stood resting her hand on the back of her young friend's chair.

"I have been very good to you to-night, do you know, Ernest?" said Miss Hardy laughingly, "in giving you of all my young men friends the chance to know Isabel first. She will be very much sought after when they find her out; she always is, and you have the chance to make her believe you a pleasanter fellow than any who may come later."

Miss Durand raised her eyes and laughed frankly. "You see, Mr. Hamilton," she said in a clear, sweet voice, "what a delightful winter Miss Hardy prophesies for me. But no matter

what efforts you make I shall not form an opinion till I have seen the others."

"Unaffected, and not at all self-conscious," was Ernest's mental comment as he answered: "I give you my word of honor, Miss Durand, that Miss Hardy knows no one who can compare with me, and I am sure I have had more opportunities for judging than you can ever have."

There were only half a dozen people in Miss Hardy's bright little drawing-room that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Townshend were her cousins. Mr. Townshend, a lawyer of considerable eminence, was considered a successful advocate of everything save his own domestic authority, his energetic little wife ruling his household, himself included, with a rod of iron, and governing her deposed lord in things temporal and eternal, from his neckties, which she always bought, to his religion, in which he meekly accepted her low-church Episcopalianism.

Mr. Lowton, Miss Hardy's other guest that evening, was an Episcopal minister of the old school, who had formed his ideas before ritualism had come to the fore, and adhered to them with a comfortable scorn of later notions. He had been a friend of Miss Hardy's father, and was a loud-voiced, cheerful old gentleman, dearly loving a good story and a good dinner, upon whom Ernest was inclined to bestow a sacerdotal dignity not at all claimed by the worthy man, and which, in fact, rather annoyed him.

As the evening wore on, after Miss Durand had sung to them in a pathetic contralto voice some of the Schubert songs, Mr. Lowton, who loved music but preferred English songs of sentiment, or, better still, old English glees, had taken possession of the singer and was telling her eagerly of the time when he heard Jenny Lind, and how, when quite a young lad, he had heard Malibran in Italian opera in New York.

Ernest found himself seated by Miss Hardy, a little apart from the others; he was singularly sensitive to music, and after such as he had heard his nerves were always quivering, and conversation difficult. Miss Hardy was embroidering religious emblems on a white cloth in gold thread.

"How beautiful that is, Miss Hardy," said Ernest, bending forward to examine one corner of the work. "What is it to be?"

"It is a part of our new altar-cloths. There will be an entirely new set this Christmas," answered Miss Hardy.

"Mr. Lowton," exclaimed Mrs. Townshend, in her clear, de-

cided voice, "have you heard that some of the ladies of our congregation have subscribed for, and are making a complete set of vestments, with which they propose adorning our choir? And Mr. Bland has actually accepted them!"

"So I'm told, so I'm told," said Mr. Lowton, smiling and stroking the broadcloth knee that was uppermost above the other.

"It is quite true, and I am dreadfully vexed," the energetic little woman went on. "I have been to that church since I was a child; it has always been low, and it is very trying to see such a change made; Mr. Bland should not have allowed it. One of my friends says she will leave the church, but I am not prepared to carry my disapproval so far at first. If Mr. Bland should go too far, though, I certainly should leave. In that case I should come to you, Mr. Lowton, which of course would be pleasant; but it is inconveniently far, and besides one becomes attached to the church one was brought up in."

"Don't borrow trouble, Mrs. Townshend," Mr. Lowton said, still smiling. "Bland will never go too far."

"Well, Emma, what possible objection can you have to the vestments?" began Miss Hardy.

"Plenty," said Mrs. Townshend with perfect decision. "It is useless to talk to you, Alicia, for we never agree, but I am an old-fashioned churchwoman, and I am very much annoyed with Mr. Bland."

"Pardon me for the suggestion, Mrs. Townshend," said Ernest gently, "but doesn't it seem to you that we have to submit to our superiors?"

Isabel Durand turned on him eyes of amused wonder.

"Look here, my dear Hamilton," broke in Mr. Lowton, as though feeling himself indirectly attacked. "You good people are very inconsistent. You talk more about obedience to religious superiors than any of us, yet how many of your religious superiors approve of you, do you think? Why, in the old bishop's time—you remember the old bishop?"

"Yes, certainly; he confirmed me," said Ernest.

"Just so. Well, he was notoriously a low-churchman; disliked, utterly discountenanced, in fact, all the ornamentation and ritualism of the Church of the Approach. Now, I know that one Easter they trimmed everything, as usual, as much like a Roman Catholic church as they could, and in the afternoon, when the bishop came to confirm, they stripped the whole thing till it was like any other Episcopal church. What do you think of that?"

Ernest looked troubled. "I suppose," he said slowly, "that was, in itself, deference to a superior."

Mr. Lowton laughed. "They had a ritualistic morning out of deference to themselves and a plain afternoon out of deference to the bishop and the majority of churchmen. No, my dear fellow, you do not like it yourself."

"It certainly is a pity," Ernest said. "I regret such necessities more than I can say."

"It is trying," said Miss Hardy, "but such things are not usual. Obedience on one side and compromise on the other will gradually mend matters."

"Obedience to compromise!" exclaimed Mr. Lowton. "My dear Alicia, you get into dreadful tangles. Just let me tell you what happened in—well, in a city of this Union," Mr. Lowton went on, with the intense enjoyment of a joke, even against himself, which he always betrayed. "It happened there was as low-church a bishop as our old one was, and as ritualistic a church as your own Approach. The bishop was present one Sunday morning, and as he objected strongly to the procession at best, he begged Father—I won't mention names—he begged the rector at least to leave the cross behind the door. 'Certainly, bishop,' said the rector. 'Anything to oblige you. Only you know we shall have to alter the hymn to suit, and instead of singing, With the cross of Jesus going on before, we shall have to sing: With the cross of Jesus left behind the door.' And he'd have done it, sir," cried Mr. Lowton with a laugh that made the room ring, "but the bishop told him to carry the cross."

Miss Durand, after her first shocked exclamation at the free use of a name that she never mentioned without Catholic reverence, laughed too. "It is very funny," she said.

"Funny!" exclaimed Ernest with no slight annoyance. "I cannot say I find it so. However, it may never have happened."

"I give you my word that one of the choristers present when it was said told it me," said Mr. Lowton.

"Oh! I knew that you believed it, sir," said Ernest with perhaps, a temptation to satire. "But even if it be true it proves nothing."

"It illustrates that obedience to superiors is not revived with imitations of monastic life," said Mr. Lowton more gravely, "and that these things are not an expression of the feeling of our church. I am much kinder to her than you, my dear boy,

when I do not make such claims for her, but take her as I find her, transplanted and flourishing as the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. Those things are not Protestant, my dear fellow."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Miss Hardy, while Ernest said quickly:

"Pray do not use that word, my dear sir; we are not Protestants."

"Pardon me, but I am," answered Mr. Lowton, "and you make me a double-dyed one. I protest against the Church of Rome—saving your presence, Miss Durand—and against the people within our pale who strive to hold an impossible position mid-way between."

"We are the Catholic Church," said Miss Hardy, breaking her silk in the vehemence of the twitch she gave it.

"With all my heart," said Mr. Lowton, "but nevertheless we are Protestants."

"Not that, Mr. Lowton," said Ernest. "We lament Rome's errors, but we are not Protestants."

"And Rome is greatly obliged to you!" said Mr. Lowton. "She laughs at your talk of union, and denies our orders. Here is a young lady looking amused, who considers me no more a clergyman than a Baptist preacher. Eh! do you deny my orders, Miss Durand?"

"I never enter into controversy, Mr. Lowton," said Isabel smiling. "I have neither the taste nor necessary knowledge. However, I deny them, certainly. The question of orders is of secondary importance. The Greek Church has orders, you know. That the English Church is out of communion with Peter's See is enough. This very disunion you lament is the result of being cut off from the centre of unity."

Mrs. Townshend exclaimed: "Have we a female Jesuit among us? She disclaims all controversial powers, and then proceeds to cut us; Alicia, you are harboring a serpent."

Miss Durand laughed gaily. "If all serpents waited to be invited to sting before they showed their fangs, what delightful forests we should have," she said.

"You surely do not look upon us as heretics, Miss Durand?" said Ernest anxiously. "Think how in all essential points we are one with Rome."

Isabel shook her head, "I really dislike to speak at all, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "Catholics rest so firmly on infallibility that we are often reproached for indifference by those who do

not understand our peaceful security. It seems to me, however that far from being one with us in essential points you do not even agree together."

"In essential points? Oh, yes!" cried Ernest.

Isabel looked at him pityingly. "Unless the ritualists form a sect by themselves," she said, "you certainly disagree in points of vital importance. Baptismal regeneration, the Real Presence; these two alone are enough, but there are many more."

"Oh! we believe that baptism is necessary for salvation," said Miss Hardy.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Townshend, "I believe nothing of the sort."

"No," said Mr. Townshend, speaking for the first time. "An idea worthy of the dark ages."

"Well," said Mr. Lowton gravely, "I believe baptism is in a sense regeneration; yet I do not believe it is necessary for salvation." Ernest's face clouded; he looked appealingly at Isabel, who smiled at him with sympathy for the distress he showed.

"As to the Real Presence," Mr. Lowton continued, "I think it is monstrous and deny it utterly."

"Of course," assented Mr. Townshend.

"I believe it firmly," said Miss Hardy eagerly.

"I believe," said Mrs. Townshend slowly, "something I cannot define, and in this one respect I differ from the majority of low-church people, who totally deny, as a rule, like Mr. Lowton. I do not believe in the Real Presence literally, like Alicia and Mr. Hamilton, yet I believe we receive Christ more than spiritually. In fact," she said reverently, and with lowered voice, "I think no one can define what we believe on that awful point."

"I believe the Lord's Supper to be a commemorative Christian feast," said Mr. Lowton, "perfectly easy to define clearly. I believe the bread and wine to be merely bread and wine, and I never have any compunction or anxiety about what is done with any that may remain."

Ernest gave a genuine shudder. "You make me wish Miss Durand were right and you had not orders," he cried in tones that trembled. "If I thought all you say were true I would go over to Rome to-morrow." Silence followed this outburst for a moment.

"My dear Ernest," Mr. Lowton said, "that would be a fatal misstep certainly, so fatal that I say a very strong thing when

I tell you that it would be more logical than staying where you are now."

"It seems to me we have had enough controversy for one evening," said Miss Hardy pleasantly. "Isabel, please sing for us that 'O Salutaris' you sang for me last night."

Isabel arose and went to the piano. Her rich voice thrilled with peculiar sweetness as she sang: "Qui cœli pandis ostium, da robur, fer auxilium," and lingered on the last words till "Nobis donet in patriâ" sank into Ernest's soul, calming the disturbance of a few moments before. Miss Durand turned, and met the look he gave her. "Do not be afraid of your own conclusions," she said gently. "Let me sing something you all must love," she added, turning to the music-stand for a hymnal.

She found Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," and sang it with all its power of expression.

Ernest felt the significance of the words and author. It aroused him to something like resistance. "I need not fear my own conclusions," he said, as soon as the last note was sung, "since they are to be more faithful to my church the more she needs me."

When Miss Durand had been in Boston a month she and Ernest were very good friends, and when he went to Miss Hardy's house, which was not seldom, he received as cordial a welcome from the younger as from the elder lady. He felt that in the companionship of this unaffected, beautiful girl the lack of a sister, which he had always known, was in a measure supplied to him. It was, doubtless, this growing fraternal affection that called her face before him so often in the day, and made the light of her pure eyes the unconscious illumination by which he more and more viewed things and people, and it certainly must have been fraternal affection that caused him to see flaws which he had never discerned before in the young men of his acquaintance whom he met in her presence.

With the freemasonry of young and congenial people Isabel's and Ernest's friendship reached a degree of intimacy quite disproportioned to its duration, and Ernest wondered how life had been endured before this beautiful feminine sympathy had permeated it. They shared such mild forms of enjoyment as Advent, which Miss Hardy rigorously observed, admitted—pleasure seen through a purple veil—and it was to Isabel Ernest found himself turning to share every thought or interest of his more serious occupations.

So Christmas came with its bright cheerfulness and loving

kindness that has made it the dearest festival of the Christian year, and caused it to win its way more and more even in Puritan Boston.

Before the New Year Ernest came one evening to Miss Hardy's house when she was not at home, and Isabel was seated alone in the dim firelight of the library. The night was gray and cold, and the wind blew sharp and chill from the river. Isabel rang for lights, which showed that Ernest's face was pale and troubled, and his manner grave. They had not met since Christmas eve, and Isabel exclaimed, as she saw his gloomy countenance: "Is anything the matter, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Yes," Ernest answered. "I am glad to find you alone to tell you about it. I suppose a Roman Catholic is a strange counsellor in such a difficulty, but you will understand."

"I will try," said Isabel gently.

"I received communion Christmas morning, Miss Durand," Ernest said, plunging at once into the matter. "Unless I can bring myself to feel differently from my present feeling it will be my last communion in the Church of the Approach."

"Why, Mr. Hamilton!" cried Isabel. "What do you intend doing?"

"Nothing," answered Ernest, sadly. "There is nothing that I can do. I can go nowhere else; it is not that. It is hard to explain, but in some way scales seem to have fallen from my eyes. It is not what I thought. Individually we are often very sincere; collectively we are—I don't like to say what. Certainly very unreal. But the main thing is the Eucharist. Miss Durand, Mr. Lowton was right. I have been fearful for a long time; now I know. It is mere bread and wine, and I have believed always in the Real Presence."

Isabel sprang up, her face shining with suppressed excitement.

"It is like the story of the pagan that came in disguise to the court of Charlemagne," she exclaimed breathlessly. "It was Christmas morning, and when the king and his court knelt at the rail the poor pagan had a vision of the Infant in the Host whom the others could not see, and he became a Christian. You have been shown where He is not, and it is a part of the same mercy."

"I was afraid that you would feel thus," Ernest said sadly, though moved by her emotion, "but I cannot feel so now. I am adrift. It is painful to be so shaken in one's surest trust. The disunion and varying opinions among us have long dis-

turbed me, and all at once I see clearly that I have been wholly mistaken; the faith I held is not the faith of my church, though the awful truth seems to be that she has no faith. What can I do?"

"It is very hard to know how to answer," Isabel said. "I have no right—you know what I would say. Try to find out what you believe is right, and do it steadily. If it is to wait, wait. Whatever is required of you, if you really want to know you will be shown. All I can say is, be quiet and true, and do not fear. No one who wants to do right can ever go wrong."

"Here is Miss Hardy," said Ernest hastily. "Please do not speak of this. Thank you."

Miss Hardy glanced hastily from one to the other of her guests as she entered the room, but by an effort Ernest had thrown off much of his gloom, and Miss Hardy found them discussing plans for a sleigh-ride to the reservoir should the threatening snow fall.

"I rejoice," said Ernest as he rose to go, "that our good old Puritan forefathers were gathered to their reward before my day. It is long past curfew, yet no watchman on his rounds shall challenge me as I go home."

"Speak for yourself and Miss Alicia, please, when you say *our*," answered Isabel. "There was never a 'crop-headed' ancestor among the Maryland cavaliers from whom I claim descent."

"We sympathize on that point," said Ernest, "so I shall not take up the defence. Good night, Miss Hardy. Good-night," he added, turning to Isabel, holding out his hand and looking straight into her eyes—"Good night, daughter of the cavaliers."

Miss Hardy happened to be engaged just then in freeing her dress from the carved point of the table on which it had become entangled, so she did not see the look Ernest had given her young friend, and his words had certainly been nothing remarkable, yet she walked over to the fire and began mending it, carefully avoiding looking at Isabel.

A great deal has been said of electric glances, and the simile holds good, for electricity affects the surrounding atmosphere, and it is not necessary to be struck to know that there has been a shower.

Isabel had herself made a discovery which she pondered upon that night in her own apartment. The result was, that when she was aroused from her meditations by the clock strik-

ing twelve, she walked to the glass and looked long at her own reflection with the searching gaze of a woman who sees herself for the first time as the beloved of the man whose opinion is more important to her than that of all the world. Then she turned away with a sigh. "God bless and guide him," she said; "but I must go. There must not be even an unconscious influence at such a time."

When Ernest called again at Miss Hardy's, he received a kindly welcome from his old friend and a little note of farewell from the newer and dearer, but the house was dark and empty, for Isabel had gone.

Almost every man has some hidden resource outside his daily avocation to which he gives his best thought and interest. In one it is ambition, social or political; in another art, or some darling science; in all, sooner or later, the love, for weal or woe, of a woman.

Ernest's thoughts had turned in a direction unusual in the life of American youth, a life so practical that it wastes little energy on a future for which they seem to consider eternity long enough without borrowing from time. He had given real enthusiasm and devotion to the Church of the Approach, and the withdrawal of it left a vacuum costing him keen regret. Since he had lost her he discovered fully what Isabel had been to him, and he had to suffer at once the deprivation of the two dearest objects of his existence.

When he learned from Miss Hardy that Miss Durand had gone, he hinted to her that he might be called to Baltimore on business in a few weeks, when he should try to see her friend. Miss Hardy, whose conception of the state of the case was entirely at fault, set aside the business subterfuge as beneath notice, and with the philanthropy of the surgeon who amputates a precious limb to save the life of the mutilated body, gave Ernest clearly to understand that his visit would not only be useless, but unwelcome.

Since then he had settled down to make the best of things that he could, but the best was a sorry one. The friends that he had formerly seen most frequently he quite deserted, and he left the Church of the Approach altogether, not even attending service there as he had at first intended doing. When the worthy fathers inquired for him of Miss Hardy she could give them no tidings of him, for he avoided her house chiefly as the spot that most emphasized his loneliness. He would tramp or ride for hours through the most inclement weather, coming

home utterly weary, but beaten in the fight. His mother noted and interpreted these symptoms aright, but they gave her little uneasiness, for she did not consider them dangerous as long as she saw that his room was properly warmed and aired, and she had great faith in the cure time would effect, not being of a sentimental turn of mind, though even sentimental people learn to smile at fifty at the wounds of twenty-five.

Ernest had been too prominent in the Church of the Approach for his absence not to be noticed and commented upon, and the explanation offered for his withdrawal founded upon experience of similar cases.

"I hear you are going over to Rome?" said Mr. Townshend, meeting him in the street.

"I am not sure of going anywhere," Ernest answered. "If I do it will be by centrifugal force. It is the Church of the Approach that sent me, and the route will be via England."

Ernest had trusted confidently in his own former conclusions, and they had been mistaken, he said; he would take all possible care that it should not happen again. What he did not say, and was in reality the strongest reason for his holding back, was that he feared lest his love for Isabel should draw him toward her faith, and blind his mental vision. So having the first necessity for self-knowledge, self-diffidence, he waited, a Catholic outside the fold, till another Advent had nearly rolled around. He had come in just before dinner one evening, and dropped into his own particular chair in the dark library. He opened the newspaper, shaking out its damp folds and rearranging it so that the page he wanted should be on the outside. In the corner said to be most interesting to its female readers the name of Baltimore attracted his attention, as any familiar or especially interesting word will stand out from among its surroundings. Turning to look again he read: "In Baltimore, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Father Carmen, Mr. John Black, of New York, to Miss Isabelle M. Durand, of Baltimore."

The paper dropped to the floor with a rustle; Ernest sat quite still, and the patter of the rain and hail fell clearly against the window. Mrs. Hamilton opened the door and looked in. "Ernest," she said, "dinner is ready; come."

He sprang to his feet with something like a groan. "I am going out, mother," he said, and rushed past her into the hall. Once in the street he walked rapidly away, not noting where he went, turning corners and running into passers-by without

seeing them or hearing their indignant exclamations. He turned into Commonwealth Avenue, and hurried along the pavement till the lantern of the Redemptorist church came in sight. Turning back he slowly retraced his steps, and gaining his chamber he shut himself in with his grief.

There is a quarter of the little city far from the neighborhood of the State-House—far in habit, for distances are not great in Boston. An old servitor of Ernest's house had been injured in an accident, and Ernest bent his steps southward one afternoon, several weeks after he had read the notice of Isabel's marriage, toward the City Hospital to make inquiry as to the old man's condition.

It was Epiphany: the first Friday in the new year. Ernest came across Franklin Square, bright in the winter sunshine, and paused a moment before a church, over the door of which a figure of the Blessed Virgin stood in a niche, and the pigeons had sought a refuge in either outstretched hand. Ernest remembered that this was the church to which Miss Durand had gone during her stay in Boston, and a strong desire to enter seized him, which he attributed to the longing for her, against which he hourly battled. "At least I need no longer fear to trust my own motives," he thought, and went up the low, broad steps. He had been studying Catholic claims of late, and the title of a book which had impressed him recurred to him. "*The Invitation Heeded*" he thought, pushing the interior doors. "Not accepted; heeded, yes."

The church was large and beautiful; white columns supported the vaulted dome, all was light and cheerful, and for a moment the unity betrayed by the different classes worshipping there struck Ernest with a sudden sense of verity. But only for a moment. As he walked up the aisle, his eyes resting on the brilliantly lighted altar, on the monstrance in its centre, all sense of place, time, people, joy, sorrow, himself, was lost in an overwhelming feeling of the Presence there. On, with eyes fixed and senses submerged in knowledge alone, tasting the mystery of eternity in time he could no longer measure, he walked, till reaching the rail, he fell upon his knees.

It was not reason, it was not faith, it was the revelation sometimes made to this degree, often dimly felt by those who only know that "a Catholic church has such a striking atmosphere; is so different." Emmanuel: God–with–us.

Like the apostle he had always especially loved, Ernest was annihilated in the Presence for which he had faithfully

sought, mistakenly worshipped, at last come into, and instantly, completely known. His life had been spotless, and that the pure in heart shall see God is often singularly fulfilled in life, for the pure most frequently see the truth.

How long he knelt there he did not know; it was the absorption into God of the Christian, so different from the Nirvana of the Eastern mystic. He was aroused by a touch on the shoulder; the crowd had increased, and the church was lighted to the door.

"Please go into a pew," whispered a lay brother. "It is benediction time."

When Ernest left the church he staggered, and was dazed; he walked into the darkness of the street, his mental retina dazzled by the light flooding upon it. He went to the college, and rang the bell. He was shown into the bare parlor, and a priest responded to his request for one of the fathers.

"Baptize me," Ernest said without preface, and told the story of his life, his study, the knowledge which had come, almost excluding faith.

"It is the feast of the Manifestation to the Gentiles," thought Ernest as he stood later on the college steps, looking up to the stars, before going home, having completed the arrangements for his reception into the church, which could be speedy, since he needed but to accept the primacy of the Apostolic See and group around it in logical certainty the dogmas he had always held. "The feast of the Manifestation to the Gentiles, and the completion of Isabel's story of the pagan at the court of Charlemagne."

Victory, peace, joy, sang jubilate in his heart; human love was denied him, but divine love held him close, and in the infinitude of its ecstasies the thought of Isabel could bring no pang.

Ernest's reception into the Catholic Church, after some time of careful instruction and preparation, though not unexpected, caused a good deal of indignation among his friends. His mother was very angry, and the fact that she had been for some time in her life without any faith did not lessen her wrath. Some of the good people of the Church of the Approach said that Ernest Hamilton had always been a little queer, and touching their foreheads significantly murmured something about his father, and its being inherited.

Miss Hardy was immensely disgusted, but being a woman of sentimental proclivities, and possessed of tardily awakened suspicions, she wrote a letter telling the news to Isabel.

When he had been a Catholic a month and a little more, Ernest received a note of invitation to pass an evening that he should himself appoint with Miss Hardy.

Accordingly he stood one evening once more upon the door-step awaiting an answer to his summons. The same maid admitted him whom he had seen there a year ago, and he went again into the library.

Miss Hardy received him with unexpected cordiality, and he was engaged in a conversation that totally ignored the changes of the past year when the door opened, and Isabel walked, smiling, in holding out to him a hand of welcome.

The words he was speaking died on Ernest's lips, the room seemed to fade before him, and he gazed at her in vain effort to form words of greeting.

"You are surprised," she said gently, and seated herself, turning to Miss Hardy with some trifling remark to give him time to recover.

"Have you been here long, Miss—Mrs. Black?" Ernest stammered at last.

"Only a few days," said Isabel. "Why do you call me that, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I saw your—I saw the notice in the paper," he answered. "I hope it is not too late to wish you happiness."

"Oh!" cried Isabel, blushing finely as a light broke in upon her mind. "Did you see the notice of Bella's marriage? You thought it was I? She used to live here; I suppose that was why it was in a Boston paper. It should have been Durant, not Durand; it was a misprint that amused my friends in Baltimore; I never dreamed that it would travel so far. My name is spelled with one *l* too, while hers is Isa*belle*, double *l e*. It was a mistake certainly, but not a very strange one."

As Isabel spoke and Ernest's brain slowly received the meaning of the words he heard, his face expressed the intense emotion that made speech still more impossible than at first, and Isabel's blush as she looked at him burned higher and deeper, till her woman's tact deserted her and she sat with her eyes cast down in utter silence.

Miss Hardy looked from one to the other, and as she realized that she was in the midst of a genuine romance she straightway forgave Ernest his recent conversion, and, like the considerate woman she was, left the room murmuring something about a shade of silk that she had left upstairs.

Whether it is a good way to find forgotten shades of silk to

walk upstairs to one's room and sit down smiling in the dark for three-quarters of an hour is doubtful, but this Miss Hardy certainly did, and returned at the end of that time still smiling, but without the silk.

Not that either of her guests noticed the lack; they were deep in a discussion of the comparative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, which argument Ernest had opened by taking up a volume of the latter author exactly fifteen seconds before Miss Hardy opened the door.

Isabel's visit was not a long one, but in the following summer Ernest made the journey to Baltimore from which Miss Hardy had previously discouraged him, and that this time it was really on business may be believed from the fact that he was very busy in arranging a charming little house before he left Boston, and it is likely that he had to go to Baltimore for some of the appointments.

He resumed his place among his business friends after his return with a face so radiant and manner so buoyant that several dyspeptics contemplated immediate removal to Baltimore.

But the true secret of his joy lay in the soft brown eyes that every night watched for him out of the windows of the new home, eyes that must have had a charm since even the elder Mrs. Hamilton vouchsafed to say that for a truly intellectual woman, and one who united grace of manner with every accomplishment, and clear practical views for helping the poor, she knew no one who surpassed her son's wife Isabel.

This was a great victory, for Mrs. Hamilton had been much displeased with Ernest for throwing himself away on a Catholic, when she had intended him for a young lady of advanced views.

There were not wanting those who said that he had become a Catholic in order to win his wife, but Isabel and Ernest knew the truth, and were happy enough to smile at a world which held for them no ungratified desire.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—(*Hoffmann.*)

IN HOFFMANN'S STUDIO.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

HERR HOFFMANN lives in Dresden, and is a professor of the celebrated art school of that interesting old city. Although not one of his great pictures has crossed the ocean, his work, as reproduced by engravings and that friend of the humble lover of art, the camera, is perhaps more generally known in the United States than that of any other German artist of the present day.

His fame is of the character hardest to win, dearest when gained; he is not only distinguished in art, but the message of his genius is so noble and direct that it appeals to the hearts of those who, knowing little of technique, yet instinctively love and are responsive to whatever is truly beautiful. His pictures are not only noted but popular.

Shortly after my arrival in Dresden, an acquaintance connected with the Academy was so kind as to give me a card of introduction to Professor Hoffmann, saying, in response to a demur lest the call might be an intrusion:

"Not at all; Hoffmann likes Americans, they are very appreciative of his pictures, you know. Unfortunately he is to leave town on Monday for a little sojourn in the country. But he will probably be at leisure to-morrow morning; why not go then?"

The next day was Sunday and, after attending Mass at the Hofkirche, or Court Church, I engaged a carriage and told the driver to take me to "Number — Strehlener Strasse."

The way led through the most attractive part of Dresden: across the quaint old market-place, now strangely unfamiliar in its Sabbath desertion and stillness; past a green park where fountains played, and through avenues shaded by overarching trees and lined with pretty homes. These homes had gardens in front, and sometimes a rustic summer-house upon the garden wall. More frequently, however, the neat parterres were enclosed merely by an iron paling which afforded a bright glimpse of blooming flower-beds wherein no single blossom seemed permitted to grow wild, and of luxuriant rose-bushes pruned into diminutive trees, prim and well regulated as the comely young girls who peered at the passers-by from the ivy-wreathed arbors or behind the blinds of the old-fashioned casements. From one of these quiet avenues we turned into a still quieter street and stopped on the slope of a hill before a picturesque little Gothic house, up the stone front of which climbed an aspiring vine, as if ambitious to peep in at the studio windows. The small garden bore a family resemblance to the others in the vicinity, and was also shut in by a high iron fence.

A ring at the gate brought a trim, pink-cheeked servant maid upon the scene. When asked if she understood any English or French she shook her head, but was good-naturedly eager to do her part towards getting over the difficulty. I was therefore encouraged to explain, in very halting German, the object of my call.

"*Ya, ya; Ich verstehe,*" she cried, with a smile, and went on to say that Professor Hoffmann was indisposed and perhaps unable to receive visitors that day, but if the lady would come in and wait a few moments she would ascertain.

Thereupon she led the way up the straight, flagged walk to

"Get Thee behind Me, Satan."—(*Hoffmann.*)

the front door, and thence to a charming little drawing-room. Then she disappeared with my note of introduction.

The little drawing-room was in itself a picture; the polished floor half covered with soft Eastern rugs of richly blended hues, the walls hung with paintings and artistic souvenirs; here upon

a bracket a rare bit of bric-a-brac, there on a pedestal a lovely piece of Dresden china. Several easy-chairs invitingly placed gave the apartment an appearance of cosiness, while in a corner stood an upright piano, suggestive of restful evenings soothed or enlivened by music and song. A portrait above the piano could not fail to attract the attention. It was that of a handsome man of fair complexion with a noble intellectual face, thoughtful blue eyes, and a light brown beard worn long after the German and English fashion.

Presently the maid returned accompanied by the *fraulein*, or housekeeper, who said Professor Hoffmann begged to be excused from coming down, but would be happy to see me in the studio. Following her, therefore, I mounted a narrow, crooked staircase that led up between the walls to the unpretending atelier, where in peaceful seclusion the painter has wrought out his beautiful conceptions.

As I entered the room a gentleman, the original of the portrait below, rose from the depths of an arm-chair, in front of which was spread a handsome tiger-skin.

After a cordial greeting, expressed in excellent English, he continued: "You must pardon me for not going to the drawing-room to welcome you, but you see I am unexpectedly an invalid, and walk with difficulty."

An attack of rheumatism, I thought, regretfully. It turned out, however, that the professor was suffering from a slightly sprained ankle, the accident having occurred the evening before.

"I am sorry, but I have hardly any work here to show you," he said as, smilingly disregarding a protest against his making any exertion, he slowly crossed the room.

"The only finished picture which I have in the studio is that upon the easel."

This painting had charmed my gaze the moment I passed the threshold. Only the presence of the artist could have diverted one's attention from it.

It was the exquisite picture of "Christ and the Rich Ruler."

"You know it?" he inquired. "It has only recently been engraved."

He seemed pleased at the reply that I had admired it greatly, even from the reproductions. Although these are, on the whole, satisfactory, it is not possible for an engraving or even a copy in oils to give an adequate idea of this *chef-d'œuvre*, to reflect the majesty of the Christ, the searching tenderness

of his glance as it rests upon the troubled, handsome countenance of the young man who, though moved by that convincing appeal to mind as well as heart, and urged by lofty aspirations to embrace the invitation to a higher life, yet hesitates and finally refuses to follow in the path of self-denial.

Christ awaking the sleeping Disciples.—(*Hoffmann.*)

And the coloring! Who but Hoffmann shows us such tones of purplish red, and dark gold, and blue and brown? Not even amid the splendors of Paul Veronese do we see richer raiment or such lines of old-rose, ashes-of-roses, and mahogany. And then, that hazardous dash of vivid green, which none but a

genius would venture to employ, yet which boldly defines, and steadies, and brings out the harmonies of the other colors, making the perfect whole.

The old painters knew nothing of many of these tones of color, or of the pigments used to produce them, but Hoffmann appears to be master of all the tints discovered by modern art.

Alluding to the "Christ in the Temple," I spoke of my delight at seeing the original in the Dresden Gallery.

"Ah yes," said the professor simply, "Americans seem to like that picture."

The appreciation of his visitor being evident, he drew from a recess at the end of the studio two canvases, which he set side by side at the foot of the easel.

"These are merely sketches," he said, "or studies for two large pictures intended for the walls of a church, or rather a chapel where the marriage ceremony is performed."

It was unnecessary to explain the subjects, which could be told at a glance. One was "The Marriage of Cana," the other "Christ at the House of Lazarus, and the Choice of Martha and Mary."

Although the painter unassumingly described it as a sketch and would undoubtedly bestow much painstaking labor upon it before he would suffer it to leave his easel, "The Marriage of Cana" would appear to the majority of observers to require but little to make it a finished work.

The whole atmosphere of the picture is lovely, reverential, and natural. The change of the water into wine is indicated by the presence of the stone water-jars and the golden, jewelled cups in the hands of the attendants. Christ is represented, however, not in the act of performing the miracle, but standing in all the majesty of his newly acknowledged mission, with his hands raised in benediction above the heads of the young bride and bridegroom.

Hoffmann succeeds signally in his portrayal of our Saviour, which is always religious and appeals to the ideal in every human heart. Thus in this picture the figure of Christ is strong and beautiful, the attitude and expression shadowing forth the divinity, together with all the tenderness, and graciousness, and human sympathy of the perfect humanity.

The countenance, as in all the Christs of Hoffmann, is that of the Child Jesus in the Temple, the same face but grown older, more commanding, more benign, and with the divinity shining through more and more.

Of the wedding group the richly apparelled bride, a fair young girl with peach-blow complexion, deep blue eyes and red-gold hair, is very sweet and winning. One can almost see her blush in her shy happiness as she looks up with awe to receive the nuptial blessing. Beside her stands the youthful

Christ laid in the Tomb.—(*Hoffmann.*)

bridegroom in costly vesture, handsome, proud, and triumphant, yet reverent and impressed. Behind the newly wedded pair are the parents of each, whose faces present an interesting study. Beyond them are grouped some of the guests; the background affords a glimpse of a spacious banquet hall.

To the right of Christ are his mother, John, Peter, and other disciples. The gentle, pensive sympathy of the Madonna with the joy of the occasion, the tranquillity of John, the ardor of Peter, are beautifully depicted.

The companion picture represents Christ in the garden of Lazarus' house. The place is bright with flowers, the sky blue and cloudless, the sunshine all-pervading. He is standing near the fountain, and at his feet, half kneeling, half resting against its marble base, is Mary with upturned face listening with rapt attention to his words.

In contrast to the calm of her expression is the imperious countenance of Martha, who has apparently just come in search of her sister. She stands a little in the background, and the face of Christ is turned towards her as she prefers her complaint:

"Lord, hast thou no care that my sister has left me alone to serve? Speak to her, therefore, that she help me."

One can almost hear the reproachful, tender reply that bespeaks the will to reveal to a nature over-fretted by worldly cares the secret of contentment and peace.

"Martha, Martha! thou art troubled about many things."

"You will go on with this work, Professor Hoffmann?" I asked.

"No," was the response. "I decided to abandon it, because it would require too much time and labor. It would be five years before the pictures on the wall of the chapel could be completed, for the place would be too cold to admit of one's painting there in winter. And then, after all my trouble, perhaps the dampness would speedily ruin them."

"There is one of your pictures, professor, which I have always especially admired," said I; "that is the Saint Cecilia."

He appeared at a loss, saying: "I do not understand."

"Die Heilige Cecilia."

"But I do not remember," he protested.

"Oh, indeed, it is assuredly yours," I declared.

"I have always thought it very beautiful, and have treasured a small engraving of it ever since I was a child."

He smiled, but with a puzzled air, and I found myself in the singular predicament of trying to persuade an artist that he had painted a picture which he had himself forgotten. At last the recollection seemed to dawn upon him.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, "Die Heilige Cecilia—a little

thing; I did it many years ago; it is in a private gallery at Munich."

"If I had known that, I should never have left Munich without seeing it, if a glimpse were to be had!"

He looked amused. Certainly only a painter capable of executing so beautiful a work as this Saint Cecilia could have

St. Cecilia.—(*Hoffmann.*)

forgotten it. Many critics consider that no modern artist has given us so exquisite a conception of the patroness of music.

"So many of your friends in America would envy me the pleasure of this morning, Professor Hoffmann," I said. "What a satisfaction it would be to them if you could be induced to send a picture, like this one of "Christ and the Rich Ruler," for instance, to the United States for exhibition."

"But there is always a risk in sending paintings across the water. They may be spoiled by dampness, as I said before, or injured by handling, or defaced in a variety of ways."

"Then your American admirers will have to come to Dresden to see them."

He laughed.

"But you, Professor Hoffmann, have you no desire to visit the United States? Shall we not welcome you there some day?"

"Ah, well!" he answered, "we painters are a stay-at-home people, and care little for travel and sight-seeing. We live quiet, uneventful lives, working and dreaming in retirement and solitude, and, when in need of rest or change, contenting ourselves with very simple recreations. But we are always glad to see our friends," he added cordially, as I rose to take leave, "and when you return to Dresden, come and call on me again. Perhaps I shall then have another canvas on my easel which you will like to see."

One of Hoffmann's brother professors of the art school was announced as I withdrew. My good-natured driver was waiting with his cab before the gate, and after a last look at the pretty house I was driven back to Sendig's big hotel, which many a weary wanderer has declared to be the best in Europe. In its noted winter garden, where one lunches under tall palms and surrounded by the rare plants of the tropics, there was leisure to reflect upon the visit of the morning.

At first Professor Hoffmann impressed me as being about sixty years of age. Afterwards, however, as he stood looking at the picture on the easel, his erect carriage, fresh complexion, and brown hair and beard, but little tinged with gray, made him appear younger. Upon a second visit to the Dresden gallery I read with surprise the tablet beneath the "Christ in the Temple." "Painter, Heinrich Hoffmann, born 1824."

Hoffmann is, therefore, seventy-one years old. Amid our restless, wearing American existence, certainly few individuals approach so near the full limit of life without beginning to show signs of age. But time, and a serene and simple life in the tranquil art centres of Germany, have dealt gently with our artist, who is apparently as strong and active as a man of fifty, and whose genius is still in its prime.

At Dresden copies of Hoffmann's pictures are to be seen everywhere, and one is soon convinced that not in America alone is the "Christ in the Temple" an especial favorite. Of

this picture exquisite reproductions in porcelain are displayed in the windows of every art store. A dealer whose establishment overlooks the quaint market-place has the exclusive right to dispose of the authorized copies in oils, however. Each of these copies, large or small, is submitted to Professor Hoffmann

The Meeting at Emmaus.—(*Hoffmann.*)

for inspection. If it meets his approval, he signs it with his initials H. H. This mark is, therefore, a guarantee that it has passed his scrutiny.

But although these copies are very fine, none can do justice to the original.

The ideal beauty of the boy Christ is beyond description—the graceful figure, the perfect head, the peculiarly transparent spirituelle beauty of the complexion, the delicate features and thoughtful brow, the wisdom and fire of the dark eyes, the light of the divine intellect upon the face of this wondrous Child, the revelation of the Messias to the Doctors of the Law.

We, too, find ourselves, as it were, hanging upon his words as the elders did, scarcely daring to stir lest the vision vanish, yet almost ready to assert that which would proclaim it no vision—that the tint of color comes and goes in the sensitive face, and the young breast rises and falls with vivifying breath. We no longer think of the work of art, but can imagine that in that far-off age and city of Jerusalem we too have discovered Jesus in the temple in the midst of the doctors.

We watch the expressions of the latter also. That profound thinker at the left who wears a robe of violet red and a dark green-blue mantle. He absently strokes his beard, resting his elbow upon the open book on the reading-desk, while his deep-set eyes are fixed on the Child. Notice the look of interest and surprise upon the face of the man just behind, whose head is covered with an end of his brown mantle, below which is revealed a bit of his dark gold-colored tunic. And the patriarch in the centre, he who leans upon a staff and listens with the shrewd calculating air of one who would fain detect flaws in the reasoning of this eloquent young expounder of the law. See the fair-minded philosopher beside him, who interrogates Christ with earnest sincerity; and the sage seated in the foreground with the book upon his knees, who, looking from the ancient prophecies to the Child, "marvels at his wisdom and his answers."

The successful coloring of this picture probably suggested that of the "Christ and the Rich Ruler." Here we have the same splendid tints and costly fabrics. The velvet mantle of the seated sage is of a deep old-rose, that of the philosopher the striking green which Hoffmann knows so well how to employ, and of the hoary patriarch a subdued tone of ashes-of-roses.

The lights of the picture of course centre about the figure of Christ, the only note of color upon whose spotless robe is the delicate oriental tracery, and a cincture of Syrian weave and dye.

The picture in the Munich gallery, "Christ addressing the weeping Daughters of Jerusalem," although not so elaborately

finished, is very beautiful. At the National Gallery of Berlin is Hoffmann's "Christ preaching from the Barque of Peter."

He has also executed other works, of which the scenes from the dramas of Shakspere, especially the Othello and Desdemona, and Shylock and Jessica, are well known.

His decorative paintings, particularly those in the Court Theatre at Dresden, are much admired.

But his pictures of Bible scenes are generally regarded as his greatest works.

They impress one also as a transcript of the ideal life of a painter, a reflex of beautiful thoughts and lofty aims, of kindly deeds and that looking above "what is of the earth earthy" which ennobles art and character.*

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

By S. Alice Raulett.

FLAME-HUED and azure, rosy-veined and white,
In the fair tangle artists love to paint
In flowering maze about some calm-browed saint,
The blossoms quiver in the August light.
Beyond, the garden beds slope down a-bright
With scarlet poppies, all a living glow,
And golden-crowned anemones a-row,
And pure, pale lilies tall, a stately sight.

Dark in the sunshine's drifting, amber mist,
A veiled nun softly glides, with cloistral grace:
Careless of other flowers, she seeks true place,
And, lily among lilies keeping tryst,
She stands, with peace and prayer upon her face,
In silence, by the golden sun-glow kissed.

* The name of the artist as given in full is Heinrich Johann Michael Ferdinand Hoffmann.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

BY REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

MISSION AT WENDELIN.

E had a splendid attendance of Protestants here, all classes coming, full of attention, deeply interested, and loading our query box with just the questions we wanted to answer.

The opera-house seats nine hundred, and was filled every evening but one: that was a very stormy evening, with a perfect down-pour of mingled rain and snow, and yet we had nearly as large an attendance as usual. The floor of the hall was reserved for non-Catholics, the galleries for Catholics, and both were too small to seat the audience. We managed to exclude a good portion of the boys, much to their disgust. One boy offered to carry an advertising banner through the streets if we would let him in.

The congregation here is dominantly German, and is full of zeal for non-Catholics. The pastor has received forty-one converts during his three years' incumbency, and has four more under instruction. Not far south is a small parish in which there are about a hundred and fifty converts. These were received by the pastor at present in charge—a man with an unpronounceable German name and an unmistakable accent. Now right here is seen our plan, all the more practical because so simple. It is to feed these little streams by lectures and sermons on the part of the clergy, and by literature, conversation, personal and social influence, and especially virtuous lives on the part of the laity. A general missionary awakening will turn all active spirits into missionaries, each in his own place and measure. There should be no parish in America without at least one week each year devoted to public meetings in the interests of Catholic truth. The reader will easily perceive that the "Cleveland Plan," which is a small body of capable lecturers exclusively engaged in the public propaganda, will arouse private and local zeal in every direction, and maintain its activity.

Arriving here Saturday afternoon I walked through Main

Street, and at the busiest corner found the Salvation Army at work. A big bass drum, two or three tambourines, and a cornet which seemed to lack a musician, was the martial music of the little squad. There were about eight of them, men and women, all joining in the songs, all clapping hands, all looking happy. But what they said while I listened was trivial, and what they sang was not well sung. Their leader's accent was cockney, and their whole demeanor was English, though doubtless nearly all had been recruited in America. But I said to myself that if these religious curiosities are able to catch and hold the attention of the street people, how much better would the true soldiers of the Cross succeed! The Salvationist movement is almost a total failure in the smaller towns. But it is entitled to this success: it should cause some of our bishops and priests to open an out-of-doors apostolate. This country now has a street population of great size. These souls can be effectively reached only where they spend their leisure, in the streets and squares of the cities. If a bishop and one or two able priests would start street-preaching, assisted it might be by men and women of the laity, the results would be marvellous. Some of us little dream that there is a distinct class of street people, grown in later years into many thousands in every great centre of population. They live on the streets as much as the climate allows, they read their penny papers on the streets, they are taught by their petty leaders on the streets—the street is a roomier place, a freer place, and just as clean a place as where they are supposed to live, but where they only sleep. When the Catholic Church takes to the streets with its representatives high and low, it will reach these street people. They are not all bad, many are fairly good Catholics, and these would secure a respectful hearing—but that is certain anyway. And meantime our highly educated and zealous priesthood would simply revolutionize for good the street life which at present is often a menace to public order, and is addressed on religious topics by men and women who play soldier and beat bass drums.

But to return to our opera-house apostolate. We were here during election week, and we feared that this would hurt us, but the attendance continued good throughout. In fact I suspect that some came on Tuesday night to kill time till the returns began to come in. Then, and for two or three evenings after, the amazing result of the election formed a subject of pleasantry between the stage and the audience, especially in

answering the questions. These were plentiful, and ranged over the entire religious field. One evening we were nearly an hour in answering them.

We had the Lutheran minister and his wife with us every meeting, and traced to him a question wanting to know why Luther might not have first discovered the true doctrines of Christ!

The following question interested us:

MR. ELLIOTT—DEAR SIR: I have attended all your lectures and you have not opened one of them by reading a portion of Scripture and praying to God to help you to carry out the object of your lectures—and what is the object?

I answered by saying that during my last lecture season I had always opened with prayer and Bible reading, but had been advised that some Protestants objected to this; upon consultation I had omitted prayer, except the blessing at the conclusion. I stated that my questioner had forgotten that we had several times read parts of Scripture, though not always as a formal devotional exercise. In fact the devotional question is a somewhat difficult one. Perhaps our return course may show us a way of uniting all in prayer in a Catholic spirit and yet without offence to Protestants. Our original hope of regularly constituted devotional exercises for all comers and in a public hall has not yet found a way of fulfilment.

This curious question came in near the end of the week: "Why am I a Catholic, and yet have my doubts as to the faith?" *Answer.*—A genuine doubt as to the Catholic faith is incompatible with being a Catholic—a doubt known and accepted as a negation of Catholic doctrine. But oftentimes one has momentary waverings which are only shadows of doubt. Frequently the lower part of our mind, the feelings and instincts, are restive under the rule of reason, whose whip and spur are needed to secure their obedience. Fancies and vagaries involuntarily occupy our thoughts, but they are not our real selves, however much they occupy us in endeavoring to control them. This is shown by an effort of the will to assert the authority of reason and faith.

The following is an instance of lying on the part of Catholics either in joke or for a purpose. It enrages one to be compelled to set the church right with honest Protestants after she has been hurt by dishonest Catholics:

MR. ELLIOTT—REV. SIR: I have been told by faithful and, I believe, true and honest Catholics, that they did pay a com-

pensation in money, ranging from twenty-five cents and up accordingly for confessing their sins before a priest. When was this law or discipline changed? If not changed, what has been the object of a good Catholic misrepresenting this article of their religion?—Anxious Inquirer.

The following shows how much like a secret society the most open of all organizations seems to those who are repelled from near acquaintance with us:

Are Catholics never allowed to read the code of laws and theology governing the church? If not, please to explain the reason for the concealment.

Question.—Would it be considered a personal query to inquire what has been the direct cause leading to the public exposition of Catholic doctrine throughout the country?

Answer.—Our church is essentially missionary, and would decay and finally perish if it did not seek to win the whole world. So our ultimate aim is to win you to accept the Catholic Church as the divinely given means of salvation. Our present and immediate purpose is to do away with prejudice; getting men and women, especially those of religious character, to know just what we are and just what we are not.

MISSION AT DERRICKVILLE.

We are "boarding around" here. The pastor resides eight miles east of us, visiting this little congregation twice a month; and so my companion and I are the guests of families happy to serve us. But the domestic side of "boarding around" life is not clerical, though pleasant enough otherwise. The town is an oil product, brand-new, muddy and busy.

Let the reader imagine a hall with about three hundred and fifty sittings, mostly full of Protestants—for our own people are very few—the gallery railing corniced with the boot-soles of young oil-pumpers, the light being the flaring and smoky natural gas of this region; and then the shabby stage, adorned with two stalwart missionaries, one lean and tall and the other tall and not lean, and he has our outfit.

Two nights we failed to secure more than a half-measure of hearers, the weather being very stormy. But the rest of the time we "drew" well. Father Muehlenbeck certainly did make a deep impression, especially on the subject of Intemperance and on that of Confession—a convincing speaker, with the vigor of an earnest nature.

There is an eccentric character here who is called the Come-

outer, and who rails at all churches, condemning the waste of money in building and supporting them. He was a regular attendant at the lectures and said that those men talked sensibly, and that he is going to have his children sent to a Catholic school and brought up in that religion, etc., etc.

The newness of all things in Derrickville, the transient nature of the population, the small number of Catholics, prevented our making a superlative success. But the leading men and women, including Protestant ministers, were generally present, and many requests were made for our return.

The questions were not numerous and far from interesting, at least to the lecturers. One old gentleman insisted night after night on our explaining the prophecies about the scarlet woman, the Babylon on seven hills, the abomination of desolation, and the man of sin. We informed him and the audience that he was behind the times, as contemporary Protestant commentators did not generally affirm the Catholic Church to be the fulfilment of these prophecies.

MISSION AT YELLOW HAMMER.

And if this is not the real name of the place, it is no more curious than the real name. It is a metropolis of four hundred souls, two miles from the nearest railroad. It is among the oil derricks, though an agricultural village, peopled by what the aristocratic oil-pumpers call "yellow hammers." The missionaries were Fathers Kress and Wonderly, who lectured here about a year ago, and now returned by urgent request of the Protestants, who, by the way, are everybody but three families.

The meetings were held in the Lutheran church, so called, for the society that owns it is hopelessly split and the building is not at present used for church services. At the first meeting, Sunday afternoon, the house was fairly filled; after that there was as good an attendance as the weather permitted, the missionaries feeling greatly encouraged to have any audience at all during those stormy evenings.

The music was good, being furnished by a choir very promising for the future union of Christendom, made up of Methodists, who furnished the organist and the hymn-books, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Disciples (Campbellites), all under the leadership of a Catholic young lady. The mission was conducted on the lines usually followed in this apostolate, the subjects being The Bible, Intemperance, Confession, Church and State, and Why I am a Catholic. Of course the question box was a fea-

ture of the meetings and made an element of interest. The inquiries were chiefly about the ceremonies of the church and her symbolism—blessed water, palms, ashes, candles, and incense; the questioners seemed to think that our ceremonies had some occult meaning, and that we had certain secret services.

"I saw a boy," said one question, "dressed in white, shaking a vessel with a chain attached, and then the priest took it and shook it around the altar. What is the object of it? There was smoke emanating from the vessel."

The school-teachers of the town were the most interested of all, the superintendent saying the last night to one of the fathers, as he congratulated him on "the gentlemanly exposition of the church," that he must admit that he had been very much prejudiced against the church, but that his "prejudices are now removed. After this, when I hear anything derogatory to the church, I shall make it a point to investigate before I believe it." He then asked for a copy of the *Enquirer's Catechism*, and said, "But I ought to have somebody to explain this to me." However, the little pamphlet given him is very plain and extremely useful, being a summary of the religion without question and answer, furnished with ample Scripture texts and conveniently divided up. It is an adaptation of an English publication of Rev. F. X. Reichert called *The Convert's Catechism.*

At the end of the last meeting a large number of persons came forward on invitation of the lecturers and accepted copies of the Catechism, wishing to learn more fully the doctrines of the church; several of these said that they had attended all through, and that was the case with all who were present at that meeting. The last evening the fathers took tea with a Methodist deacon, accepting one of many invitations. It was Friday, and the meal was a fine specimen of a Catholic Friday supper. Take Yellow Hammer, all in all, it is a most promising field.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Albert Reynaud.

WEARY slept the Earth 'neath snow and gloom;
For sin and sorrow more nor place nor room
Within its nightly, well-filled couch did seem;
And trembling joy had fled,
And heavenward had sped
Its way upon the sunset's latest beam.

Lord, who all things with weight and measure made,
Is not the measure full, the weight well lade?
—Is it Thy breath that pierces thro' the pall,
Thy voice I hearken thro' the darkness all,
Or whispers thus the slow-expiring year:
"She is not dead but sleepeth; do not fear"?

As at Creation's dawn the first year sprang
Fresh from its Maker's hands and brightly rang
The opening toll of Time,
So now, the New Year, freshly fashioned flies,
Bearing to listless ears in sweet surprise
Hope's reawakening chime.

O beauteous Earth a-dreaming 'mid the spheres,
And still bedewed with all our evening tears!
Thy course resume at Hope's on-beckoning word,
As started when Faith's fiat first was heard;
Till Love, eternal, waiting at the goal,
Its welcome tells to each obedient soul.

To God all praise,
To men new length of days;
And to all creatures cowering with affright
In dusk and gloom—new cycling for the Light.
Earth, sun, and stars who trustful in His palm
Hymn to His glory the eternal psalm:
Good cheer, good cheer,
God's day hails a New Year.

A POET'S ROMANCE.

By Walter Lecky.

CRITICISM in our day has become a strange medley of passionate exploiting and perfunctory damning. It is the great vehicle of cant. What the sonnet is as a lesson of exactness, it is to diffuseness. The critic allows himself a certain patch, and guards it jealously. All who differ, or who do not belong to his mystic shrine, are bludgeoned with a Zulu ferocity. The Ibsenites find in their founder the high-water mark of genius in this age. The followers of Tolstoi are continually bombarding their ramparts. The romantic and psychological schools have their gods. Every man in his own bailiwick is out, telescope in hand, scanning the sky for a new star. The star is the sensation of a week—maybe a month. Its glory is trumpeted through the length and breadth of the land by the fortunate discoverer. This glory does not escape the arrows of the less fortunate bailiwicks.

It is the way in this strange land; what you do not discover, decry. Of late years, the discovery of new and dazzling stars has been the monthly occupation of reviewers. This has been especially so in the poetical sky. The death of England's laureate was marked by the coming of William Watson. Lately Mr. Zangwill, the new expert, discovered John Davidson, a prodigy "of every divine gift, pouring out untold treasure from his celestial cornucopia. Fancy and imagination, wit and humor, fun and epigram, characterization and creation and observation, insight and philosophy, passion and emotion and sincerity—all are his."

Could Shakspere from the most loving of his critics claim more? Evidently Davidson is the long besought bard, who is to crystallize in immortal verse the scientific spirit of the century. How we mortals hunger for the master's great creation. How poignant will our sorrow be should cruel fate pervert his mission. Strange that Mr. Zangwill's loose-strung substantives should be questioned!

Alack for the faith of our times! The gods have fallen on an evil day. There is nothing to hedge their divinity.

The latest star is Francis Thompson. The Meynells, no

ordinary couple, vouch for him; the aged Patmore has said words of cheer, while the critical Traill has marked him as a true bearer of English song. The lesser fry for or against keep up a constant barking. His personality has a fascination. A little of the mystery of his life has been unveiled, enough to poke our curiosity and beget a crop of guesses. This was a wise move made by his sponsors. The swaddling clothes period is too early for extended biography. So many heralded poets of late years, bearers of messages to suffering humanity, intellectual giants, deceivers of the elect in criticism, were but the comets of a season. They have left us—their bread was stones—for where what man cares to know? The peep at his life will aid the circulation of his book. It is bait to the curious, and, after all, the curious are the buyers of books and the givers of bread. The greatest poets did not object to a good sale of their wares. They have been often known to give lazy book-sellers hints as to how this might be effected. The unveiled life of Francis Thompson bears out Mr. Patmore's statement that he is an "extraordinary person." Born in London, the son of a well-to-do physician, it is right to suppose his early years pleasantly spent. It were easy to say, from allusions here and there in his writings, that youth was to him, as it is to most men, a golden vale where beauty wanders everywhere. He was a born lover of books, and in his father's library must have spent many happy hours with the true kings of men. At an early age he went to the great College of Ushaw, a place of large memories and hallowed shrines to all those of the ancient faith. His life here, as far as documentary evidence goes, is a blank. That he was an ardent student goes without question. Whether he held to the ordinary curriculum, or stole away to browse in fairer fields, is a point for his biographer. That he laid a deep classical foundation, his writings are in evidence. Here he had his romance, that necessary romance in the formation of a poet. Cupid, playful elf, threw a dart. Of these times we catch a glimpse in "Her Portrait":

> "Yet I have felt what terrors may consort
> In woman's cheeks, the Graces' soft resort:
> My hand hath shook at gentle hand's access,
> And trembled at the waving of a tress:
> My blood known panic fear, and fled dismayed
> Where ladies' eyes have set their ambuscade.
> The rustle of a robe hath been to me
> The very rattle of love's musketry."

At Ushaw he had felt the poet's call. A life of literature beckoned to him. Such a life is looked upon now as it was in the days of Dryden and Pope, a precarious means to eke out an existence, a kind of lottery where, save a few lucky prizes, the drawings are blank. Those callow critics who foam beget and fury vent at the name of the poet's father for drastically checking his son's original bent, will find the fathers of most literary men in the same box. Ambitious fathers have little respect for that old saying, "Love conquers all things," especially if love leads in an opposite direction to long cherished designs. In the parental calculations young Thompson was to be a physician. A comfortable country doctor, with his smug home, easy carriage, doll-wife, and gaping Hodges, has something tangible. A poet!—associated since the days of Homer with light, airy subsistence, rent clothes, and capacities largely developed for changing habitation, and often, from the stress of circumstances, a name. A poet!—was not the country sick and weary of their constant din?

> "Both strong bards and weak bards, funny and grave,
> Fat bards and lean bards, little and tall bards:
> Bards who wear whiskers, and others who shave."

Let us not judge too harshly the practical parent who forewarned his son from sailing with such a crew. The warning, as often before in the annals of history, was forgotten, and Francis Thompson was another name added to the long list in that pathetic chapter of Literary History the "Misfortunes of Genius." His name is a peg for some well-fed moralist to decorate. Poets pay little attention to sign-boards. The world has been strewn with their sorrows, yet each new-comer will have his way. To pluck the rose they will feel the thorns prick. The penalty Thompson paid for following his "Ladye" poesy was the withdrawal of his father's pocket-book, a serious drawback to a budding poet. Book-sellers nowadays will not advance cash, even if immortal song be promised. Landlords are as obtuse to genius as Goldsmith's was. The baker will not accept the pipes of Pan for a paltry loaf. These hard truths came early, to shape for all time the poet's mind.

Leaving Ushaw, its peaceful homes, green fields, babbling streams, by whose banks the cattle lazily loitered and the sheep-bells quaintly tinkled—the music of happiness, fit home for a lutanist of Apollo—he wended his way, bewitched by the lights

of London Town, to its misery and clamor. He was not the first of the clan. His Scottish namesake had made a similar venture a century earlier. Had not Dr. Cranston relieved him when his credit was gone, the seasons and their changes might have remained unsung. Here, alone and friendless, Francis Thompson dwelt, like the children in the wood, wandering up and down; when weary finding rest on steps, shelter under porticoes. A peripatetic by circumstances.

Money gone, and with it hospitality. In a great city hospitality is not for the houseless wanderer. If it is met, it is in some charitable institution, the last resort for a poet. Despite the cant of the world-reformers, prosperity in an evening dress cares little for poverty and its faded, torn clothes. His employment was of the most menial kind—holding horses for a beggarly "tip," selling matches at theatre doors, glad when chance gave him the price of a crust, herding with the city's scum, a Galahad among them. It is sad, at this period, to write of him as a devotee of opium. De Quincey's question comes to mind: "How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery, voluntarily to incur a captivity so servile, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a seven-fold chain?" Katherine Tynan answers this query after her own way by attributing it to an emulation of the writer of the query. Nothing could be more absurd. No sane mind that has read De Quincey's marvellous pages would for the sake of its mere pleasure have its ultimate pain. The true cause was not the emulation of the English opium-eater, nor for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree. The baneful habit once contracted, its fascination grew apace. His life was one of gnawing pain and glorious dreams. Books were his only solace in those rueful waking hours when, escaping from the valley of visions and dreams, he entered that of pain and misery. Reading kept the mind from decay under its cruel burden. He read without ceasing philosophy and poetry. Dante, with the light of Aquinas, saw the empty, prattling humanists bereft of their spurious glory, found the wheat of the schoolmen trodden under by the rank rot of post-Reformation divines and scientists, swept England's poesy with eagle eye, filling his roomy mind with thoughts that bid defiance to time. A Grecian philosopher fasted in order the more readily to absorb thought. Shelley held a similar theory. Whatever its merits may be, it worked well in the person of the poet. Of book-learning he has a store.

His gaunt face, peering into some old tome, his soul in his work, was well known to the libraries, until his unkempt figure and tattered clothing cancelled his passport. Deprived of the creative works of others, harassed by his own mind, his only escape was to turn creator, to give vent to the thoughts that craved language birth. In this wise his poem "Dream-Tryst" was written and sent to the editor of *Merry England.* It arrived at the office "on the blue back of a bill—so slovenly and untempting a manuscript that it was pigeon-holed unread." Some lucky chance threw it in the way of Editor Meynell, a critic of no mean rate, who at once saw its beauty and its author's promise.

The hunt for the poet amid the London slums, his discovery and redemption, may well form one of the most interesting chapters in the life of a lovable pair. The poet has been far from ungrateful. His best thoughts are lovingly thrown at the feet of her who led him from misery and early death to honor and light. She has made his captivity sweet, and his harp has been strung to sing her beauty. Not beauty as sung by the modern school of mosaic artificers, with its lusciousness and sensual imagery, beauty miscalled, moral ugliness rather, draped, the folds of the drapery cunningly done the better to show the depravity of love. Thompson has no affinity with this now triumphant school.

His beauty is not sensual; it is spiritual. It strikes its roots on a high table-land, where breathing becomes difficult to those whose hearts have been solely nourished by mundane things. As Coventry Patmore says, "The Lady whom he delights to honor he would have to be too seraphic even for a seraph." This spiritual quality in Mr. Thompson's poems is genuine, and is his least fault in these times of grovelling materialism. It is akin to Dante's, Petrarch's, Crashaw's idealizations of beauty as a virtue.

> "Something more than
> Taffeta or tissue can,
> Or rampant feather, or rich fan,
> Beget, a virtue that so fashions
> Life, that dares send
> A challenge to his end.
> And when it comes say: Welcome, friend."

It is worthy of remark, that these poets were moulded by a study of that long unworked, and, to use a phrase of a keen critic,

inexhaustible mine of Catholic philosophy. From it came the first stream of English poesy—checked and distorted by the Reformers—a stream from whence Shakspere, Crashaw drew, and Milton, when at his best. To this stream belong the poems of Francis Thompson, "which if it be not checked, as in the history of the world it has once or twice been checked before, by premature formulation and by popular and profane perversion, must end in creating a new heaven and a new earth." Such poetry must ever be of the highest order. It alone will express those deeper things in life that prose gropes at. It will bear us beyond the line of nature, to the home of things beyond nature, and their Creator. It will not longer be enmeshed by the phantasies of sense, unthwarted by earth, it will live in the things of heaven. The great debt the poet owes to his benefactress, Mrs. Meynell, a sweet poet, charming essayist, and gracious woman, is returned a hundredfold both in his quaint dedicatory verse, and in his longer poems, grouped as "Love in Dian's Lap." The key to these verses is found in these lines:

> "How should I gauge what beauty is her dole
> Who cannot see her countenance for her soul;
> As birds see not the casement for the sky?
> And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
> I know not of her body till I find
> My flight debarred the heaven of her mind."

And yet by

> "The loom which mortal verse affords,
> Out of weak and mortal words,"

he will weave us some image, if inadequate, of his lady. Yet he is at loss how to throw his shuttle:

> "How praise the woman who but know the spirit?
> How praise the color of her eyes, uncaught
> While they were colored with her varying thought?
> How her mouth's shape, who only use to know
> What tender shape her speech will fit it to?
> Or her lips' redness, when their joined veil
> Song's fervid hand has parted till it wore them pale.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "What of the dear administress then may
> I utter, though I spoke her own carved perfect way?

What of her thoughts, high marks for mine own thoughts
to reach?
Yet (Chaucer's antique sentence so to turn),
Most gladly will she teach, and gladly learn;
And teaching her, by her enchanting art,
The master threefold learns for all he can impart.
Now all is said, and all being said—aye me!
There yet remains unsaid the very She;
Nay, to conclude (so to conclude I dare),
If of her virtues you evade the snare,
Then for her faults you'll fall in love with her."

Corporeal loveliness is to the poet nothing. Christianity has taught the true beauty, and of that beauty will he sing:

"Loveliness corporeal,
Its most just praise a thing improper were
To singer or to listener, me or her.
She wears that body but as one indues
A robe, half careless, for it is the use:
Although her soul and it so fair agree,
We sure may, unattaint of heresy,
Conceit it might the soul's begetter be.
The immortal could we cease to contemplate,
The mortal part suggests its every trait."

Having subtly woven her portrait, he lingers to tell us what she has been to him—a safeguard

"Against the fell
Immitigate ravening of the gates of hell."

She must be true to the spiritual life, through faith and prayer, else the holy Grail is lost not only to the Ladye but to her poet.

"O be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!
For if that soil grow sterile, then the whole
Of me must shrivel, from the topmost shoot
Of climbing poesy, and my life killed through,
Dry down and perish to the foodless root."

The strength of his genius comes from her; would she be false to her high mission, then genius, losing its stay, swept from her "mind's chill sky,"

"It needs must drop, and lie with stiffened wings
Among your soul's forlornest things;
A speck upon your memory, alack!
A dead fly in a dusty window-crack."

"Love in Dian's Lap" is a series of poems that will inseparably link for all time the Ladye and her poet. It is a new friendship in literature, and the only one I can recall where the spiritual, not the sensual, from the first held sway. In these poems the poet has struck a bold note; he has left the loquacious throng of idle singers to prate in simulated speech of woman's natural beauty, to sing of the beauty that knows neither canker nor decay. Let the tuneful choir give us their toy songs; the crowd's applause both pays and measures their life.

"Deaf is he to world's tongue;
He scorneth for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd."

The other poems in Mr. Thompson's little volume classed as "Miscellaneous" and "Poems on Children," contain some of his best work. The "Hound of Heaven," an irregular ode, would alone rank the poet high up in English song. It tells in lofty and sustained verse of the pursuit of a wavering and flying soul from God, its final capture and gentle reprimand.

"Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest.
Thou drawest love from thee who drawest Me."

This poet is very fond of the irregular ode, a species of composition that many have tried, therein few succeeded. The metre of this kind of ode, artless as it may seem to the novice, is one of great difficulty, even in the hands of a true poet. Its lines range from two syllables to ten, with an occasional Alexandrine; and the rhymes follow the subtle and delicate instinct of taste. In the hands of Patmore the effects have been a beautiful addition to English literature. Some of his poems in this metre are well nigh perfect. Such poetry requires not only a delicate ear for rhythm, a technical mastery of language, but a passion sufficiently intense to create the metre.

To write an irregular ode a long apprenticeship to the sim-

pler forms of art is necessary. That Francis Thompson has in one instance incomparably succeeded and given us one of the very few great odes of which the language can boast, is no criterion by which we gauge the future. Other attempts in this line reveal that he is far more happy when using the simpler forms of art. His training has been defective, his technique betimes shows a strange want of mastery, and too often his passion flags before the winning-post is reached. In his "Making of Viola," "Daisy," and "Dream-Tryst" there is a flow of language and a smoothness that irritate the reader with a poet who has purposely resorted to harsh versification, far-fetched similes, defective expression, barren drapery, and positive mysticism. These inelegancies may give rise to a Thompson clique, who may see in them great genius; but the poet who will linger in the mind, rich and full, with that magical quality that runs with time, must rid himself of such absurdities. Greatness has no tricks—genius has rarely been a gymnast. Another trick of the poet is a foolhardy use of obsolete and archaic words that necessitates a constant use of the dictionary. Here the influence of De Quincey is felt. The poet forgets that he is writing for the nineteenth century, and that the common tongue of that century is capable of the highest poetic effects.

It is not necessary either to coin new words, as Mr. Thompson does on every page, nor to draw from well-merited oblivion unmusical and unmeaning ones. Mr. Thompson cannot be read simply as a recreation; he is a poet of infinite suggestiveness, who will well repay the hours loaned to him. His style is his own, as it must be to all great poets. Every poet interprets life personally, and clothes the interpretation in the dress it bespeaks.

It is only talent that fears to leave the model. The style of Thompson has freedom, force, and originality. It is full of life and color. It embodies faith and beauty, revelations of the soul's life, calmness and steadiness in the pursuit of beauty. He has great faith; without it there can be no great art. Scepticism smothers genius; it is as the blight; nothing lives under its spell. Francis Thompson, possessor of faith and many other subordinate gifts that must equip a poet, has much to learn, much to forget. Criticism, true criticism, ever the author's friend, has shown his faults, and spoke warmly of his graces. Shall he hearken? Slowly and painfully must he work. Mountain-climbing requires constant effort. On the peak is his rightful place; shall he, forgetting his mission, rest on the hill-top? He believes in his mission; will he achieve it?

THE HISTORY OF MARRIAGE.*

DR. LUCKOCK, who is a dean of the Established Church in England, supplies us with a treatise on the history of marriage written with special reference to the indissoluble character of the bond and to a large extent with reference to legislation which is desired by powerful influences in that country concerning marriage with a deceased wife's sister. We dismiss this part of the tract with the bare mention because its interest is local. No doubt Dr. Luckock holds that marriage within the degree of affinity in question is contrary to the divine law, and therefore a matter of universal interest. So would be a question of purely ecclesiastical law if the conditions were present which transcend the material barriers of physical nature or the moral barriers of time and training. But he seems to think it stands upon the same ground as the law which makes marriage indissoluble, and claims for this provision a binding force which he denies to other enactments of the Levitical law. He overlooks the difference between both enactments to be found, first, in the fact that our Divine Lord has himself re-enacted the primal law of the life-long character of the marriage contract, and his church, which interprets his mind now and did so from the day he founded her, so declares the law; and second, in the fact that while the church has always claimed the power to dispense from the impediment of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife we find no reference to this impediment in the New Testament. In other words, whatever may be the force of the Mosaic laws in Dr. Luckock's judgment, he cannot deny that there is a wide difference, to Christians at least, between a Mosaic law re-enacted by our Lord and one not re-enacted.

On the question of the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie, Dr. Luckock, as might be expected, is Catholic in opinion and bears testimony to the Catholic tone of the best class of minds in his church on this vital question. There is, however, a shadow on the book. It lacks warmth, heat, spirit. It is

* *The History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in relation to Divorce and certain Forbidden Degrees.* By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the echo of the voice of the prophet of a dead god and a dead faith. It will convince no one that is not convinced before.

The work is learned for all that. The argument from the relations between God and man is apt and lucid, the exposition of the law of marriage among the Jews is sound, the history since its reinstitution by the Lord himself is well stated, so far as it goes, and logical; but, as we shall show before we conclude, he does not make the most of the argument from the action of the Church.

No one who can take in the bearings of any moral influence or the operation of any law can deny that the Supreme Pontiffs in every age expressed the mind of the church by their legislative acts or acts declaratory of legislation. Dr. Luckock sees this, but he half-closes his eyes. On the part borne by the popes in maintaining Catholic doctrine the enemies of Christianity are incomparably more just than members of any of the revolted creeds. These cannot afford to be just; if they were just the reason of their existence would have ceased. It is hard to say whether a cultured dignitary of the Anglican Establishment or the preacher who tells a New York audience in Canadian English that the pope is the Scarlet Woman of Revelations is the more incapable of estimating the pope's relation to the teaching church.

Dr. Luckock's tract begins with the institution of marriage in Paradise as we find it suggested in the opening pages of Genesis. There is in this part of the treatment of his subject evidence of piety and earnestness such as, God willing, shall receive their reward in a return to the fold from which his fathers strayed. We can only briefly refer to it. God's purpose in creating man was so to create him that he should reflect the image of his Maker, but man would have fallen short of the Divine resemblance, and that in a very important feature, had he been left in solitude, with no companion to hold communion with in his intellectual and spiritual nature. As throughout man was to reflect the Divine image, however imperfectly, so the marriage bond could only be a reflection of the eternal union of the undivided Trinity—so far as the finite can be a reflection of the infinite—by a union which nothing could sever but death. It was manifestly intended by the Creator that the reflection should extend as far as possible, and if we form any lower conception of the marriage tie we efface all human claim to be in this feature after the likeness of God.

We pass over what we read in Genesis of the mode of the

woman's formation out of man, and what may be and has been said of its deep significance. The reference to this is not without interest to that class of students who are sufficiently curious to go below the surface and look for the truths hidden in the folds of language. There is a meaning in all Divine acts that lies under the bare narrative; but passing from this we have the explicit assurance of our Lord himself that he who created male and female at the beginning had also said: "For this shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more two but one flesh."

The moral retrogression from the time of Adam to that of Moses prepares us for great changes in the legislation which God permitted for the Israelites. The Divine standard measures the ideal of marriage as it was in Paradise before sin entered the world. In the later books of the Pentateuch we have the ideal obscured and disfigured by human law, but even here the human legislator fixes the nearest approach to it which is practicable for fallen man having regard to the exigency of time and circumstances, he must have before his mind the original purpose of God and the life of man as it is. With these two great facts before him, Moses framed his laws for the greatest attainable good.

To estimate his legislation properly, it must be measured by the standard of the time; interpreted by the side-lights of contemporary history. Read in this light we see a keen discernment of the condition into which the Jews had fallen through their contact with the law and morality of the heathen nations about them, and a determined purpose on the part of the lawgiver to elevate them to a higher moral plane. This is illustrated in the three particulars of slavery, polygamy, and divorce.

Slavery had become practically a necessity. Captives were taken in every battle—whole nations were often carried into captivity. For the captives for whom such a decree as transportation was not made there were two alternatives, death or slavery in the usual acceptation. This is the state of things that Moses found, and he chose the more merciful of the two. It is very plain that expediency was an influence on his legislation. With regard to the concession he allowed in writing a bill of divorce in the event mentioned, our Lord himself declared that Moses allowed it because of the hardness of their hearts.

This shows that in the whole legislation he was only aiming at the best standard he could lift the people to then and there, and not the best possible standard for all time and all peoples.

If we are to take the authority of the Old Testament alone as the rule on matters of life and conduct, we find there as much authority in favor of slavery as for divorce; and yet the very countrymen of Dr. Luckock maintain a ship-of-war on the African station to prevent the former, while their modern divorce court exceeds Chancery in its arrear of cases unheard, and the common-law courts in the sensational character of its trials.

Why is not polygamy, in the Turkish sense, a British institution on the same authority? Any Englishman with moderate good luck can have a greater number of separated wives than a Turkish pasha with three tails can have of wives unseparated, or the sultan himself of wives unbowstringed or unsacked.*

In the Old Testament there is as much authority for remarriage as for polygamy. Those who hold the laws and customs given in the Old Testament should rule Christian society in their unmodified integrity will find more in favor of remarriage than against it. Such people should not be shocked like the gentleman at the dinner-party in Vared who met four men and their four wives each of whom had been the wife of the other husbands. For the same reason we think the honest Teuton who told the Royal Commission "that the state of marriage in Germany makes a German cover his hands with shame" was quite too squeamish. What good Lutheran is without his open Bible—printed, too, from that text which, as D'Aubigné tells us, was so wonderfully discovered by Martin Luther at Erfurt?

In dealing with the subject of Christian marriage we must keep in mind the difference between a divine and a human law-giver. Like the human law-giver the Lord Christ had indeed to deal with men as he found them; but he also had to provide for all future contingencies. It was impossible for him to temporize—to substitute laws of expediency for absolute right. He had only power to hold up an ideal standard based on the eternal and immutable principles of truth. He could only proclaim a morality such as should be conceived by the divine intelligence and asserted by the divine authority. Prophets in whom the purely human is so large a part gave only in mea-

* A summary way the sultans had of divorcing their wives was to have them sewed up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus.

sure the divine counsels because they only received them in measure. When he came in the ripeness of the world, he came to restore the law of the world such as it was when God conversed with man as friend and father before sin entered it and defaced in man the image of the Creator. When we take up the New Testament we must feel in a peculiar sense that we tread on holy ground.

When the Lord came it was as the restorer of the world lost by the fall of Adam. He found marriage degraded to the character of a civil contract among the Jews. The nuptial benedictions in which the divine origin of marriage was attested and God's blessing solemnly invoked had sunk into a secondary place. The bridegroom might repeat the form, or any layman present. The dominant school—that of Hillel—allowed divorce for any reason or for no reason. Moreover, Roman influence was making itself felt in Palestine—if not to the same absorbing extent as elsewhere—in drawing to itself the local social and religious institutions and interpenetrating them with the supremacy of its irresistible will; still with sufficient strength to overshadow the old Jewish exclusiveness and bend it. Except the more furious of the zealots* and the rugged half-savage mountaineers of Palestine itself, the Jews were everywhere eager to become Romans. This could not happen without a weakening of the power of the old religious laws, usages, and ceremonial which had been maintained in some degree of vigor under their ancient life of isolation, and, therefore, a decay in the moral tone should, and did, follow.

As all the pollution of the heathen worships found its way to Rome with their rites, so Rome gave back the foulness to the provinces with a deeper and more fatal influence. The Epistle to the Romans affords some idea of the way in which flesh had again corrupted its way upon the earth. The old Roman respect for marriage belonged to the past. The Roman matron of rank had ceased to dispense the moralities of the hearth and the parental board. She thought only of her assignations with Clodius, and no longer calculated the years by the consuls, but by the number of her husbands. Tacitus, Suetonius, Juvenal, Martial, fill in the unutterable horrors which St. Paul has outlined. One shudders to think of the Divine Lord living in such a world. We look for another deluge as when before

* Even St. Paul himself.

"All dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled";

but the Sinless One came to repair instead.

He, above all great moral reformers, would see that the purity and sanctity of marriage is the foundation of all national virtue. We can hardly hesitate to believe that it was the urgency of this need which caused him to choose the marriage-feast of Cana as the occasion for the first display of his divine power. The early church interpreted his presence there as the indication of his will to sanctify anew the union of man and wife; and she must be held in all respects as the highest exponent of her Founder's mind in all that he did as well as said.

The Fathers who learned at the feet of the Apostles who had been His companions, and the later Fathers, who learned from these, were near enough to the Lord's time to possess a vivid sense of the influence and meaning of his life—standing as they were almost within its luminous shadow; add to this, the world-wide rivulets of recollection—called the sense of the faithful—flowing down, in every church and city and province and nation, to the time of St. Cyril, who tells us that Holy Church, not dogmatically indeed, but in her heart and fancy so interpreted his presence there; and so the whole great flood carried the thought downward as it did other thoughts begotten of the purity of faith in its first freshness, and this may be accepted at least as a link in the collateral argument which goes to prove that the Lord meant marriage should be a great sacrament, and not a bargain and sale or a contract of concubinage.

Why the decent jurisprudence of the world holds illegal such a contract as the last, but what does divorce and the right of remarriage mean but the legalization of such a contract?

But the real argument lies in the words of our Lord when the Pharisees tried to test his position in reference to the two leading Rabbinical schools. "They came unto him, tempting him and saying unto him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto

them: Have ye not read, that he who made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh? Whereupon they are no more now but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder." We have here a re-enactment of the primal law, with a clear implication that it had never been authoritatively revoked. In the words used by the Pharisees it is evident that the law had fallen into disuse.

We have extended this notice already to a length which prevents us from examining the Lord's utterances as they are recorded in St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke. We can only refer the reader to Dr. Luckock's treatment of the matter, which we think leaves little to be desired. To ourselves it seems clear enough that in our Lord's words we have a law coupled with an enacting exposition of its meaning. No doubt what seems to be a serious difficulty is created by what appears according to St. Matthew to be the Lord's teaching that "fornication" may dissolve the bond. Sts. Mark and Luke, on the other hand, represent him as teaching in the most explicit manner that marriage was absolutely indissoluble.

This difficulty, we think, is fully met by Dr. Luckock so far as reliance upon the naked criticism of the authorized judgment on the passages can claim to be satisfactory. The church, however, speaking by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has interpreted the Lord's words to mean what he himself declared to have been the primal law. In his recapitulation of the various and successive testimonies from within the church Dr. Luckock presents a vast and irresistible array of opinion on the question. It, however, seems with him that the whole mass can claim no higher value than a purely human accumulation; but even as that it outweighs beyond all comparison any contrary evidence, and is not to be set aside by any mere criticism based on the seeming exception in St. Matthew. We go with him so far. Unquestionably we think he might have rested his case on the Pastor of Hermas and on the apology addressed to Antoninus Pius by Justin Martyr for the interpretation of the first centuries so far as the historic fact. Independently of other considerations, there must have been a reason for that interpretation in the period nearest to the speaker, and the reason could be no other than that the seeming exception was no exception at all.

The falling away of the nations of Christendom from the centre of unity from time to time witnessed in these separated limbs a departure from the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. Beginning with exceptions to the law in the case of adultery, they ended with any exception whatever if it were demanded on the part of power. We see this in the Greek Church very remarkably; we see it more unmistakably still in the interested complaisance of the Reformers in the sixteenth century. Dr. Luckock, we regret, does but scant justice to the popes for their uncompromising attitude on this question amid the enormous difficulties which so often beset them and seemed to threaten the existence of the church herself.

Take, for instance, the case of Innocent III. with Philip Augustus. Every suggestion of human prudence would have counselled that pontiff to conciliate the greatest prince of the age, the eldest son of the church, the crusader. But it was impossible—the same "non possumus" for ever replied by the Vicars of Christ to those who asked them to betray the supreme trust he reposed in them. It was this that saved the doctrine which Dr. Luckock has so ably vindicated from the assaults of power and passion. When Philip Augustus in the rage of disappointment exclaimed "Happy Saladin, he has no pope!" he expressed what all others have felt when stayed in the course of crime by the inviolable fidelity of the popes to the commission conferred upon them by their Master.

THE CRITICS CRITICISED.

BY REV. R. M. RYAN.

NOT the least remarkable feature of the closing years of the nineteenth century is the extraordinary metamorphosis observable in the manner of treating polemical subjects. Facts have superseded *rationes* wherever they could be made to speak; with the result, that a general fixing-up has become necessary in the many things that were considered as stable as the stars. In historical subjects, in particular, this necessity has become more specially apparent. Had those hopeful offspring of the nineteenth century's decrepitude, "the higher critics," been permitted to continue much longer their peculiar process of proving the wrongness of all records that did not conform to their standards, our histories would soon have been reduced to book-covers, and as lifeless and empty as the cast-off chrysalis of the butterfly. Hardly a single Greek hero was left by them to enliven the battle-field of Troy. Historic characters of Assyrian, Phœnician, Egyptian, and Hebrew fame shared the same fate. The solvent used to blot them off the historic pages, where they had so long figured, was the following: Contemporary records, which the critics thought well of accepting, did not refer to them; writing, which alone could perpetuate their memory, could not even have been known at the time the records referring to them claim to have been written; the spelling of their names showed them not to belong to the race they were said to be leaders of—these and other equally ingenious arguments, which, of course, the critics first demonstrated to *their own* satisfaction, are fair specimens of the means employed to discredit the greater part of the earlier biblical narratives. Baur—a really eminent Greek scholar—established a critical canon still more remarkable. He "showed" that a tendency to any literary excellence in any New Testament writer, excepting St. Paul, must invalidate his authenticity. Acting on this very flexible principle, he deposed three of the evangelists, leaving us only St. Mark. His disciple, Volkmar, another Greek scholar, continuing his master's work, by "solid argument," based on another ground

principle of his own, proved even St. Mark's gospel to be equally undeserving of acceptance. In fact, with this new weapon of "higher criticism," there is not a work of the ancients—or, for that matter, of the moderns either—which they could not discredit or "prove" whatever they pleased about it.

From the outset these scholars and their criticisms excited suspicion. In the first place, they themselves seemed unconscious of what to all others was very apparent, that their impelling motive was the destruction of all sacred Scriptures. Their learning was unquestioned, their industry could not but be admired, but their motives were distinguishable by negative and positive characteristics that could not be entirely concealed, however carefully guarded. An honest desire to find out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whatever it was, was conspicuous by its absence; as were also all signs of a prudent, discreet, and reasonable regard for what so many master minds among their contemporaries and predecessors treated not alone with implicit confidence, but with profoundest reverence and admiration. The reasons of these latter for such respect and trustfulness had withstood the tests of thousands of generations, and deserved at least to be inquired into. They were brushed aside with a majestic pen-sweep. Had the critics let loose all their forces of argumentation on the testimonies to the truth of the narratives, and, after disproving them, established on their ruins their own views, they would long ago have been answered. But, owing to the unique mode of the attack, it was hard to meet them on advantageous ground, or, in fact, on any ground except that of negation. But, happily, they have been encountered and overthrown in a way they little suspected, and so completely that we are not likely to hear much more of their new-fangled "higher" critical methods.

With the scholarly critic, armed, disciplined, and regularly enrolled, but antagonistic to the Bible, go down the motley crowd of irregulars that follow in their wake. These are the little, loquacious, sceptic squads who prop up their doubts, notions, and pretensions—petty in everything save in their mischievousness—with the weapons and phrases of their betters. By them the phrases "higher criticism," "modern research," and "the latest scientific discoveries" are made do duty for thought, intelligence, and personal examination of both sides of the questions at issue. Whilst ever boasting of independence of thought, they seem hydrophobically fearful of tasting a little of its limpid sweetness; so much so, that their ignorance of the

true import of the phrases they quote becomes sometimes painfully—almost disgustingly—apparent.

That the same fault may not be found with ourselves, let us, before adducing those *facts* that refute the critics' conclusions, define what we mean by "higher criticism." It is an inquiry into the nature, origin, and date of the documents with which one may be dealing, as well as into the historical value and credibility of the statements they contain. It really is new only in name, at least to theologians and biblical scholars. The distinction between it and what is called "lower criticism" is more nominal than real; inasmuch as both have always been carried on by biblical students side by side, and often intermingled. Neither in the Catholic Church, nor even outside of it, has belief in the Bible ever been based solely on internal evidence, or even on philology and palæography, which the "higher critics" say constitute "lower criticism," but—in the case of the church—on her infallible power of distinguishing the true from the false; and in the case of non-Catholics, on all and every evidence that human intelligence and human ingenuity could supply, including all honest, well-founded methods of criticism. The real difference between believers in the Bible and modern unbelievers now seems to be, that the latter invent some specious criterion, and demand that the sacred books demonstrate their correspondence with it; or else they pretend to see conclusive evidences of error in their want of concordance with certain archæological discoveries, and become confirmed therein if a reconciliation be not forthwith effected by those professing belief in the Sacred Scriptures. This is like the Roman emperor's method of removing a too powerful or too affluent subject. He had leave to kill himself, if he did not instanter clear himself of a hastily trumped-up accusation which was often as fantastic as it was insidious.

On what single work of the ancients would a "higher" critical investigation make men agreed? On what comparatively modern work, even, are they in accord on all points? The very authorship of the best known of all English poetical works is seriously controverted. What wonder is it, then, that controversy exists about some things pertaining to the oldest and most ill-used book in the world? This in no way alarms the really enlightened and really earnest Christian; but it rejoices the Agnostic, who finds, or thinks and boasts he finds, herein all he wants for his position. To make still surer of it he takes up the sacred volume and demands, with his newly-tempered criti-

cal scalpel in hand, evidence of its contents that he cannot dissect and disprove, or at least reduce to an unrecognizable mass. This process having in part succeeded with the earlier histories of Greece and Rome, allured the sceptic to try it with that of ancient Israel. The same canons that had relegated Mycenæan power and the Trojan war to the realms of myth-land, consigned the earlier biblical narratives to the same unhistoric region. Abraham, Lot, Melchisedech followed Agamemnon. There was no contemporary record of any of them existing; *therefore* they did not exist. But the spade of Dr. Schliemann, the great Grecian archæologist, reinstated the "king of men" in classic history, and the pick and shovel of a Petrie, a Bliss, a Botta, a Layard, and other oriental explorers have brought to light overwhelming archæological testimony —some of which had lain buried for over three thousand years in Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Palestine—confirmatory of many portions of the Bible narrative, on which the critics had, as they thought, piled an irremovable load of higher and lower, positive and negative critical rubbish. Like that covering the Cross and the holy places in Palestine until St. Helen's time, it only served to preserve them.

We are indebted to a distinguished oriental linguist, archæologist and palæographist, A. H. Sayce, of Queen's College, Oxford, for bringing before the public in popular form the results of recent explorations amongst the ruins of the palaces and temples of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, etc., in his admirable work entitled *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments*. On the learned professor's work we shall freely draw for illustration, and on that of Major Conder's, *The Tell Amarna* Tablets*, a briefer, clearer, better ordered translation and explanation of this wonderful archæological library, published last year.

The critics had rejected the larger part of the earlier history of the Old Testament; indeed, Havet and Vernes had gone further, and declared that before the Babylonian Exile there was little of it that could be believed at all, whilst many learned classical scholars would persuade us that before the time of Solon there was not a knowledge of letters existing, anywhere outside of Greece, sufficient to enable the written records, which the Scriptures presuppose, to have been made. It therefore

* The insistence of Major Conder and Professor Sayce on their respective modes of spelling these simple words, is a marked illustration of the little dependence that can be placed on arguments derived from etymology.

is impossible, they say, to conceive of a Samuel or a Moses writing or compiling a history. Force was lent to this from the fact that until recently no inscription in Phœnician characters, which were regarded as the oldest in Syria, was known that went farther back than the time of Solomon; but now the Siloam inscription demonstrates that there was an alphabet used for writing purposes long before that time, which Moses or Samuel might have used. But there is stronger evidence of the erroneousness of such an argument against the antiquity of the Sacred Scriptures.

The assumption that the Phœnician alphabet is the oldest is a false one. It is found that the Minœan, which was said to be derived from it, is its parent, and numerous inscriptions in southern Arabia, its home, prove that at the time of the Exodus the Minœans had a literature with which their Semitic neighbors, the Israelites, could easily have been acquainted. As Professor Sayce expresses it: "So far from its being improbable that the Israelites of the age of the Exodus were acquainted with writing, it is extremely improbable that they were not. They had escaped from Egypt, where the art of reading and writing was as familiar as it is in our days, and had made their way into a desert which was traversed by Minœan traders, equally familiar with the literary arts. With them, also, the kinsmen of Jethro, the 'priest of Madian, the father-in-law of Moses,' must have been familiar." Indeed, the condition of the Jews on entering Arabia must have been somewhat analogous to what that of the negroes of the United States would be to-day were they to betake themselves to the country of their ancestors.

Strong as these arguments are in favor of the impugned feature of early biblical records, the discovery in 1887 of certain Egyptian cuneiform tablets, at Tel el-Amarna, completely settles all further controversy in their favor. These, furthermore, revolutionize all our ideas of ancient peoples, by showing that those of Western Asia, in the time of Moses, were as highly cultured as those of Western Europe in the age of the Renaissance.

About one hundred and eighty miles south of Cairo, midway between Thebes and Memphis, on the eastern bank of the Nile, is a long line of mounds. Beneath them has been discovered a vast library containing the records of Egypt under the eighteenth dynasty, which were deposited there by Amenophis IV., in B. C. 1500. Amongst these records are letters from Baby-

lonia, Assyria, Kappadocia, and Northern Syria, as well as from Egyptian governors of the Amorites and Philistines, and from various other parts of Palestine. They are upon every variety of subject, as well as from persons of every variety of race and nationality. They testify to an active and extensive correspondence carried on, not by a select body of scribes but by persons of every class and condition. Amongst them are some from the then king of Jerusalem, who speaks of his God as the "Most High God of Heaven." They are written in the Babylonian language and in cuneiform characters, a fact which brings out in most striking prominence the schooling the writers must have undergone to master so strange and difficult a double language—it being, like Latin in the middle ages and French in modern times, the common vehicle of international communication. Moreover, the writers had also to learn a different syllabary, consisting of five hundred different characters, each of which had at least two different phonetic values. In addition, each character might denote an object or idea, and in combination another idea, different from that which the separate characters denoted, or their combined phonetic effect expressed. Acquiring a knowledge of this script-language must have been equivalent to learning from three to five of our modern languages. Yet the "critics" have "proved" the erroneousness of Genesis by the fact (?) of the general ignorance of the people, especially of writing, at the time and place it was supposed to have been written!

The most interesting letters are from the southern part of Palestine, which refer, with great clearness, to the conquest of that country by Joshua. The name of one of the kings killed by him, Japhia (Josh. x. iii.), is found, and also that of Adonizedek, King of Jerusalem. The name Jabin, King of Hazor, whom Joshua attacked, is also given. The Hebrews are said to have come from the desert and from Mount Seir—all of which is in complete conformity with the Bible record.

Amongst other things swept away by the critics was the biblical chronology relating to the Exodus. The Tel el-Amarna tablets replace it in its entirety. The date of the Hebrew invasion of lower Palestine is exactly that which is derivable from I. Kings vi. i. It corresponds with the time when, according to the tablets, the Egyptian troops had been withdrawn, and the various peoples whom the Israelites conquered were left to shift for themselves, under the nineteenth dynasty—that is, between 1700 B. C. and 1800 B. C.

"Ur of the Chaldees"; Haran, where Thare the father of Abram died, and several other Scripture places have been "proved" by the critics never to have existed, after much merry-making over the differences in them and other names in Deuteronomy and Genesis. They have turned up on the tablets, however, where it is impossible to suspect that they are only mythical; for data is supplied otherwise which enable us to identify their site. The tablets also justify their difference in spelling and pronunciation. They are given in Deuteronomy as they were actually pronounced; and in Genesis as they read on some Babylonian tablets.

Again, the much-ridiculed campaign of Choderlaomer and his allies has been proved historical; nor can the "higher critics" any more assert the Elamite invasions of the distant West, in the time of Abraham, to be incredible. It is no longer permissible to maintain, as they have done, that the story is merely a variation of the Syrian campaigns under Tiglathphilazer or Sennacherib, and that the names of the Palestinian kings afford etymological evidence of their mythical character. Ill-concealed scepticism and rash criticism have received a severe rebuke in the references to them through the Tel el-Amarna tablets, which it is hoped will be profitable. From them we learn that Palestine, and even Jerusalem, had come under and suffered from Babylonian—or, as it was known in these parts, Assyrian power. According to the Babylonian records, as far back as B. C. 3800 Sargon of Accad had marched four times into the land of the Amorites. On the bricks of the Babylonian prince Eri-Aku we read that his father, Kudur-Mabug, was "the father of the land of the Amorites." Now, Kudur-Mabug was an Elamite, and his name is precisely of the same form as Koderlahomer. There is nothing strange, therefore, in the name nor the event in the Scripture record; more than this, the various places mentioned in the expedition can, by the aid of the cuneiform records, be identified to-day.

But the second half of the fourteenth chapter of Genesis it was that received the least quarter from the critics; they hardly thought it worth while to waste arguments on it at all. "Melchisedech, King of Salem and priest of the Most High God, a man without father, without mother, without genealogy," they dismissed as too obviously a creature of imagination. And yet, among the surprises which the tablets have in store is a vassal king of Jerusalem answering exactly to this description of Melchisedech. A letter from him to the Pharoah tells us that, un-

like any other Egyptian governor in Canaan, he had been appointed not by the Pharoah, but by the oracle and power of the god whose sanctuary was on Mount Moriah. He says: "Behold, neither my father nor my mother have exalted me in this place"; and in another: "Behold, I am not a governor or vassal of the king my lord. I am an ally of the king. . . . Neither my father, nor my mother, but the oracle of the Mighty King established me." Here is an explanation also of that mysterious passage in Heb. v. 6.

There is a reason why Melchisedech should be called "King of Salem," rather than King of Jerusalem. In the cuneiform inscriptions Jerusalem is written Uru-'salim, and a lexical tablet explains *uru* to mean city. He was king of the city of Salim.

Of the story of the creation and of the deluge most striking corroboration has been offered. These have frequently been referred to, and need only be mentioned now in passing to notice a peculiarly obtuse view taken of them by Professor Sayce: that they, or copies of them, may have served as the originals from which the writer of Genesis drew his information. Is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the memory of the event traditionally preserved by both peoples served as the common source from whence the inscriber of the Assyrian bricks and the author of Genesis drew their information? And that the former distorted, corrupted, and spoiled his work in a very natural and human way, whilst the latter, being preserved therefrom by divine influence, gave the true account? This is, *prima facie* what appears, and what never-ending criticism but confirms; yet, strangely enough, Professor Sayce devotes a large portion of his otherwise valuable work to unfolding a crabbed, forced, and altogether gratuitous theory of his own. Had he, like Major Conder, contented himself, as he indeed should have done, with explanatory comments on the text, for which he is so eminently fitted, the public would owe him a debt of gratitude they by no means now feel under. They cannot help thinking that in *The Higher Criticism* he has, just as ruthlessly as the "higher critics," tried to pull down with one hand what he built up with the other.

BONAPARTE AND THE MORAL LAW.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

THE *manes* of Bonaparte are being gratified. As he scourged Europe in the flesh, so he is afflicting us here in America in the spirit. Again he bestrides the world like a colossus, and torrents of printer's ink are being poured out over him in volume as great as his own bloodshed. The conqueror has appropriated our hoardings and our dead-walls as coolly as he appropriated kingdoms and dukedoms long ago. He glares at us in horrent form from a portentous steed, like a new Gorgon. He is, in fact, becoming somewhat of a bore.

It is due to the appearance of a fresh set of Memoirs * of this phenomenal figure that we come to swell the volume of buzz about him now. The Baron de Méneval is the author. He was private secretary to Napoleon from 1802, when the great man was First Consul, down to the disastrous close of the Russian campaign, and did literary work for him intermittently afterwards until his departure for the *Bellerophon*. His opportunities for the study of his subject were, therefore, excellent; his partiality for him, which seems to have amounted to an infatuation, was not, however, the best of qualifications. The eulogies with which he loads his idol, in the course of a characteristically French preface, remind us of the period of Roman decadence when the debased and degenerate wearers of the imperial purple got parasites to pay them divine honors and worship their effigies in public. Such a pen as his was not the one to give us a picture of the despot in all his true inwardness; and indeed he frankly confesses his own unfitness. But he felt a sort of commission to write this biography as a sacred duty. "You will one day write," Napoleon said to him once, as the biographer tells us; "You will not be able to resist the desire to write Memoirs." It did not require any very profound insight into human nature to make this prophecy.

It is useful to place this work in juxtaposition with the Memoirs written by Madame de Rémusat, and endeavor, by a comparison of their respective portraits, to form a sort of

* *Memoirs illustrating the History of Napoleon I. from* 1802 *to* 1815. By Baron Claude François de Méneval. Edited by his grandson, Baron Napoleon Joseph de Méneval. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

kinetoscopical picture for ourselves. According to Baron de Méneval, Bonaparte in private life was chivalrous, generous, and tender-hearted to a fault. Madame de Rémusat describes him as a model of coarseness and brutality in ladies' society. The devotion of this faithful servitor proves the exception to the generally admitted rule, that "no man is a hero to his own valet."

M. de Méneval was evidently a most laborious and painstaking chronicler. His three volumes are stuffed with details. The multitudinous transactions which occupied the time of Bonaparte, when he began to be a figure of national importance, are related most carefully in these pages. His criticisms of individuals are interesting, and they possess the merit of being crisp and graphic. But he looked at everything as his master looked; he had no eyes of his own.

One of the darkest episodes in Bonaparte's career—the shooting of the Duc d'Enghien—is softened down very sensibly by the narrative which M. de Méneval gives of it. That it was a misadventure of an unavoidable kind is what he endeavors to show.

It would appear from his narrative that when the duke was under arrest and being tried for conspiracy by the military commission at Vincennes, Bonaparte had despatched a special messenger, State-Counsellor Réal, to examine him and see that the case was fairly tried. This envoy had been so broken down by incessant work over the conspiracy cases that he had to betake himself to bed, and could not be seen when the messenger bearing Bonaparte's commission arrived at his house. He arrived at Vincennes in time only to hear that the duke had been found guilty and shot immediately. Beside this mishap, the unfortunate duke had suffered from another. A personal note which he had written to the First Consul, praying for an interview, was not forwarded by the court-martial. Bonaparte, according to M. de Méneval, had made up his mind that the duke would be found guilty; but he was prepared to deal with any such incident as this request, and it was with this view he had despatched the letter to M. Réal. But it must be clear, from this partial description, that when he heard from his messenger's lips the story of his failure and its tragic sequence, he did not exhibit any great remorse. He merely observed, "It is well," and went upstairs to his private rooms, walking very slowly. Afterwards he got the official report of the judgment, and it caused him, as M. de Méneval says, "fresh grief." He found that the forms of law had been vio-

lated in the proceeding, and that many irregularities and omissions marked the report—so much so that he had a new one drawn up. This does not mend the matter in any way whatever. Napoleon assumed that the unfortunate prince was guilty of entering into a conspiracy against France, in the carrying out of which his own seizure was to be an incident, and he resolved to frustrate it by having first blood. Hence the kidnapping of the duke—an international outrage without modern parallel—and the post-haste mockery of a trial, and the military murder. The only extenuating word that can be offered for it is that there were, without doubt, many plots formed at the time against the Republic and against Bonaparte, and when the public mind is excited peoples and rulers alike are driven into a panic state, and into the perpetration of acts which their calmer judgment condemns.

The unlimited adulation of M. de Méneval fails to convince the reader of his Memoirs that he had implicit faith in the idol whom he adored. To chronicle such proceedings as he from time to time had to chronicle must have cost a conscientious man a pang. That M. de Méneval had some compunction about delicate matters, wherein the rude hand of the despot was thrust to rend and shatter natural ties and moral bonds, is quite apparent from the bald way in which some of these matters are stated and the absence of any lengthened commentary on them. There were two things in especial which Napoleon strove with all his tyrant energy to subdue to his will—the Catholic Church and its laws, and the right of his own family to marry as it pleased its various members to do. His incessant efforts in the former direction showed that he was not discouraged by the failures of the English Henrys or the German Henrys, the Fredericks or the Philips, but hoped against hope still to make the church a great state department, like the Protestant church in the English polity. In his outrageous attempts to prevent his brothers marrying where they had placed their affections, he made himself ridiculous, and by one brother at least (Lucien) to endure humiliation. The flabby excuse that the *senatus-consultum* was as much the barrier to these marriages as the emperor himself will not serve. The *senatus-consultum* was the tool of the emperor; everything in France was at the time prostrate and pliant at his feet. His behavior toward the pope, amounting to rudeness, in the coronation ceremonial; his seizure of the pope's person and lengthened imprisonment of the steadfast pontiff, and the whole spirit of his policy as a ruler, showed that he designed

that he should rule the church and be supreme in the moral order as well as in the military state.

The process by which the Corsican adventurer endeavored to carry out his design went far beyond anything ever previously attempted. The method known as "bulldozing" in this country is mildness itself as compared with his. In addition to seizing the pope's person he sought to terrorize the cardinals and the bishops, fomenting the spirit known as Gallicanism until it assumed to master, on the pretence of resisting, the church outside. He annexed the Papal States to the French Empire, and indeed there is not the smallest doubt that he contemplated "running" the church from France, as well as running the secular world on the Continent of Europe generally. He imprisoned bishops who stood up against his pretensions; he exiled sixteen cardinals who absented themselves from his espousals with Princess Marie Louise, and deprived them of their right to wear the red garments which symbolized their rank. It was only at the earnest solicitations of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, who played a very weak part in all these high-handed proceedings, that he did not go to greater lengths in the attempt to break down the steadfast opposition of the Holy See and the church generally to his infamous thrusting away of an unsatisfactory wife in pursuit of his vast and overweening ambition.

It is amusing to note the complacency with which the follower endorses the action of the dictator in these remarkable events—intensely amusing, as an instance of that self-sufficiency which makes the Frenchman at times the very peacock of humanity. M. de Méneval on this point says much, but a little will serve to show how the spirit of the master had inflated the vanity of the servitor. He writes:

"The pope seemed so necessary to Napoleon that he used to say that if he did not exist he would have to be created. But he wished to have him in his hands, and to establish him in Paris, so as to make this capital the metropolis of the Catholic world. In placing the Holy See in the capital of the empire Napoleon would have surrounded it with magnificence and honors, but at the same time he would always have kept the pope under his eyes. *This vast ambition was a permissible one*, and he would perhaps have had the power and the genius necessary for realizing it. The establishment of the sovereign pontiff in Paris would have been fruitful in great political results, and the influence exercised by the head of the church over the whole Catholic world would have become the inheritance of

France. That was the time of mighty conceptions; and the generations which shall follow us, in reading over the history of Napoleon, will believe themselves transported to the heroic ages."

Italics are hardly necessary to emphasize the astounding impertinence of this endorsement. A duke getting a character from his valet is only a poor parallel. It is tendered, however, in all sincerity, apparently; therefore, we may conclude that in giving Napoleon a recommendation on the score of his spiritual excellence he was an equally competent authority. He says:

"To sum up, Napoleon loved his religion and wished to honor it and render it prosperous. This is proved by the Concordat. But at the same time he wished to employ it as a social force with which to repress anarchy, to consolidate his preponderance in Europe, and finally to increase the glory of France and the influence of the French capital. The emperor used to say to the Bishop of Nantes, who pointed out to him how useful and how important for the unity of the faith was the visible head of the church: 'Master Bishop, be without anxiety. The policy of my states is closely bound up with the preservation and maintenance of the pope's spiritual power. It is necessary to me that he should be more powerful than ever. He will never have as much power as my policy prompts me to desire for him.'"

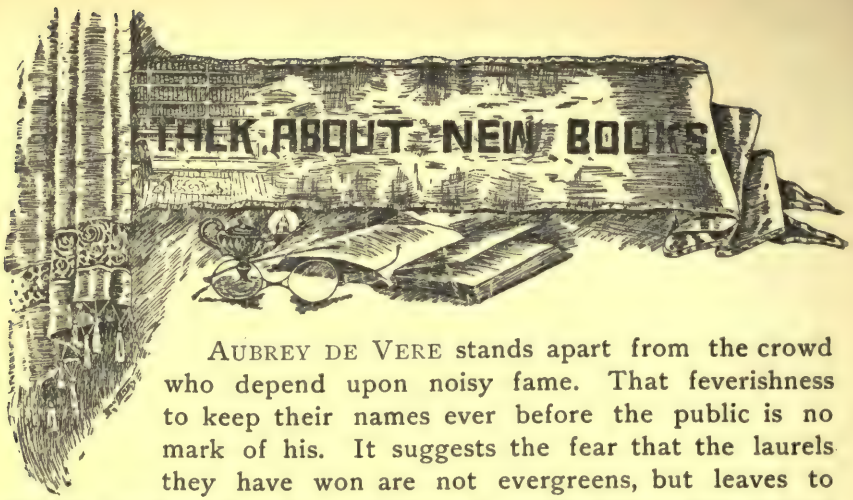
Bonaparte's law of comparative values in ethics is one of the most curious paradoxes ever observed. Reserving to himself the right of infringing and abolishing every law whatsoever, divine or human, that stood between him and his daring schemes, he allowed no infringement on the code he himself set up. The *senatus-consultum* he considered authority good enough to annul his marriage with Josephine Beauharnais, but he would allow no infringement of the civil law on marriage which he patronized. Thus, when one of his servants wished to marry a step-sister of his deceased wife, which was not permitted by the law, Napoleon refused to set it aside when the man appealed to him; but he made a sort of atonement for this scrupulosity about law by advising the suppliant to go outside the country and get married where such a marriage was not illegal. This characteristic anecdote M. de Méneval relates with the greatest ingenuousness.

It is well that these Memoirs have made their appearance just now. The public mind is filled with the afterglow of a dazzling military career, to the exclusion of the consideration

of the deadly menace it was to every institution which stands for liberty of soul and mind here below. It is well that it is afforded a glimpse into the life of the real man by one who saw him at close range. To find how he acted towards the Catholic Church, towards the distinguished women who opposed his ambition, towards the illustrious Châteaubriand, and the greatest minds, in short, in France who would not bend to his will, it is only necessary to go closely through the pages of this devoted amanuensis. No spot or blemish appears in the character of either Bonaparte or Josephine, whilst the writer does not hesitate to blacken the character of Napoleon's adversaries, such as Madame de Staël, wherever he can. If there were any scandals in the career of that illustrious and much-persecuted woman, why not let the grave close over them as over those of his master and mistress, which were far more notorious? The more we learn of the French Empire—that of Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Sham—the greater reason we have for believing that the Republic, with all its drawbacks, is far more beneficial to France and to the cause of universal justice and progress than the Imperial rule. And as regards its attitude towards the church, it is well to bear in mind that it is at all times better to deal with an avowed enemy than with a make-believe friend—a friend who abuses the name of friendship for the purpose of enslavement and humiliation.

Robert H. Sherard, who translated the work, explains that he found no small difficulty in following the original text, so complex and roundabout was the style. This method of composition is, it appears, in France the "style administrative"; and it is interesting to note that this was also the style of Bonaparte in dictating. The popular belief was the contrary of this. He was credited with affecting a Cæsarian brevity and directness. It will surprise many to learn also that he was unable to write a letter—hardly able to write or spell anything, in fact. Like another great man of old, he was almost *supra grammaticam.* The translator makes some very pungent and valuable notes and corrections in the course of his exceedingly onerous task.

The production of the book, it is but just to say, reflects high credit on the publishers, the Messrs. Appleton. Its bindings are in rich blue and gold, and the white and gold Napoleonic device on the cover is beautifully reproduced. Four finely executed portraits—those of Bonaparte, Josephine, Marie Louise, and the author—are given in the work. They are tinted etchings.



AUBREY DE VERE stands apart from the crowd who depend upon noisy fame. That feverishness to keep their names ever before the public is no mark of his. It suggests the fear that the laurels they have won are not evergreens, but leaves to wither unless kept in the sunshine of public notice with jealous assiduity. The calm consciousness of a higher desert is discernible in his attitude; the modesty which is ever the accompaniment of sterling genius restrains him from constantly figuring in the public eye, or striving to catch the volatile spirit of the age by the production of work suitable to that species of pleasure which consists in perpetual motion and feverish haste in all things. Work like his may indeed be said to be "caviare to the general"; it is for the retirement of the study and the calm seclusion of the woods and brook-sides in the long summer days.

But this is only speaking generally. There are many people still, for all our age of rush, who love this sort of caviare, and to these the fact of a new volume of selections* from the poet's best work will be welcome news. This edition has been edited by Mr. George Edward Woodberry, of Beverly, Mass., who lays it before the American public with a felicitous introduction.

To American readers some of these poems of Aubrey de Vere's must open up a world of ideas and ancient peoples as strange and wonderful as a new stratum to the geologist and biologist. Those, particularly, which treat of the mythical period of Irish pagan chivalry must be a revelation. They deal with beings answering in some respect to the Greek demigods, but more distinctly human even though invested with supernatural gifts. A past age was familiar enough with the nomenclature of Ossianic literature; in America, at least the present generation know nothing, it may be almost literally true to say, about the subject with which that literature dealt. On the

* *Selections from the Poems of Aubrey de Vere.* Edited, with a Preface, by George Edward Woodberry. New York: Macmillan & Co.

other side of the Atlantic commendable efforts are being made to bring the forgotten Celtic literature on which the Ossianic inventions rested once again under the attention of scholars. Excellent translations of "The Sons of Usnach," "The Pursuit of Diarmid and Grania," "The Children of Lir" and other works, have been given the world by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and thousands of copies of these works have been sold. On these themes—each of them a masterpiece of tragic composition—several modern poets have sought an afflatus, and of these it may be said at least that Aubrey de Vere stands *primus inter pares*.

"The Foray of Queen Maeve" is one of those old Irish romances whose hero commended himself most to the poet as an ideal. Cuchullain is his name; his existence as a real personage is a matter of grave doubt. He is one of a race of heroes whose military prowess altogether surpasses that of the Greek mythical champions; and he surpasses these, too, in the fact that the most sensitive chivalry underlay his martial spirit, in regard to women and persons unworthy of his warrior steel. In Aubrey de Vere's hands he becomes a paragon of knightly tenderness and purity of motive, and the chivalric order of the Red Branch Knights—the earliest creation of its kind, so far as we can learn, in the whole world—assumes a new character. Other poets have handled the same personages, but none of them have conceived of the pre-Christian heroes as Aubrey de Vere does. Although pagan in training, he illuminates them with the glow of the coming dawn of Christianity, and fills them with the spirit of self-sacrifice and purity of soul which rendered the followers of Patrick and Columbanus the light of the western world. This may not be in "the spirit of the old Irish poetry" of which we hear so much but still are left to know so little; but we prefer to think that so poetical a people as the ancient Celts undoubtedly were more nearly approached the spiritual conception of Aubrey de Vere than the gross and material one of, say, Sir Samuel Ferguson.

The other selections in this volume show the author in different moods—some of them not his best. Those of his later years exhibit marks of saturninity. When a poet becomes soured by the course which the mutations of the ever-changing world takes, he had better lay down his lyre altogether and exchange it for a bicycle. De Vere himself has nobly indicated the spirit in which the muse should be truly wooed, and we cannot do him better service, in view of some recent threnodies

of his, than let Philip sober speak to Philip in the post-prandial or dyspeptic mood:

"THE POET'S SONG.

"Far rather let us loathe and scorn the power
Of Song, than seek her fane with hearts impure,
Panting for praise or pay, the vulgar lure
Of those on whom the Muse doth scantly shower,
Or not at all, her amaranthine dower;
Ye that would serve her, first of this be sure,
Her glorious Pæans will for aye endure
Whether or not she smile upon your bower.

Go forth, Eternal Melodies, go forth
O'er all the world, and in your broad arms wind it!
Go forth, as ye are wont, from South to North;
No spot so barren but your spells can find it.
So long as Heaven is vaulted o'er the earth,
So long your power survives, and who can bind it?"

Amongst the many fine things in this volume is a piece called "The Sisters." It seems to be founded on a study of humble Irish life, yet it serves as a beautiful allegory of the relations between England and Ireland; and its lessons are such as ought to be laid deeply to heart by all good men who wish to see a better order of things replace the old and evil deray.

Two good books come to us from the eminent Irish publishing house of Gill & Son, Dublin. One is *The Life of Cardinal Franzelin*, by Father Nicholas Walsh, S.J.; the other, a volume of *Essays* by Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, edited, with an introduction, by Mrs. Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. They are both sure to be read with pleasure and much edification.

The biographer of Cardinal Franzelin resembles his subject in his excessive modesty. He is a Jesuit priest justly famed for his erudition, and whose reputation as a pulpit orator was such as to draw great crowds to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Dublin, whenever it was known that he is to preach there. Yet he puts forth this work with all the diffidence of a raw beginner, craving pardon for its defects in a very shamefaced sort of way, as it must appear to the reader. That this humility is not the mask of pride any one who knows Father Nicholas Walsh need hardly be informed. He has no reason to fear any criticism of his work. It is in style and substance a

well-written biography, and must prove of exceeding interest to all those who desire to find rules for every-day guidance in the religious life. To these it is a work of great value.

Father Franzelin belonged to the same illustrious order as his biographer. He was, intellectually, exceptional in his youth. He did not delight in robust exercises or boyish games, but was given from an early age to retirement, study, and contemplation. Yet this was only his mental habit; there was nothing of the ascetic or the misanthropic in his gentle, lovable nature. He was fond of solitary rambles over the hills and amidst the lovely valleys of his native Tyrol, feeding heart and eye with the varying beauties of the glorious panorama, and pondering on the eternal beauties of which these are but the faint reflection. He began his studies at an early age, and he seems to have had at the beginning the idea that he was destined for the religious life. Although it was under the Franciscans those studies were conducted, it was the Society of Jesus which he desired to enter when the question of choice was put to him when he was called upon to make a final decision. He was assisted in this decision in a very remarkable way. There lived in the Tyrol at the time one of those singular women known as ecstatics. Her name was Maria Mörl. She was a person of singular holiness and austerity of life, and had the reputation of seeing visions and bearing the stigmata. She was consulted about young Franzelin's choice—for, although he had decided on the vocation, there were financial and other reasons which interfered with his free action. She prayed in solitude for some days, and when she had finished she declared it was God's wish that he should enter the Jesuit order. Accordingly, those difficulties having somehow been surmounted, he entered on his novitiate at Grätz, in Styria, in his eighteenth year; and the record which he left in the convent was eloquent of his character: "In tyrocinio omnibus raro præluxit exemplo." But his habit of mortification was over-great, so that he ran imminent danger of doing himself permanent physical injury; hence he was placed under restrictive orders by his superiors, just in time barely to save his life, though not avert a very alarming illness. It was at Tarnapol, in Galicia, that young Franzelin began his more serious studies, and here he was thrown much in the way of Father Beckx, who subsequently became general of the order. A great aptitude for languages was one of young Franzelin's gifts, and he found it exceedingly useful in those early days, thrown as he was

amongst a mixed population, in imparting religious instruction and teaching the catechism to the young people of the surrounding district. He appears to have had also an extraordinary gift of memory. He finished his studies in the Roman College, his theological course being exceedingly brilliant. In the year 1858 he succeeded Father Perrone in the chair of dogmatic theology, and held that responsible position for the space of nineteen years. It is recorded of his method of teaching that he used no text-books or papers, but dictated slowly and distinctly to the class, for the first quarter of an hour, and lectured on this skeleton of his thesis until he had completed the structure as a beautiful whole. Many exquisite things are written of this portion of the cardinal's life, but it is as well here to say that they are related in a way more suitable to people in the religious life than to the lay mind. The work is essentially a spiritual book, and we most earnestly commend it to all in that state, and more especially to those who are about to enter it.

The second production from the press of the Messrs. Gill is a volume of *Essays* by the late Mrs. Sarah Atkinson. This lady, who died only a little while ago, was better known in Ireland and England than she was here, not only as a literary figure of rare talent and sprightliness but as a philanthropist and promoter of practical religious enterprises of far-reaching importance. To her the Children's Hospital in Dublin owed its success. The still more famous establishment, the Hospice for the Dying, in the same city, which is under the charge of her sister, Mrs. Anne Gaynor, of the Sisters of Charity, was also in its early days much indebted to the help given it by this excellent lady, who never tired of well-doing. In the preface to the *Essays*, which is from the pen of Mrs. Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, we get a vivid glimpse of the busy life which Mrs. Atkinson led, and our wonder is how she was enabled to devote so much of her time to literary work, so much of it was taken up with duties akin to those of a ministering angel. She had the good fortune to be married to a gentleman of ardent literary tastes, the late Dr. Atkinson, joint proprietor with Dr. Gray of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, and the similarity in tastes and pursuits between those two refined minds made their lives a perfect idyl of noble living and thinking.

Mrs. Atkinson's *Life of Mary Aikenhead*, foundress of the Irish order of the Sisters of Charity, is the work by which she is best known. It is an admirable piece of biography, and the

pains taken by the talented authoress to make it an authentic one in every particular, make it most valuable to many classes of readers. These essays furnish an illustration of her powers in other directions. They are chiefly biographical studies—on St. Brigid, St. Catherine of Siena, Eugene O'Curry, John Hogan the sculptor; Henry Foley, his successor; the Dittamonda of Uberti, old Irish mansions, historic Dublin, etc. Mrs. Atkinson and her husband had travelled much, seen much that was worth seeing, and were constant note-takers; hence these essays are exceedingly valuable as notes and comments. Their literary style is smooth and graceful; and therefore the book is in itself, apart from its historical value, a valuable intellectual study. As a glimpse of the literary life of Ireland, out of the beaten track a good deal, it is eminently deserving a place on the student's table.

A companion work to the *Life of Mary Aikenhead* is the biography of Sister Mary Monholland * lately published. The authoress does not desire publicity, contenting herself with the signature "A Member of the Order." In literary method the work is not the best, yet it will be perused by many with keen relish as the glowing and ingenuous tribute of a fresh young mind, as it seems to us, to the virtues of one of heroic self denial and mortification for the love of her crucified Lord. It is a stirring chronicle. No chapter of the Crusades can surpass the history of the early sisterhoods in the West of this continent, and Mary Monholland's life as a Sister of Mercy in Chicago two generations back.

Sister Mary Monholland had more than her share of those "moving accidents by flood and field." On her journey down to Chicago from New York, it being in the days when there was no railway communication with the West beyond certain points, she was engulfed in Lake Michigan with some three hundred other passengers by the unfortunate steamer *Lady Elgin*, but was heroically rescued by Mr. W. B. Ogden, afterwards Chicago's first mayor. Again, the house in which the community were located was threatened with destruction by the Know-nothing mob; but the Irishmen of Chicago turned out and protected all the imperilled churches and convents, and the Know-nothings thought discretion the better part of valor. Then in the fearful visitation of Asiatic cholera which swept over Chicago in 1854 some of the sisterhood were among the victims,

* *Life of Mary Monholland*, one of the Pioneer Sisters of the Order of Mercy in the West. Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.

yet Mother Mary and her companions never flinched, but went into the homes where its raging made the people shunned as lepers, and helped the sick and soothed the dying with all the intrepidity of soldiers charging up to the cannon's mouth. When reading the lives of such women it is not difficult to understand how powerful an auxiliary they have proved to the church in its sublime mission, in the living testimony they bear to the charity of God within it. This is one of the most thrilling of those real-life romances, and one calculated to fill the Catholic heart with pride and joy in such noble witnesses for the cross.

If books were to be valued by bulk, the greatest work of the age is the huge volume entitled *The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America*, published by the International Yacht Publishing Company, New York. The literature of yachting is not the least interesting of the many pursuits which claim a distinctive library, and the reader who might expect to find in this work only a mere technical treatise would find himself agreeably disappointed. Its editor, Professor Henry A. Mott, Ph.D., LL.D., makes the subject a fine historical and international study, from the time and clime of Homer down to those of Lord Dunraven and the Isle of Wight. This volume, which contains nearly seven hundred pages, is only the first instalment of the work—a fact which suggests one alarming apprehension on the score of library capacity. It is choke-full of fine plates too, and is besides an exemplar of fine printing and book-binding. The facts that the work has required ten years for its preparation and that already over fifty thousand dollars have been expended on its production ought to speak strongly for its worth as an authoritative work and the excellence of its style.

I.—A STORY OF COURAGE.*

The *edition de luxe*, in white vellum with gold lettering, is of rare and chaste beauty, in the perfection of good taste, and worthy of the Riverside Press, as well as most appropriate to a memorial of the refined and holy community of ladies whose story is related in its pages.

The names of the authors of the narrative are a sufficient guarantee of the literary excellence of the work, while the sources from which the whole account of the Georgetown

* *Annals of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press.

Convent has been derived, viz., the authentic and copious annals which have been kept from the beginning, are a warrant for its accuracy.

The Georgetown College and Convent are among the most picturesque and interesting places devoted to religion and education in North America. Even the oldest institutions in Canada are modern in European eyes, having less than three centuries of antiquity. In our own part of America, there is very little left of so ancient a date; and in our young country, even the last century seems like a very remote epoch. The Georgetown institutions, therefore, seem to us very ancient, because they are coeval with the age of our earliest Presidents and with the beginnings of the capital city of our Republic.

The Georgetown Convent is associated with the early history of the nation. A number of its inmates, and a still larger number of its academic pupils, have come from American families which, in our sense of the word, are old, and whose names are distinguished in our national history. We may very justly claim the Order of the Visitation in the United States as an American Order in its origin and foundation. Although it reverences St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal as its original founders, it has American priests and religious as its second founders. It was not a colony from Europe, but a new and indigenous institute. The constitutions and rules of the primitive society were adopted, and the new order was affiliated to the old. But its canonical establishment and the approbation of the Holy See which it enjoys, do not rest on the original acts which authorized the European order, but on new and distinct decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff, given in favor of the Georgetown Convent and its offshoots. Moreover, the original plan of St. Francis, accidentally modified from the stress of necessity in France, was modified in a legitimate and regular manner in the American society, making the education of young ladies a principal object of its professed members. In fulfilling this high and holy task they have conferred an incalculable benefit upon the church and upon society, as all whose opinion is of any value must acknowledge.

The history of this venerable convent has been told in a charming manner which gives fitting adornment to its intrinsic and moral beauty. And it is a most pleasing circumstance to us, as Catholics, that it has been done by members of the family of one so dear to all lovers of American literature as Nathaniel Hawthorne.

2.—NEWSPAPER SERMONS.*

Doubtless there has been meat in these sermons for many a reader of the great journal in which they appeared, and doubtless too as many more will find in them corn, and not husks, in their present form. Apropos of this remark a clever Agnostic—he called himself an Agnostic, and intellectually he is the joint product of Amherst and Harvard, so he should be clever—said in the hearing of the writer, on Christmas Day, his remark being a part of a discussion on religion called forth by the feast: "I hold to no creed. What religion I have I formulate on the broad lines of reason, and of the Christian teaching as informed by reason." His conversation indicated that he had read Newman, Manning, Brooks, Storrs, Gibbons the Cardinal, Liddon and others, and Hepworth. He had sat through a long Catholic service that Christmas Day, and had listened to a sermon on the Incarnation, had come and thanked the preacher for the "real pleasure his sermon had afforded him, bringing him a new hope." He was not without religious sentiment keen and intellectual, however vague and ill-defined it was in his mind. Dogma and authority to him are as nothing, yet he is athirst for God, and knows not where or how to find the living waters of life. To him, and to many educated men like him, George Hepworth's sermons will prove helpful. "You should believe in something, and that something should furnish you with noble impulses, with charity for your fellow-men, with pity for the unfortunate, and with a desire to do all that lies in your power to make this old world better because you have lived in it. That much of a creed is absolutely necessary, and when you have that much you want nothing more."

Thus speaks Hepworth in one of these sermons. Better this much than nothing. So if this *Herald* preacher of a world-religion aids in keeping aglow even this spark of belief, his preaching is not in vain. But we would like to ask George Hepworth if he casts out the supernatural? Tell me, sir, whence I come, and tell me my destiny? Tell me if Christ be not God as well as babe of Bethlehem? Preach if you must, following Mr. Bennett's noble suggestion of making the *Herald* "helpful on Sunday in matters pertaining to religion," but preach the Incarnate God. Tell of his Passion and death, tell of sacrifice and penance and sorrow for sin. You are right, sir:

* *Herald Sermons*. By George H. Hepworth. New York: E. P. Dutton.

"The object of the church is to make a man loyal to the truth." But it is more. It is to teach man truth. Christ is God and Christ is man. Christ is both God and man in nature; God only in person. Hold fast to the supernatural in religion.

Hold fast to that which teaches that the elevation of the natural man to a state of knowledge and of joy far above his highest natural condition is of God. This elevation was actually brought about by the Incarnation of the Divine Word. The noblest aspirations of the natural soul lack this elevation and yearn and struggle toward it in the dark.

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

The very boon of Christianity is the union of man with God in the supernatural state. The noble sentiments of many of these sermons, the desire to be of service for God, morality, and happiness so aptly expressed in most of them, we deem honest and true. This yearning for God, this yearning for union with God, this ceaseless desire for a supernatural elevation, from whence is born to us strength, is the truest of prayers.

> "Be near me when my light is low,
> When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
> And tingle; and the heart is sick,
> And all the wheels of Being slow.
>
> Be near me when the sensuous frame
> Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;
> And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
> And Life, a fury slinging flame.
>
> Be near me when my faith is dry,
> And men the flies of later spring,
> That lay their eggs, and sting and sting,
> And weave their petty selves and die.
>
> Be near me when I fade away,
> To point the term of human strife,
> And on the low dark verge of life
> The twilight of eternal day."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A VERY notable addition to the higher Catholic literature of America is *The Catholic University Bulletin.* The opening of the year 1895 is marked by the *début* of this new exponent of academical thought, destined, we opine, if properly supported, to play a high part in the discussion of the more abstruse problems, religious and philosophical, of the age. The scope of the *Bulletin* is limited, in the statement of the prospectus, to the meaning of its title. It aims at making itself a link between the University and the outside world of Catholic thought—to being, in short, the organ of the University as well as the expositor of Catholic philosophy. The processes and progress of education will especially claim its attention, naturally. In the hands of Professor Thomas J. Shahan the editorial work of the *Bulletin* ought to be safe. A choice list of contents distinguishes the first issue. It starts with a paper on "The Church and the Sciences" by the Chancellor of the University, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; and the other contributors include Rev. Professors Thomas O'Gorman, Thomas Bouquillon, Charles P. Granna, Edward A. Pace, and Daniel Quinn; as also Professor J. W. Spencer. Those who delight in the profounder side of religious thought and philosophy will hail the new exponent as the worthy representative of Catholic scholarship in the New World, and wish it, as we cordially do, a prosperous career in its nobly-ambitious mission.

The Messenger of St. Joseph for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia for 1895 is now out. It sounds a cheering note: splendid work done for the homeless boys of the Quaker City in the past year, hopes of still greater in the year to come, are the chief features of its story. The director, the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., is doing for these lads what the saintly Father Drumgoole did for those of New York. The *Messenger* is a bright little magazine, and its pages are full of things which make its appeal most effective.

The Rev. Father Callaghan, director of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York, has published his annual statement. It shows that during the past year three thousand, three hundred and forty-seven immigrant girls (including those who arrived by way of Philadelphia and Boston) received the hospitality of his Home for Immigrant Girls, 7 State Street, New York. This number should be doubled or trebled if account be taken of those who received advice and assistance

at Ellis Island. On some occasions the accommodation of the Mission was taxed to its utmost capacity sheltering and providing for no fewer than one hundred and thirty immigrant girls over night. The resources of the mission, owing to the depression of the times, were often put to a severe test. The institution is dependent solely on public charity. It is not merely a local charity. There is scarcely a State of the Union that does not receive its share of those whom the mission cares for. This great and beneficent work deserves a generous support from the people.

St. Luke's is the title of a new Catholic magazine which made its bow on New Year's day for the first time in London. It must not be measured by its bulk, but by its merits. Two interesting biographical sketches are given in this issue—one of Cardinal Vaughan, the other of the heroic but unfortunate Charles Albert of Sardinia. Another notable paper recalls the almost forgotten hymns of a great ancient psalmist, he who is ordinarily known as Prudentius, but whose full name was Aurelius Prudentius Clemens. The beauty of these antique hymns is quaint and striking. A paper "On the Singing of Plain Song" deals with the important question of reform in church music in a suggestive way. We trust *St. Luke's* may meet with the success which it desires, and as it succeeds that it may be able to give a more varied bill of fare.

NEW BOOKS.

BURNS & OATES, London:

Bernadette of Lourdes: A Mystery. By E. Pouvillon. Translated by Henry O'Shea. *The Inner Life of Father Thomas Burke, O.P.* By a Dominican Friar of the English Province.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

The Judicial Murder of Mary E. Surratt. By David Miller DeWitt.

H. L. KILNER & CO., Philadelphia:

Little Comrades: A First Communion Story. By Mary T. Waggaman.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

The Magic Oak-Tree and Prince Filderkin. By the late Lord Brabourne (E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen).

R. WASHBOURNE, London:

The Missing Links of the English Religious Establishment. By W. W. Hardwicke, M.D.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York and London:

Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey. By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Vol. III. *The Truth and Reality of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.* By George Rundle Prynne, M.A.

BELLET, CLERMONT-FERRAND:

La Stigmatisation, l'Extase divine et les Miracles de Lourdes, réponse aux libres-penseurs. Par le Dr. Imbert-Gourbeyre.

PETER PAUL BOOK CO., Buffalo:

Woodland Rambles: Poems. By John A. Lanigan, M.D., B.A.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THIRTY Catholic Reading Circles have been organized in Chicago. Such is the estimate contained in a letter lately received, which attributes paramount honor to the pioneer in the good work, Miss Mary E. Vaughan. Without depreciating the zeal and energy displayed in other cities, the facts clearly indicate that the new intellectual movement among Catholics is stronger in Chicago than anywhere else in the United States. The different educational institutions, including the parish schools, are represented by their most gifted graduates, all seeking self-improvement by effective methods of organization and a deliberate purpose to make a profitable investment of their time in reading by accepting competent guidance.

* * *

The Columbian Reading Union has had from its formation visible proofs of intelligent appreciation of Catholic literature and zeal for its diffusion from those who fondly claim as their Alma Mater some one of the excellent academies conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart. Only a small minority, however, of the graduates so thoroughly taught in Christian doctrine and other branches of the higher education for women, have fully utilized their opportunities to counteract the spread of dangerous and pernicious literature. The following report from Chicago will give new strength to many individual efforts throughout the land, because of the sanction given to the movement by those in high position.

For the first time in the history of the Institute of the Sacred Heart, its alumnæ have organized an association to cherish its purposes and to continue, in science and literature, studies whose beginnings were had in its schools. The first organization was effected in October, 1894, at Chicago, under the approval of the authority of the vicariate whose seat is at Clifton, Ohio, Reverend Mother Garvey, vicar. The organizing meeting was called at the mother-house on West Taylor Street, within whose walls many of the best-known Catholic and non-Catholic women of Chicago received part or whole of their academic training. Several hundred ladies were present. The superior, Mother Van Dyke, called the meeting to order, and requested Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan to take the chair, whereupon Mrs. Sullivan was elected permanent president by acclamation. The following other general officers were unanimously elected: Vice-President, North Division, Mrs. Gormully; South Division, Mrs. Wilson; West Division, Mrs. W. H. Amberg. Secretaries, Miss Onahan and Miss Ward. Treasurer, Miss McLaughlin. Directors: Mrs. Gallery, Miss Moran, Mrs. Newton, and Mrs. Charles Frederic Smith. The president, when the permanent organization was completed, delivered an address upon the parallel between the foundation of schools by St. Lioba and her companions and the revival of higher education by the Sacred Heart Institute after social and martial disturbances had practically deprived women of educational opportunities in a large part of Europe; and likened the coming of the Sacred Heart apostles to the United States—Mother Duchesne and her companions, sent out by the foundress, Mother Barat, decreed Venerable by the Holy See—to the mission of educated women that accompanied Saint Boniface to the Continent from England. It was ordered that the board of directors arrange for regular meetings of the alumnæ association once or twice a year in their discretion. Applications were received from alumnæ residing at

various cities in easy reach of Chicago to be included in the association, which began brilliantly and promises to be a potent influence for religion and culture.

As an illustration of the way the population of Chicago is made up, it may be said that the enrollment of the alumnæ shows that the following Sacred Heart Academies or cities in which the institute exists are represented: Paris; New York, Manhattanville; Kenwood, Albany; Rochester, Buffalo, St. Louis, Maryville, Detroit, Clifton. Among the non-Catholic members are residents of Milwaukee, Duluth, St. Paul, and Chicago, the latter including the president of the Chicago Women's Club, Miss Sweet. One of the members, Mrs. Sullivan, is president of a non-Catholic club of students of literature in other languages than English. Another member, Miss Cecilia Cudahy, is distinguished in the Amateur Musical Society of the city, a harpist and pianist. One of the members, Dr. Mary O'Driscoll, is a graduate of the Women's Medical College of Chicago. Several are notable in literature, their names being seen in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD from time to time.

After the alumnæ organization was perfected two Catholic Reading Circles were organized under the Columbian Reading Union. The Mother Duchesne Circle, the second in order of organization, meets at the convent on West Taylor Street Mondays, at four o'clock. Mrs. Amberg is president; Mrs. Gallery, secretary, and Miss Bremner, treasurer. The first Circle, named for the Venerable Mother Barat, meets Tuesdays at half-past three o'clock at the convent on Chicago Avenue. Mrs. Sullivan is president, and conducts its work; Mrs. Monahan is vice-president; Miss Kathryn Prindiville, secretary; and Miss Alice Moran, treasurer.

The two Circles follow the same plan and use the same text-books, keeping hand-in-hand, so that students of either feel perfectly at home in the other and up in its work, week by week. The order of exercises presents points of divergence to some extent from other circle programmes. The meeting is opened with a prayer taken from the ritual of the day; the members becoming familiar in this manner with the history of the worship of the church as it was chronologically moulded. Roll-call is by quotations, either from a source previously designated or at the discretion of members. The Bible is the favorite book. The history of the books of Sacred Scripture is acquired incidentally with adoption of one as the quotation well of a week. The music committee then presents a five-minute essay, telling the story of one of the great chants. The committee began with the *Te Deum*, covering the relationship between the Ambrosian modes and the Greek, and relating the origin of the noble composition written by Saint Ambrose to celebrate, according to good authority, the baptism of St. Augustine. The regular lesson of the day proceeds, an analysis committee having prepared the questions which are handed by chance to the members. The questions constitute the thread upon which the lesson, largely made into a lecture or commentary by the leader, is developed.

The meetings have been characterized by diligence and sincerity in preparing the lessons, and by grace, accuracy, and composure in presenting the results. There is a question-box committee who attend well to their duties. After transacting any new business that comes up, each meeting closes with singing the anthem whose story had been related by the music committee. There is a choir in each Circle which meets half an hour in advance for rehearsal of the day's music. Both Circles are fortunate in musical equipment.

The first text-book in course used by the two Circles is *Bible, Science, and Faith*, by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. At present a general study of figurative lan-

guage and of Grimm's *Law in Linguistics* alternates with the regular text-book. At the suggestion of the Reverend Mother Vicar the meetings of the two Circles are open to "hearers" as well as to workers, "hearers" being alumnæ whose family cares or health do not permit them to study, but who are privileged to attend the meetings and derive benefit from the work of their associates. To accustom all to presiding, the respective presidents call other members frequently to the chair.

It is needless to say that the Sacred Heart Institute, of the vicariate of Clifton, is rejoiced over the success of the first alumnæ organization, and that the community is delighted with the talent, attainments, and enthusiasm shown in the two Reading Circles. A spiritual retreat for the two Circles was conducted the first week in December at the mother-house, by Rev. Michael O'Connor, S.J.

* * *

With considerable persistence we have endeavored to overcome by reasonable argument the reluctance shown by some Reading Circles to the publication of their proceedings. Good people with many hidden virtues sometimes forget that their influence for the intellectual advancement of the Catholic body may be indefinitely extended, may be rendered most helpful to others by the aid of printer's ink. With regret we notice that the name of the directress, to whom so much honor is due for splendid results, is not mentioned in the following account kindly prepared by Miss Anne Stuart Bailey:

On November 29, 1892, the Sacred Heart Reading Circle was organized at Manhattanville Academy, New York City, with fourteen members. The regulations were few, but they have been strictly adhered to. Membership was limited to twenty-five, either graduates of the Sacred Heart, or Catholic ladies whose tastes and acquirements would be of similar scope. Even in this initial meeting the spirit of the Circle was shown; very creditable work was done. A synopsis of the life of Cardinal Newman was read, together with a selection from *Loss and Gain*, and the study of Newman was taken up in earnest. A working committee was organized each month, and this we believe to be a unique feature of the Sacred Heart Reading Circle.

It is the duty of this committee, about four in number, to read designated books and to give at the following meeting a verbal or a written digest. Many delightful talks and earnest, thoughtful papers have resulted from this practice. Those not on the committee may read as their taste directs during that month, but to their credit be it said, nearly all follow the course mapped out by the directress.

It is also the custom for individual members to supplement the work of the committee, by adding to the general fund any interesting and appropriate information they may have gleaned relative to the subject under discussion. Refutation of calumnies in newspapers or magazines of the day is also part of the work expected of each member. Much ardent enthusiasm has been generated, which has steadily increased until one essential requirement for membership seems guaranteed—"the ability and willingness to read and work."

Indeed, intelligent enthusiasm seems to be the predominant characteristic of the Circle. Even those who do not read with the committee are kept well informed on the special line of work by means of the papers, to all of which are appended the references consulted. They are then ready to take up the link in their turn when placed on committee work, and pass it unbroken to others. A list of the optional reading, in which fiction is limited to one volume in three, is kept, and furnishes not only an interesting index to the literary taste of the members,

but is useful for others who desire a guide in reading. In both respects it has proved thoroughly satisfactory.

The study of church history, chiefly by means of biography, has been the main work of the Circle; a rapid review of Darras was made the groundwork, then have followed lives of the saints, from the earliest Doctors of the Church to those of the English saints of later times. Special attention has been given to the work of women in the church, beginning with an account of those who served our Lord in his public life.

In order to be in touch with the spirit of the Columbian Celebration, a short course in Spanish literature was taken at that time, and very interesting historical papers were read on Spain. The Congress of Religions in Chicago led likewise to a study of the Catholic missions in Japan, and some valuable papers were the result.

It has been the aim of the Circle to link the history, literature, and art of the periods studied; one memorable paper was that on the Symbolic School. In this connection much pleasure and profit have been given through our one corresponding member, a former pupil of the Sacred Heart, whose ripe scholarship and patient research are ever at our service.

At the request of an officer of the Catholic Summer-School two members, already favorably known as translators, have undertaken to render into English a work which will prove a valuable addition to the authorities we already have on church history. Others have contributed interesting articles, both literary and historical, to various Catholic magazines; one of them is well known as a writer of children's stories.

A question-box occupies a prominent place at the meetings. The information asked for is given at the subsequent meeting by some members detailed for this work, or, in some instances, by clergymen to whom the questions are referred. Many thanks are due to those members of the clergy who have taken a practical interest in the work of the Circle, and given it the benefit of their learning and experience; particularly do we recall two most instructive lectures. Thanks are also due to the various libraries of the city for kind assistance and courteous treatment. The Circle was present at the conference of Reading Circles held last June, and a report of work done was read.

A word as to the spiritual side of the Circle's life may not be amiss. The meetings are opened with a short prayer—that of St. Thomas before study. As devotion to the See of Peter is a characteristic of the pupils of the Sacred Heart, it seemed most fitting to place the Circle under the patronage of St. Catherine of Sienna, that model of learning—God's chosen instrument in bringing back the popes to Rome. Last year's work closed by a spiritual retreat given at the convent, in which the members participated with great zeal and earnestness.

The Circle is not at all social in its character; the members keeping strictly to the purpose for which they organized, work in the cause of Catholic truth, though much friendly feeling exists among those whom similarity of taste has brought together.

Although this is the first Reading Circle organized under the auspices of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, it is not their first work of the kind. Fifty years ago, in their house of Jette St. Pierre, outside of Brussels, a literary circle was formed by our present venerated Pontiff, Leo XIII., then Papal Nuncio to Belgium. At a recent audience, granted to the Religious of the Sacred Heart, his Holiness took pleasure in alluding to "His little Academy," and even produced some of the essays of its members.

Literary societies are also found in some of the Sacred Heart convents of Southern Europe, and we know of at least one doing good work in the Sacred Heart in England; in 1888 a Circle devoted to the study of philosophy was established in one of the two houses of the Sacred Heart in Chicago.

In closing, we can only repeat the prayer of our association, that "God may grant us ardently to desire, prudently to study, and perfectly to fulfil the things which are pleasing to Him, to the praise and glory of His Name."

* * *

These questions have been submitted for solution: "Why is it that women cannot be fired to read and study individually? Why must they run after intellectual truth always in squads?"

Allowing for great minds remarkable for individual strength, the average woman, like the average man, can work to better advantage by association with others of kindred tastes. The solitary student is exposed to the danger of getting narrow opinions on many topics. Nevertheless, it is very much to be desired that women should do much more independent thinking in choosing books. Too many run "in squads" for works of fiction which are entitled to no consideration from any intelligent reader. The feminine reading public is responsible for the sale of vast quantities of literary rubbish.

* * *

One of our correspondents sends this excellent advice on reading from the late Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"The work of hemming handkerchiefs and towels, or those other house-labors from which few are wholly exempted, are not enough to take up all the mental energy of the busiest young woman. What did they do before the days of printed books? They carried the songs of their tribe, of their nation—the songs which were the best part of their literature—in their memory. Now the rivulet which the press poured out four centuries ago has widened with every succeeding generation, till it is no longer a stream within its banks, but an inundation. Books, reviews, magazines, newspapers, come in upon us like a flood, and the landmarks of our old literature are lost sight of, if they are not swept away. There never was a time when young readers were in such need of assistance.

"Shall we read—that is, shall we make serious business of reading? This seems a strange question to ask, but let me give some meaning to it. I heard the late Mr. Edward Everett tell a story of Lord Palmerston, which I have never forgotten and often repeated. Some one asked him 'Have you read a certain book?' naming it. 'I never read a printed book,' was Lord Palmerston's answer. Mr. Everett did not explain or account for this answer so far as I remember, but I suppose he meant that he had enough to do with reading documents, newspapers, the face and character of men, and listening to their conversation to find out what they meant—perhaps quite as often what they did not mean.

"Some persons need reading much more than others. One of the best preachers I have known read comparatively little. But he talked and listened, and kept his mind sufficiently nourished without over-burdening it. On the other hand, one of the most brilliant men I have known was always reading. He read more than his mind could fairly digest, and, brilliant as he was, his conversation had too much the character of those patchwork quilts one sees at country cattle shows, so variegated was it with all sorts of quotations."

The genial author of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* recommends that we acquire the habit of loving books, and admits the difficulty of guidance for minds of varied aptitudes and different stages of education. He likewise bears testimony that the number is legion of those young women who pass their days and nights in reading useless novels, so called doubtless from their want of novelty.

M. C. M.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. (*See page 795.*)

THE

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ENCYCLICAL OF LEO XIII. TO THE BISHOPS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D., *Superior-General of the Paulists.*

ONCE more our venerable and beloved Pontiff has given evidence of his paternal affection and solicitude for the Church in our Republic, and his high esteem and regard for this great Republic itself, and all its citizens. We may say, with confidence and sincerity, that in no country are his instructions and admonitions received with more reverence and docility, by bishops, clergy, and people, than in our own. Moreover, all our best citizens look on him, and treat his official acts, with respect, and reciprocate his amicable advances in a courteous and friendly manner.

In the present Letter, the Pope not only expresses his gratification at the growth and extent of the Catholic Church and its institutions in this Republic, and his hope for a still greater prosperity in the future. He also gives us the assurance: "We highly esteem and love exceedingly the young and vigorous American nation, in which we plainly discern latent forces for the advancement alike of civilization and of Christianity."

Alluding to the Columbian celebration, he extends his view over the entire continent of the Greater America, and speaks eloquently though briefly of the fostering care of the Church over its infancy and early adolescence, of the apostolic labors of the members of religious orders and other missionaries, and the many marks and signs of Catholicity and its past history with which the New World is filled. Reverting to our own particular nation, he notices the coincidence of the formation of the

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constitution of the Catholic Church, and that of the Constitution of our federal Republic, and the mutual friendship of our first great archbishop and our first illustrious president: Carroll and Washington.

The Pontiff pays a high tribute to the virtue and wisdom of the great Father of our country, particularly singling out for approbation and praise the principles which he inculcated so clearly and emphatically, in respect to morality and religion as the foundation of all civic and social well-being and stability.

Hence it follows, that from the Catholic Religion flow out great blessings in the natural and temporal order, upon society and the nation. We take the liberty to add to this, that those who make war upon the Christian religion, upon the ethical code derived from it, and who seek to traverse and hinder either the Catholic Church, or other religious societies, in the enjoyment and exercise of their equal rights before the law, are dangerous enemies of the country, who are working moral and political mischief, and undermining the foundation of the national welfare.

It is to the equity and liberty established and sanctioned by our laws, and which are contravened by those who seek to deprive Catholics of their full enjoyment, that the Pontiff ascribes, in part, the prosperity of the Catholic Church in this Republic: "Moreover, (a fact which it gives pleasure to acknowledge) thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America and to the customs of the well-ordered Republic. For the Church among you, unopposed by the Constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hin drance."

It is true that the Pope here enters a *caveat*, lest the conclusion should be drawn that our American status is the *best desirable status of the Church*, and that the severance of Church and State is *universally* lawful and expedient. We surmise that this *caveat* has been inserted, not as having a bearing on America, but in view of some other countries, to prevent would-be innovators on their order from applying the commendation given to the American system in view of the particular state of things in this Republic to other nations where it is diverse. The mediæval ideal of a Christian nation and of Christendom was: that a society of Catholics should be a Catholic society. The people of the United States are not a society of Catholics, and

therefore the nation cannot and ought not to be a Catholic society. Our status is the best and the only possible one for us, and we all, bishops, priests, and laity, will loyally and faithfully concur with our fellow-citizens in keeping Church and State separated as they now are. Loyalty to our American Constitution does not require us to affirm that it is a model for Russia, Germany, and every other nation to copy. Neither does our fidelity to the same Constitution require us to condemn the mediæval ideal, in respect to the union between Church and State, or to pass judgment on the laws regulating their mutual relations in Spain or Austria. We do not cherish any absurd wish that the United States or any single State should establish the Catholic Religion. There are none so insane as to conspire and plot to bring about the realization of such an impossible scheme. It is true that the Pope says that the Church "would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority." Undoubtedly, if the whole people were to become Catholic, there would be a favor and a patronage extended to schools, asylums, charitable works, which would cause them to flourish more abundantly. The divine law in regard to marriage and divorce would be incorporated into the law of the land, and many moral and social evils would be corrected by the enlightened Catholic conscience of the people and their representatives. Such a state of religious unity and harmony we must, of course, regard as desirable; but it is only ideal, and there is no practical utility in speculations upon the happy effects it might produce.

We have no doubt that it would be the greatest possible blessing to the nation, even in a temporal and worldly sense, if all, or a majority of its citizens were to embrace the Catholic Religion, and live according to its precepts and rules. It is our duty and our right to strive for this end; but only by argument, persuasion, example, and moral means.

We may, perhaps, give a sense to the phrase, "the favor of the laws and the patronage of public authority," which is perfectly consistent with the actual state of separation between Church and State, and the practical conduct of our national, state, and municipal authorities during the past century.

Our greatest jurists have declared that this is a Christian country. The Sunday is recognized and its observance protected by law. Thanksgiving and Fast Days are proclaimed by authority. Chaplains are appointed in legislatures, in the army

and navy. Colleges, under the control of ecclesiastics, and institutes of charity have been liberally aided, and among these have been some institutions under the direction of Catholic authorities. There is nothing in this policy which is un-American. It would be contrary to the spirit and letter of our laws to favor one denomination above others. All should be treated impartially, not only those which are Christian, but the Jewish community as well. It is not aid given to any form of religion, as such, when patronage and favor are extended to works done for the general good of the community and the service of the State, by schools, orphanages, foundling asylums, hospitals, and industrial institutes for training boys and girls in useful occupations. It is un-American for the State to ally itself with the sect of the Secularists, to the exclusion of all other sects, and to discriminate against religious societies, as co-workers in the cause of religion and morality. This is not the legitimate separation of State from Church, but hostility of State against Church.

In this connection, it is gratifying to note the moderate and amicable tone of Bishop Paret, in his criticisms on the Encyclical, reported in the Baltimore *Sun* of January 31 :

"It is pleasant to find the Pope's views with regard to the union of Church and State so much modified and expressed in so much more kindly manner than those issued a few years ago. It is pleasant that he gives thanks for the protection to the Roman Catholic Church as to all other religious bodies by the Constitution and government of this nation, and that by the impartiality of its tribunals it is free to live and act without hindrance." Then, after quoting the paragraph upon which we have been last commenting, he adds: "It is, indeed, mildly putting the old and well-known claims of authority over all nations and all rulers."

Again, the bishop says: "There is so much that is excellent in the encyclical, that I would avoid criticism. It ends with the wish that those who differ from the Roman Catholic Church might be brought back from their prejudices and from their errors, and put in the better way of salvation. Surely we must be thankful for such kindly wishes, but, having our own convictions, we think our best way would be to reciprocate them, to express, as I am sure all those who are Catholics without being 'Roman' will do, our earnest wish and prayer that our brethren of the Roman Church may be delivered from the prejudices to which they have been long subject, and that they may also find the right and true way of the Lord."

While we cannot endorse Bishop Paret's remarks, we may nevertheless thank him for his expressions of good will and kindness, and praise his irenical tone. By all means let him and his brethren exert themselves to the utmost, to prove that their communion is the Catholic Church of America. All we ask of America is a candid examination of both sides of the question at issue between us. And may God favor the right, and bring us all into "the Unity of the Spirit, in the bond of Peace."

The Pontiff recommends the Catholic University in the strongest terms to the cordial support of the hierarchy and people, highly commending the noble generosity of Monsignor McMahon, and exhorting those who are possessed of wealth to follow his example. In like manner he commends the American College at Rome to the affection of the prelates and the generosity of the people.

The Apostolic Delegation receives a considerable share of the Sovereign Pontiff's attention. The inherent right of the apostolic see to send or appoint legates, delegates, envoys, into all parts of the Catholic Church, the necessity of doing so, and the actual exercise of the right from an early period, have been fully shown by Dr. Bouquillon, in the January number of the *Catholic Quarterly Review*. The Pope deigns to explain, that the establishment of the delegation and the mission of Archbishop Satolli, are an honor to the Church in the United States, as recognizing its title to rank with the older and most important divisions of the Church Universal. It is moreover necessary for the more perfect ecclesiastical order and administration, and for the prosperity of religion.

The Pope explains that there is no interference with the canonical rights of bishops. The honor and jurisdiction of the Pope, whether his authority is immediately exercised, or mediately through a delegation, and the honor and jurisdiction of bishops, are in harmony with each other, since the Catholic Episcopate is one body, under one head. Their union and mutual co-operation are necessary to the well-being of the Church. So, also, is unity among the bishops. A slight acquaintance with church-history will suffice to show any one how disastrous contests of bishops among themselves, or with the Holy See, have proved in past ages. The Pontiff hopes, and we hope with him, that the influence of the Apostolic Delegate will powerfully tend to increase and perpetuate this harmony among the bishops, and thus to strengthen the loyal reverence and obedience

of the clergy and people toward their prelates and the Church.

We can assure the Holy Father that American Catholics receive with gratitude the mission of the Apostolic Delegate, and are entirely disposed to give him due honor and obedience.

The Encyclical contains much more salutary and opportune counsel and instruction, concerning Marriage, Duties of Citizens, Labor Unions, and the Press.

Finally, the Pope earnestly exhorts both clergy and laity to be zealous for the propagation of the Catholic faith among all classes of our fellow-countrymen who are separated from the communion of the Roman Church. Missions to non-Catholics have already commenced, and are likely to be prosecuted on a larger scale in the future. It is to be hoped that the exhortation of the Supreme Pontiff will encourage all who are engaged in this apostolic work, and stimulate others to join in it; and that the divine blessing will crown it with abundant success. The gathering of all Christians together into one fold under one shepherd is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. And how can this be accomplished, except by a return to that Church in which all our ancestors were once united, before the divisions of the sixteenth century?

The last loving look of the venerable Vicar of our Divine Saviour Jesus Christ toward America is turned upon the millions of African descent, and the many thousands of our aboriginal Indians, who dwell within our borders. This is a topic of such paramount importance and interest that it deserves to be enlarged upon. This we are not able to do at present, though we hope that it may be done hereafter, and that others, more competent, may take it up and carefully discuss it, both now and in the future.

We conclude with an expression of the firm intention of all who are engaged in the conduct of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, and the Columbus Press, to follow faithfully all the injunctions and advice of the Sovereign Pontiff, and a profession of our perfect loyalty and obedience to the Holy See.

PICTURES OF THE GALWAY COAST.

BY MARGUERITE MOORE.

THE Galway coast offers to the artist or romance writer material with which to fill portfolio and note-book to repletion.

Anglers find in it a paradise. Dryasdust archæologists and antiquarians, inquisitive botanists, hammer-armed geologists, and statistic-seeking social economists find there a happy hunting-ground over which to ride their favorite hobbies.

Wild in aspect, almost inaccessible, it is seldom really seen by the tourist, who to examine it thoroughly must journey on foot and reside for some time among the natives, studying their ways, listening to their legends, examining their condition, and wandering at will on land or sea; thus alone can its possibilities be understood, its beauties impressed upon the mind.

Along the stretch of ocean-washed coast, of which Arran Island off Galway harbor, and Innisboffin at the mouth of Clew Bay, form the extreme ends, may be found more material for romance and song, more varied types of character, strange costumes and customs, ancient architecture and modern poverty, than one will see elsewhere through the Emerald Isle. It is a beautiful coast. Beautiful in the sunshine of summer when blue waters lazily kiss its rugged face; terribly grand in the gloom of winter storms when the wind-lashed ocean leaps upon its shore in passionate fury. High above the inhabited island of Innisboffin towers Clare Island (County Mayo), guarded by three hundred and sixty-five islands of various sizes, like a stately queen surrounded by liveried retainers. In the days of the English Elizabeth Clare Island was a royal stronghold, but no blood of the Sassenach flowed in the veins of Grace O'Malley, who then ruled the island with stern hand, jealously guarding her rights, at times administering sharp rebukes to those thwarting her imperious will.

When she met Elizabeth of England, to whom she paid a visit, it was as an equal, not a vassal; she absolutely refusing to pay homage by the slightest inclination of her haughty head before her sister sovereign, who was forced to agree to the

Irish princess's view of what her position demanded. To this day one noble house in Ireland puts in practice a lesson roughly taught by Grace O'Malley. The galley of that valiant lady bore her one day into Dublin harbor, where she intended to make a ceremonious call on the Earl of Howth's family. They were at dinner, unconscious of the honor to be conferred on them; at dinner with the great gates of the castle closed against all comers! Such a breach of hospitality was unknown in Doona, where all were welcome, particularly at meal-hours. All were not at dinner; the exceptions were the heir, St. Lawrence, and his nurse, playing "bo-peep" on the strand. Grace promptly availed herself of the opportunity to inflict the fitting punishment for inhospitality. She had the boy and his nurse brought on board of her vessel, a notice placed on the gate so tightly shut gave in strong language her opinion of people—probably she called them churls—who shut themselves up at meal-times. In time the boy was returned to his parents, hardier and more robust for his sojourn in Doona's stronghold. The lesson was not forgotten; from that time up to the present the gates of Howth Castle lie hospitably open at meal-hours, though the welcome of unbidden guest may be none the warmer.

The Arran islands at the other extremity of the Galway coast-line are not uninteresting, although no princess ever held court upon them. Lever, the Irish novelist, placed here the scene of *Luttrell of Arran*, one of his best works. In the eyes of the ornithologist the islands are remarkable as the only places on the Irish coast visited by the Cornish "chough," a small black crow with coral-red beak. As its name implies, it is a native of Cornwall, and for some reason known but to itself visits this wild out-of-the-world place.

Arran Island is wonderfully fertile, thanks to its limestone formation. At the same time so thin is the covering of soil it seems as though the seed could not find earth to hide its roots.

Arranmore, largest of the island groups, is fast changing its characteristics, ceasing to be picturesque. The village of Kilkerrin has a church, school-house, priest, doctor, police-barracks, jail, and other adjuncts of civilization. A steamer replaces the trading-smack which contrary winds so often detained in Galway while the provisions she bore were urgently needed on Arran. Pampooties are things of the past—or almost so. "Pampooties!"—the reader naturally asks what are they? The footgear worn in primitive times by the islanders, formed by

steeping a piece of green cow-hide in water until flexible, scraping off the hair and wrapping the skin around the foot, the shape of which it rapidly took. Inelegant in appearance they are, yet comfortable and non-productive of corns, bunions, or the other pedal ailments which in a higher state of civilization afford a harvest to the chiropodist. The Galway peasant does

LOOKING OUT TOWARD ARRAN.

not take kindly to foot-coverings. The tourists note the fact when they see men and women carrying shoes in their hands while trudging gaily through mud or dust. They cannot walk easily hampered by shoes, though it is considered good form to appear in them at church or market. At the journey's end or near it they wash their feet in a convenient stream, then put on the shoes, with or without stockings. What a difference shows in their gait on resuming the walk!—elasticity has gone from their step, they are uncomfortable and self-conscious.

The costume of the peasant women is variable as the climate. Looking from the window of Mullarkey's Hotel, in Clifden, one needed but a slightly vivid imagination to fancy the market-place a Neapolitan plaza—so dark the hair of the native Galwegian, so vivid the impression of color caused by the dress or want of it. In addition to the short red petticoat, the material of which is flannel, spun, carded, woven, dyed by themselves, many wear a gay-colored patch-work quilt in lieu

of cloak and hat; this odd substitute for a garment is cast carelessly over the head so as to expose the face; a piece of strong cord passed around the head-piece of the quilt and tied under the chin forms a hood; the hands are thus left free, and no brooch or breastpin is needed. Women may also be met wearing blankets, webs of red or even white flannel fresh from the loom and draped about head and shoulders; others appear in the red skirt and blue cloak dear to the artist-eye. Alas! the young women who can afford to do so ape modern fashions and cease to be picturesque.

The Irish type of beauty is found here developed to perfection. It is strikingly Spanish, and at times suggestive of Hebrew origin. Jet black hair, clean-cut features, heavy eyelashes so dark it is a never-ending surprise to find them veiling orbs of bluish-gray. Their figures are tall, lithe, and vigorous. Enforced abstinence from flesh-meat has its compensation in the whiteness of their even teeth. Hard work out-of-doors develops the physical powers, while their native buoyancy of disposition triumphs over the misery of their lot.

In character the Galway peasant is crafty, suspicious, at times treacherous, yet withal open-hearted and hospitable. To understand the contradictions of his disposition it must be noted that his faults are the result of the oppression under which he has so long suffered; his virtues are natural to himself.

The feeling of hospitality pervades all classes. The fox-hunting squire, whose dinner-table is spread with mutton, fowl, game, beef, ham, fruit, vegetables, and poteen, all produced on his own farm; the jovial priest, who gives you hearty welcome to his dinner of corned beef, cabbage, and potatoes whose sides have split with laughter; and the poor woman with nothing to offer but potatoes, salt, and buttermilk are all representatives of the national characteristics. As a native poet wrote:

"Tho' the cup is well nigh empty,
And but scant the meagre fare,
Heart and hand give ready welcome—
All may claim a brother's share."

The Galway peasant is in many cases comfortably clad in gray frieze made by carding together the wool of black and white sheep.

Superstitions long since banished from other parts of Ireland are still rife in Galway. Of these the most prevalent is a be-

lief in the fairies' desire to substitute changelings for earth-born child, youth, or maiden. When a young girl dies after lingering illness it is not uncommon to hear a mourner say, "Shure 'tisn't herself was there this many a day"; meaning that the original bright, healthy maiden had been stolen with her bloom intact and replaced by the fairy semblance that pined and died.

Belief in the power of the "evil eye" is as strong in Connemara as in Cairo, and spitting is regarded as the only reliable offset. The newly-born infant is first washed with the midwife's saliva, and each one who looks upon the babe must remark, "'Tis a fine child, God bless it!" then spit upon it for luck, or run the

A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

chance of being blamed for any ill-fortune that may befall it owing to the omission of the formula. It is not safe to admire cows, horses, sheep, or even inanimate objects such as boats, fishing-nets, etc., without the blessing and salivated punctuation mark.

The Galway peasant is not particularly religious, yet he is prone to the celebration of saints' days, or "pattherns," of which there are several throughout the year. Each locality has its especial patron saint—all of Irish birth—and from their festivals events are dated. "So many days after St. Darragh's day," or "weeks before Conan's patthern," are expressions used in the computation of time.

On St. Martin's eve blood must be shed in every household; the very poor kill a chicken, those better off a lamb or goose. Apropos of geese, nowhere are they cooked to such perfection, stuffed with potatoes, butter and onions, parboiled, baked in an iron pot-oven buried in turf-embers, the bird which saved Rome comes to table an epicurean feast as to flavor, a picture as to coloring.

Geese are even more plentiful than sheep in Connemara, roaming in large flocks amongst the rocks and through the scanty pasture. Twice a year the living birds are plucked, hence the poorest cabin boasts the possession of three or four feather beds; one of these is kept in a large wooden chest together with pillows, blankets, and flannel quilts—all reserved for stranger guests; blankets, quilts, and bed-tickings are durable as iron, and almost as hard. In a few houses home-made sheets and table cloths may be found, but such are rare. Connemara was always more of a wool-producing than a flax-growing country.

The spring of the year, beautiful everywhere, is especially so in Ireland. The young grass is softly green; hedge-rows are thick with bud and blossom; pale, shy snowdrops, bashful violets, golden-heart daisies, yellow daffodils, and nodding cowslips are peeping everywhere; fields are starred with primroses. Blackbirds, thrushes, larks, and linnets fill the air with melody, while the pink-and-white hawthorn and yellow furze add color and fragrance not to be delineated by brush nor described by pen.

Over all this beauty hovers the chill shadow of poverty. Throughout Ireland, as in parts of Germany, the spring months are called the "hungry months"; everything is scarce and dear. Cows, to calve in May or June, give little or no milk; the store of potatoes and turf is running short, in many cases is exhausted; cabbages and turnips are not to be had. On the Galway coast most families are short of potatoes by January. That means slow starvation, as Indian meal, though cheap, costs money, of which there is little in the country. Credit is difficult to obtain nowadays from the Clifden shop-keepers. In former years large quantities of kelp were manufactured by the country people from the sea-weed which is found in such large quantities on the coast. Kelp was then worth from twelve to fifteen pounds sterling per ton. Clifden shop-keepers purchased it at that price for shipment to Scotland. Having the monopoly of the district market, they had no hesitancy in giving goods on time, payment being made when the kelp was delivered. Chemistry, in evolving aniline dyes from coal-tar, rendered less

valuable the kelp, until then the sole source from whence those dyes were obtained, and the price fell to one-fourth of what it had been.

This want of food or of money to purchase it leads to a terrible state of things: a slow starvation, harrowing to the feelings of those who feel the hopelessness of individual effort in assuaging the suffering due to want of opportunity to work. Strong men are living on one meal of Indian mush in twenty-four hours—naked, unadorned mush without sugar or milk to make it palatable—not even plentiful, it is eked out with crabs caught in the rocks and roasted on wood fires.

The people are naturally industrious, but have no employment. The sea is teeming with fish which they cannot catch because they have not the proper boats, lines, etc., for deep-sea fishing. Even if they catch a quantity of fish they have no market for it. The town of Galway is fifty or sixty miles away,

THE CASCADE AT CLIFDEN.

with no connecting railroad. Clifden, the small town in the vicinity, buys only what is needed for home consumption—buys at a very low rate indeed. The dreary days pass slowly; men and women till the land, sow the seed, and cut seaweed for manure. The women work as hard as the men; they may be seen standing knee-deep in water, chilled by the bleak March winds, gathering the floating weed rich in fertilizing ele-

ments, sodas and what not, then carrying it long distances over rocks in baskets strapped upon their backs. However,

"Be the day weary or ever so long,
At length it ringeth to even-song."

Potatoes grow, corn ripens. On the twenty-fourth of June, St. John's day, the mid-summer fair is held in Clifden. New potatoes are ready for the market, and with small quantities for sale the long-suffering people go forth on pleasure bent. Once a few coins are theirs to spend, privation is forgotten as if it never existed. They are hilarious. They sing, dance, drink tea and eat white bread, oblivious of the past, careless of the morrow—a state of feeling calculated to excite the envy of the unsatisfied rich.

If you study conchology and are interested in the marine flora, you will find pleasure hitherto undreamed of in sitting by the edge of the translucent pools left amid the rocks by the ebbing tides. Here are to be seen things of wondrous beauty hidden from the gaze of all but the favored few who, loving nature well, turn from the tourist-beaten track to rest with her in the *dolce far niente*.

In those rock-basined pools are gardens of sea-weeds in gorgeous red browns, filmy leaved and delicate as hot-house ferns, their colors shading from darkest red through all the gradations of brown, pink, and cream to white. Dwelling amongst them are jelly-fish of coral red, whose waving filaments of silky fineness are hastily withdrawn at touch of finger-tips. Long narrow dragon-flies dart hither and thither in search of prey, in their eager, rapacious greed suggesting the money-grabbers of the far-off world. Deep in the crystal-clear waters we see tiny green insects, gorgeous yellow ones, delicate shells of pink, and pearls that hold the rainbow's tints. The hoary rocks in whose shadow you loiter are gay with sea-pinks that nestle confidingly in their old gray arms—arms that were old when the world was young. Rock-ferns and green samphire cluster in the crevices of the most rugged boulders, leading you to feel as if everything around were filled with sentient life, to believe that things inanimate love company. The blue sky is reflected in a bluer sea flecked with dancing golden light and snow-white foam. The blue of the sea is a deception, a borrowed sheen which, mirage-like, vanishes on nearer acquaintance. The actual tint of the ocean here near the shore over a sandy bottom is

green, a beautiful pale green, the shade of which is exactly produced in the stone called *aqua marina.*

Galway is deservedly celebrated for its white trout and salmon fishing. "Anglers' Retreats" and "Fishermen's Rests" abound near the lakes, of which the fishing is strictly preserved. A license to tussle with the playful salmon costs much coin of the realm, but the fish can be bought at a very moderate rate, owing to the lack of ice and transportation facilities. The average price of trout is three-pence (six cents) per pound. Here a word of caution inserted may save the reader from a future sense of being "sold." Should an enviable happy fate conduct you to the Galway coast to make inquiries as to the prospects for a fish dinner, do not take an epicurean feast for granted because the fisherman to whom you speak tells you he has a fine trout for sale; to him every fish from a whale to a sprat is known by the generic term trout. If the peculiarity be unknown, a distinct shock is sure to be felt when, rushing to the boat, intent on buying salmon trout, one is confronted with a six-foot conger eel! With disgust the victim of such a disappointment refers to it now after the lapse of many years. On the coast sea-fish are abundant and varied. Often on calm summer evenings they rise to the top of the water in search of food; far as the eye can reach the ocean is black with them in shoals. Then, in their ardent pursuit of food, they at times follow the sprat on to the shore, filling creek and inlet to suffocation. Wild excitement results. Men, women, and children hurry to take advantage of the glut. The boy with a hook on his solitary suspender is well to the fore. The provident man fastens three hooks to his line; each time they bring in their victims. Women dip their baskets into the squirming mass and pull them up heavily laden. The very small boy or girl manages to have a share of the fun by falling in, being pulled out gasping amid general excitement, spanked to restore circulation, and set on the rock to dry. Such fish as are to be seen here! Beautiful their changing, gem-like hues, delicious their flavor even when broiled on a drift-wood fire amid the rocks, and eaten with hunger sauce *au naturel.* There are bream, mackerel, gurnet, white, red, and gray; black and white pollock; scad, needle-fish, etc., in endless variety. Cray-fish of enormous size, crabs and lobsters, lurk amid the rocks. Cockles and periwinkles are found in abundance on the shore, but want of money and a market paralyzes enterprise.

The ocean is not always softly beautiful, nor its bosom

calm and serene. When rough winds sweep across its face and ruffle its placidity, it is difficult to give inland residents the faintest idea of its furious aspect. Nowhere does it appear more terribly grand than on this wild western coast. Huge heading billows of green-gray hue come thundering in with sullen boom; louder grows the sound as the rushing torrent strikes sunken rocks, half-submerged islets over which the now broken water pours in tremendous volume, filling the air with clouds of mist and spray. Woe to the hapless ship exposed to the force of the winter storm on that rock-bound coast! where certain destruction awaits her. Spectators safe on *terra firma* are impressed with awe mingled with terror as they watch the tempest-lashed breakers arise to a threatening height. The feeling pervades one that the huge mass of water coming landward with such

WHERE PRINCELY DICK MARTIN LIVED.

velocity might easily sweep all before it across the country into Dublin Bay.

Tourists visiting Connemara generally begin the tour from Dublin, thence by the Midland Great Western Railway to Galway, capital town of the county—a quaint, picturesque old place, with many reminiscences of the days when Spanish merchants visited it and intermarried with its daughters. The drive from Galway to Clifden is one of fifty miles. The road excellent, the scenery fine, great beauty may be discovered by eyes

trained to observation. The bleakest mountains have gleams of color in pleasant relief to their gray-brown hues. Patches of yellow furze or purple heather, deep cool shadows, streaks of golden light. White-fleeced sheep, kyloe cattle with shaggy manes, herds of Connemara ponies, sure-footed as Alpine chamois, add diversity to the landscape. Then the driver beguiles the time with snatches of song and story; some of the latter gloomy but interesting. Passing through wild wastes of country the traveller is sure to notice mounds overgrown with grass and weeds; uninscribed tombs are these—the inscription is engraved on the hearts of the Irish peasantry with memories of former years when the homes of Connemara were desolated by government-fostered famine. The weird, lowly mounds were cabins where happy families dwelt before evil days came on the land; until fever, born of famine, ravaged the peasant homes. One by one they died. All dreaded the fatal fever, feared to touch the gaunt, festering corpses which the safety of the living demanded should be hidden from sight. The paternal government rose to the occasion; by order of the authorities ropes were placed around the walls of cabins wherein the entire family lay dead; a long pull and a strong pull tumbled the walls, the thatched roof settled down upon the ruins, which thus afforded shroud, coffin, and tomb to the victims who lay beneath.

"Nerve and muscle, heart and brain,
Lost to Ireland—lost in vain!"

At Ballinahinch is seen the former residence of Colonel Dick Martin, M. P.—dashing Dick, who used to boast of being able to ride twenty-six miles through his own estate from the castle by the lake to the shooting-lodge at Oughterard. Dick was the type of Irish landlord of whom Lever wrote. A whole-souled sportsman, a generous friend, a good all-round man with a talent for spending more than his income; enjoying the day, taking no heed for the morrow; hating lawyers, creditors, and duns. The colonel's stables were the admiration of the country, paved as they were with marble, their stalls and woodwork of mahogany. The marble came from extensive quarries on his estate, the mahogany was flung at his feet by old ocean in the fury of the equinoctial gales. Bad times came to Dick, as to his tenants; the estate, forced into the market, did not bring a tithe of its value from a London law firm. Dick died broken-

hearted, leaving an only daughter; she died in the steerage of an emigrant vessel on the way to New York.

Clifden is a picturesque little town snugly sheltered at the foot of a mountain. It has a good hotel, thriving shops, and a large supply of the native green marble made into handsome souvenirs, shamrocks, brooches, harps, bracelets, etc., mounted in silver with fine effect. A vein of marble found in the mountains and called moss-stone from its peculiar surface shows, when polished, perfect pictures of mosses, grasses, miniature trees in various shades of green on a ground of paler tint. Lustrous as onyx, it readily lends itself to ornamental purposes.

The archæologist, in search of antiquities, may spend some days profitably in Clifden, as within short driving distance of the town are to be found wonderful remains of ancient architecture. Omey Island contains the ruins of a large monastery; the monastic cells, in bee-hive form, are in excellent preservation. Hermitages abound on lonely islands, some of large size, others small cells, all built of heavy stones cemented by the wonderful shell-mortar which defies the ravages of time. Chapters might be written of the history of those remains, of the stones with strange runic writings found in their vicinity, and of the legends connected with the saintly builders. But time passes, and we must move on through the water-soaked bogs and by the ruined lands of banished peasants. Chameleon-like, the mind takes color from its surroundings; we feel desolate, dull, depressed amongst the cold browns and gloomy grays, until at the mountains we are forced to look upward; then such feelings vanish, for grand are those eternal hills that bear the modest title of the "Twelve Pins." Some are king-like in regal mantle of purple heather, crowned by the golden sunlight. Others bleak, bare, but grandly threatening, like warriors in armor; the thunder-cloud or ghostly mist seeming to rest fittingly upon their stern brows. But we are wandering from the object of our sketch—the Galway coast—seduced by the joy of travel.

Before saying farewell it is just to remind strange visitors to the green fields of Erin that the province of Connaught, to which Galway belongs, is peopled in great part by the descendants of brave men and women who, faithful to their country as to their religion, were driven across the Shannon by the Cromwellian spoilers of their homes in the South.

INDIA-RUBBER ORTHODOXY.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

IV.—HERE AND THERE IN CATHOLICISM.

THERE is something very charming about the present passion for politeness. As against the polemics of our fathers, these polite phrases of our contemporaries are as the pipings of peace to the din of war. The roar is now become as gentle as the sucking dove's. May it remain so!

Charming to see Moslem and Jew and Christian meeting at the World's Fair in what Max Müller calls the first truly *œcumenical* council! And more delicious yet to observe sects within sects of sects here in America conferring and co-laboring and palavering just as though their differences were not profound!

Nor is this amenity of temper confined to the theological mind. Here and there even a liberal thinker and agnostic scientist begins to betray a possible willingness to admit that (within limits) somebody else knows a little. Keep it up, gentlemen!

Not so entirely pleasing is the elasticity beginning to manifest itself in the moral tension of our "end of the century" civilization; but so wide-spread is the influence of culture's *laissez faire* and cosmopolitan every-man-for-himselfness, that it is no uncommon matter to find, in the reviews, a sound, well-starched English dean crossing swords with a hedonistic, Oscar-Wildean acrobat on the question of marriage. Observe, *question*—*mooted* question, of marriage!

Let but some "new woman" throw down the gauntlet, and it shall go hard but some gallant right reverend or other will pick it up and give her battle (of the kid-glove kind) on the issue, let us say, "Is marriage natural?" or "Is suicide a sin?" or "Is life a lie?"

Much of this is, of course, "ad gallery," and part of the *rôle* Bishop Gullam has been playing, these many years, to the infinite delight of the comic-paper people. And it must ever be remembered, that to every infallible Ph.D. who settles things, month by month, in the reviews, there are a million of sensible men who do not read those *ipse dixits*, and would not care a fig for the doctor's opinions if they did.

However, there is no doubt but that a spirit of tolerance is abroad, and that the very incongruities, inconsistencies, and contradictions which are now for the first time finding full play in the warm sunshine of mutual recognition, will by this very standing side by side discover their discrepancies. Comparisons are odious chiefly to the found inferior. The "deadly parallel column" has terrors only for *one* of the things paralleled. Indeed, now we have got the ox and the ass well yoked together, it cannot be a matter of much time when we shall know which is the—ox!

One of the best and fullest illustrations of this all-comprehending toleration of divergent views is furnished by that church which, while numerically small, is powerful and, no doubt, destined to provide safe neutral ground for those escaping from the fast crumbling and disintegrating systems of the other sects. It is her known elastic temper which has for twenty years drawn to her fold most of her converts, ministers finding within her latitudinarian bounds room for their ever-widening eccentricities.

The broad-church party in the Episcopalian Church boast of this fact as the chief glory of that communion; but ritualists, especially the self-styled "Catholics," deplore it, and prophesy the gravest possible results. And yet it is to its existence that these latter owe their new-found freedom to exercise their Catholic proclivities. We find the bishops staving off all ecclesiastical trials of even the most lawless, with the very sensible, if not very dignified, observation: "Don't make me prosecute Father Chasuble, dear Mr. Hazey; for if you do, he will be certain to make me go for *you!*" "*Ecce quam bonum*," etc., etc.

Accordingly we find the larger dioceses veritable happy families including every variety of believer, from a shouting, anti-sacramental Salvationist up (or is it *down?*) to a barefooted, tonsured monk! And over this ecclesiastical omnibus sits smiling (and dodging) the bishop.

To an indignant old lady who complained of her rector's popery the other day, the bishop said: "Madam, the Greek word for bishop is *episcopos*, which is composed of 'over' and to 'look.' I therefore *overlook* everything. Good-morning!"

The rank and file are tickled by this, and a bishop so acting and so speaking makes himself solid with the millionaire man of the world so necessary for vestry purposes and when the hat goes around. But an immense number of earnest, pious souls are scandalized by this betrayal of the Son of Man

with a paradox, and hundreds of their clergy are humiliated and disheartened by it.

Of course, one would think that such a condition of self-contradicting and mutually destructive teaching would logically lead men to the Catholic Church. And so it would and does, save when the spirit of the times breathes of "tolerance" and "breadth" and "comprehensiveness."

These are splendid mental virtues. Who dares attack them? And so man's very logic is prostituted to the prevailing hallucination, and every ludicrous absurdity countenanced in the name of freedom.

How often we hear that in the non-essentials we must have liberty. Grant you and amen! But which be the non-essentials? Dr. Gullam answers: "It is not essential to know what the non-essentials are." And there you are! Further discussion (with him) proves you to be a man narrow enough to quarrel over non-essentials!

It was not, however, of the theologians that I intended to write; but of the unsuspecting lay victim of this reign of a "don't-mention-it" kind of orthodoxy.

Let us contemplate the experiences of some well-meaning layman of an open and teachable mind and obliged (as who is not in this country?) to change his place of residence from time to time.

He is a Virginian, let us say. In Virginia our Episcopalian is little better than a Methodist with a (usually mussy and enormous) surplice on him.

The church to which our supposed layman always went looked like a Protestant meeting-house. It had an "altar" it is true, but that not much used article of furniture was a little marble-topped table, dusty and rickety, which served three or four times a year for the administration of a rite which our layman was taught to regard as a mere memorial love-feast. No cross of any kind was to be seen in or about the church. Flowers were forbidden. The saints' days were ignored, as were also the fasts and the general system inculcated in the Prayer-book.

His rector denounced the idea that he was a "priest"; that there could be any sacrifice; that there was any such thing as priestly absolution; and that sacraments were life-giving.

Our layman, consequently, grew up a vague sort of Protestant, with the notion that his church differed from the other denominations principally in that its service began with "Dearly

beloved Brethren," etc., that it included Jackson's *Te Deum*—and, as a rule, a tamer and sleepier sermon than common!

Having to "go North" in pursuit of wider business opportunity, our friend established himself in the quiet old vicinity of Stuyvesant Square, New York.

He attends church—St. George's. Lo! Is this his Episcopalian church? Choir boys in popish vestments? But the service and sermon reassure him. They are Protestant. After a little he grows accustomed to the breathless all-around humanitarianism in vogue there, and the constant services and meetings, and the machinery. Having to move to the West Side, our pilgrim finds himself at the Church of St. Ignatius. Hears Solemn High Mass! Is paralyzed when one of the "fathers" preaches on the necessity of auricular confession! Holy-water, incense, candles, crucifixes, pictures, Stations of the Cross!

On May 1 he moves to a flat on the east of Fifth Avenue. He is now in All Souls' parish. No popery here! No, nor much of the dear old Gospel preaching our layman loves so! But he is teachable, and he listens to sermons destructive of miracles, inspiration, orthodoxy—the very divinity of his Lord.

Next May he moves westward and into St. Agnes's parish—a chapel of Old Trinity.

Here he finds *via mediaism.* Some ritual—but not too much to frighten people. Some teaching of innocent doctrine—but a cautious indistinctness which leaves the worshipper to think as he pleases. If they hear confessions, they do so on the sly.

Some of the congregation bow and genuflect and cross themselves; others loll around on the cushions in reassuring Protestant indifference. And although there are suspicious touches of Romish error, they are really nothing more than concessions to the artistic requirements of the age, and have no "doctrinal significance," says the pastor.

Moving again, our Virginian is once more compelled to set the focus of his telescope of faith, for he finds himself at the Church of the Redeemer on Park Avenue. With a ritual as Catholic as that at St. Ignatius, and confessions and masses and all the paraphernalia of an advanced parish, he finds here doctrines on social questions which are indeed novel to the Episcopalians. The single tax is taught him along with prayers for the dead, and the mass is shown to be a socialistic centre of the life of the world.

For the first time our friend finds the poor really reached,

and the easy-going, well-fed, selfish, snobbish, dominant class to which our Episcopalian thought his church was limited, scarcely represented at all. He fears, however, that this parish is not loved very much by the "powers that be." From ward to ward of the city, and from street to street, the poor layman moved—and was orthodox only if he adjusted his belief anew with every move!

Mr. Hazey, to whom the pious soul resorted for an explanation of this singular india-rubber holding of the faith, said to him, that we should be very proud to belong to a denomination so broad and liberal that it could lovingly embrace men of all shades of opinion, and, after all, the differences were of a trifling nature!

"But," answered the victim, "if my rector says he is a priest with power to offer sacrifice and to absolve, and my last rector denies it, one of them is wrong; and wrong on a matter of stupendous import. What is true on Forty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue is true in Stuyvesant Square, isn't it?"

So our friend appealed to the bishop. The bishop was busy. Mr. Hazey then called our perplexed pilgrim's attention to the fact that our excellent system of rapid transit reduced the practical embarrassment very much. "If you take the elevated road you will be sure to reach a church to your liking, no matter where you live!"

The next Sunday the pilgrim attended a modest little church uptown. As he entered the choristers were singing:

"We are not divided,
All one Body we:
One in faith and doctrine,
One in charity!"

"What a mockery!" he cried.

That is the kind of man who finds his way into the One Fold sooner or later.

A MODERN ICONOCLAST.

By Mary Angela Spellissy.

"HALLOO!" "Halloo!"

"When did you get back?" "Half an hour ago."

"Looking for board?" "That's the size of it."

"Beastly business." "Oh! so so."

"What do you know of these places?"

"Less than nothing."

"I'll ask the clerk,'" said Conrad Siegwart, as he departed, leaving Godfrey Dubois before the bulletin board in the university hall to scan, *da capo*, the list of boarding places in the vicinity.

"Well, have you found inspiration from that sheet?" inquired Conrad, returning.

"No; I'm quite at sea. The place I stopped in last year has shut up, and I know nothing of the rest."

"What do you say to our going on the hunt together?"

"I shall be much obliged; I credit you with lots of experience, capability, and such. I'm from a country town in Pennsylvania, and—"

"Oh, that's all right! I remember the name the fellows bestowed on you last year, and honor you for it. 'Innocence' is so rare a quality nowadays that it commands consideration. The clerk knows the woman who runs one of these places, and I am going to look her up. If you like we can go together; he says the house is clean, cheap, airy, and has a good cook. I do not object to a room-mate, if he is half civilized. If you choose we might go shares?"

"Indeed, I would be delighted," said Godfrey. "I think I heard that you were a Californian."

"So they say," answered Conrad, as his long legs made two steps of the five ascending to Mrs. Bangs's hall door.

To his companion Godfrey left the preliminary interrogations, but he failed not to note the terms of each of the rooms and their respective advantages.

"Well, what have you got to say?" inquired Conrad, as they finished their tour of inspection.

"That third floor front is a fine room. What do you think of two single beds?"

"Capital idea," responded Conrad.

An hour sufficed for the transfer of Godfrey's trunk to Mrs. Bangs's, and after an early dinner the young man departed for Atlantic City. Lectures would not begin until the fifteenth, and a week at the sea was an enticing prospect to an inland youth. Steaming away to the shore, he congratulated himself on the companionship of such a jolly room-mate. Conrad's genial temper and tone of good-fellowship had made him a prominent figure during the two previous years. From him Godfrey hoped to derive much useful knowledge; this was Conrad's last year, while Godfrey was but a second-year man.

The week at Atlantic City was not hilarious. October is a beautiful month at the sea, but to a diffident youth who has outgrown the attractions of toboggan and the varied methods of locomotion that the ocean promenade provides, life becomes monotonous. The long evenings grow wearisome without congenial companionship, and it was therefore with pleasing anticipations that Godfrey returned to Mrs. Bangs's and Conrad Siegwart.

Entering his room, the setting sun shone red upon a crucifix suspended at the head of a single bed; over the table in the corner assigned to the Californian hung a picture of the Divine Child standing on his mother's knee; her finger points to the printed page of an open book. The title Godfrey easily translated, "Our Blessed Lady of Letters. From the original at St. Peter's in Rome."

All the Huguenot blood of six generations of the Dubois ancestors rose within Godfrey's breast as he strode about the room. This, then, was the explanation of the desire for companionship.

The Californian's free-and-easy air had captivated Godfrey, and he had marvelled that so popular a man had been so ready to admit him to such close fellowship.

"Doubtless," thought he, "this was part of a scheme to entrap me, but he shall find out that I am not so 'innocent' as he thinks me."

Resentment swelled within him. He had admired Conrad's varied ability, and considered him born under a lucky star; he could do anything. In the ball-field or on the river, in the lecture-hall or abroad he was equally at home, and everywhere he diffused a joyful atmosphere. Before his hilarious voice ill-hu-

mor vanished as the fog flies before the sun; jollity preceded him, his song or whistle announced his approach, and his jocund face, framed by his blonde curls and full beard, was ever the signal for mirthful banter.

The bell interrupted Godfrey's sulky promenade; Conrad did not appear; and in no pleasant mood Dubois descended to the supper-table, where he found himself the only representative of the family. Mrs. Bangs volunteered the information that Mr. Siegwart was out of town, and would not return until Monday. Godfrey chafed at the thought that he must bottle up his wrath for forty-eight hours.

Returned to his room, he unpacked his trunk and placed his table in such a position that, when at work, he could sit with the pious objects behind him. But when at night he laid himself down he found the electric light as strong a revealer as the sunshine; the contrast of the white figure against the black cross was ghastly in the extreme; the face was turned towards him; the sunken eyes looked an agonizing appeal from beneath the thorn-crowned forehead; the drooping head; the protruding tongue; the tense strain of the figure, hanging by the nail-pierced hands; all gave, with soul-piercing eloquence, the story of the harrowing torture suffered by the Redeemer. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son!" Godfrey Dubois was a Sunday-school teacher; he knew the hymn-book from cover to cover. From infancy he had sung:

> "I will believe, I do believe,
> That Jesus died for me."

But for the first time in his young life the truth in its awfulness was borne in upon him in all its magnitude and with its consequent responsibilities, and he shrank from the consideration of all that its acceptance involved. He was angry, and, like the young man in the gospel, his inclination was "to walk no more with Jesus."

He had read in one of the Sunday-school books, "Are there any idolaters on our continent?"

"Yes, the Catholics in Mexico worship images."

Towards the Catholics he then turned the tide of vexation that boiled within him. With some difficulty he refrained from tearing the crucifix from the wall. Quieting himself with the resolution to look for another room in the morning, he rose, turned the slats of the shutter, and resumed his comfort-

able position in bed, relieved by the effacing shadow that rendered the crucifix invisible. He discovered next morning that Mrs. Bangs's house was indisputably popular; every room was taken. The university men had been rallying in hundreds during the past week, appropriating to themselves winter quarters. Godfrey found he had been peculiarly fortunate in securing a room affording such extended outlook; into it the sun shone, and abundant fresh air kept it sweet and wholesome; he resolved to make no change for the present, but to request the Californian to take down the objectionable emblems.

The excitement of meeting acquaintances, and the general hurrah that characterizes the first few days of the resumption of university life, blotted from Godfrey's memory all ill-humor; not until the two were sole occupants of the chamber did he find a chance to make his protest.

"See here, Mr. Siegwart—"

"Call me Con, won't you?"

"Thank you; Con, would you mind taking down those things that you have hung up there?"

"What things?"

"That cross and picture."

Dubois's voice stammered into ignominious silence under the towering indignation that flashed from Siegwart's clear blue eyes.

"Move my crucifix and picture?" he roared. "I'll be kicked if I do. What's the matter with them?"

"I object to having graven images put up for me to worship."

"What about that?" And Conrad pointed through the open window to where the bone of contention stood aloft in the moonlight with its bronze nose confronting the north star.

"Oh! everybody knows that William Penn was not set up to be worshipped."

"And only calumniators say that Catholics worship images."

"Then that picture of the Virgin with the crown on it."

"O Du! for goodness' sake don't be so stupidly narrow," said Conrad in a milder tone. "Didn't the whole country go wild over the silver statue of the Goddess of Liberty at Chicago, and did any single voice charge the nation with idolatry? Look here, if you're such a dense little bigot, we had better part company right now. I did not dream that you were such mighty small potatoes; your horizon has been limited by the low hills that bounded the

wash-basin in which you were born. You can't help that all at once, but if you will keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut it is possible you may enlarge a little. This side of the room is my territory, and in it I will bestow my traps as I see fit; and if you don't like them you can clear out."

The last two words came in thunderous tones from his capacious chest.

Dubois left the room in a ferment. Wasn't his father the Reverend Mr. Dubois, of Swansdowne? And did not his mother spring from the Gautiers, who counted their descent from the Huguenots who fled to New York in 1625? "Wash-basin!" Why "Chalky Valley" is the garden-spot of Pennsylvania, one acre of which raises more wheat than any two outside it.

Godfrey's townsman, Amedée Lafond, had the third floor back at Mrs. Bangs's; to him the discomfited Godfrey presented himself, craving shelter, which was readily accorded.

Morning found Godfrey very unrefreshed. Amedée was a very active sleeper, and appeared to take his half out of the middle of the bed. The room had but one window, blocked by the wall of the opposite stable, from which arose odors stifling.

As Godfrey put his foot out of bed it crashed powerfully through his disorderly neighbor's guitar. This disturbing incident unfitted him for breakfast; not even the blithe question, "How did you sleep, old man?" voiced in Conrad's gentlest tone, restored his equanimity. The week passed wearily. Saturday night brought merriment to the third story front, which the men had christened the "Lick Observatory." Dubois, leaving his stuffy room at 9:30, jostled against Conrad, who, with a ponderous pitcher of ice-water in hand, was ascending the stair. "Halloo!" he shouted. "Where are you going?"

"I have read myself stupid; I was thinking of a walk."

"Why not come over to my room? Some of the fellows are there."

"I supposed so; I heard the racket."

"Come along; you know them."

Dermody, the quarter-back; Heintz, stroke of the 'Varsity crew, and Pappenheim, the quiz-master, welcomed Godfrey. Two of them were comfortably extended on the bed that he had found so delightful; a chair was proffered the new-comer, and he found himself seated opposite the crucifix. The choice spirits about him kept up a running fire of chat, inter-

rupted only by shouts of laughter. Godfrey noted that a revolving book-case, filled with coveted authorities, stood beside Conrad's writing-table. The chest of drawers held a photograph case, and two of the pictures were familiar; the *Review of Reviews* had given them in the previous month. As *vis-a-vis* to these distinguished men a beautiful matron was placed, and beside her the likeness of a magnificent girl in evening dress.

When the men departed, Godfrey lingered.

"I see you have a picture gallery here?"

"Only my family group."

"Who is this?" "My mother's brother."

"Isn't he the lord mayor of London?" "I believe so."

"Why, you're a swell?" "I don't see it."

"Who is this?" "My father."

"General Siegwart?" "That's his title."

"If I had known you were such a big gun I should have been afraid of you."

"I can't see why. I do not inherit the titles of either my father or uncle."

"I see you still have your holy images?"

"Yes, they go where I do."

"I happened in with worse since I left you." "Yes?"

"Yes indeed, I've struck the nasty this time. All the filthy things that Amedée lays hold of he posts on the wall; they make me sick."

"Why don't you clear out?"

"Well, I begin to see that a fellow can't have everything as he wants it. The wretched food at Mrs. Bleedums made me ill last winter, and lost me a month. Greasy food, sloppy coffee, and the rest of it. Mrs. Bangs keeps a good table. She can't give me a room to myself, and I could not well afford to pay for it if she did. I don't mind telling you, Siegwart, that my father is a poor minister, and that I am the eldest of nine children. I got a scholarship at the university, and an old family friend pays my board. I am awfully sorry that I cut up so roughly about your holy pictures, and I am not ashamed to say that I see now that I was a fool."

"Sit down Du, and let's have it out; you went off at half-cock and I should have had more sense than to mind such a whipper-snapper—pardon me. First, I had a perfect right to use my territory as best suited my convenience so long as I did not interfere with your side. If I were to shout and kick, you

would be justified in protesting against my infernal clatter because it would make study impossible."

"You're a reasonable fellow, Siegwart. How came you to offer me a share in your room?"

"As usual, a mixed motive; I sized you up last year, and found you clean and honest. I wanted to get good surroundings at a low tariff, and to cut from a crowd of fellows so congenial that I could not work. I must let sport go this year and work like the mischief. Army life shows a man that unless he works he's not worth shucks."

"This is a fine room."

"Bully, and there are no women to object if the fellows make an occasional row."

"I suppose you can't comprehend my objection to your images."

"I confess I can't understand intolerance and the rash judgment of the Pharisee. How dared you accuse me of worshipping images? Do I look like a wallowing idolater? Did I rave at you last year when you told of the hundreds of roses you cut from your mother's garden to decorate the Liberty Bell as it journeyed homeward from Chicago?"

"That was prompted by patriotic spirit."

"Look here Du, will you tell me that your Redeemer is not as dear to you as 'the bell that proclaims liberty throughout the land'? Did not the Lord Jesus Christ die to give liberty to every human being from Adam down, for time and eternity? I should have given you some explanation before, but that I make it a rule never to argue with a leaden-headed sulk. If you want to come back, say the word; I don't want to share my room with every man. I know you are quiet and no sneak, and I also know that I can be of service to you. I saw your mother in town last winter, and resolved to keep an eye on her son; on you depends her happiness. In this room I can promise freedom from filthy talk and beastly pictures, and that, you know, is something in this neighborhood."

"You're a good fellow, Siegwart, and I will not forget this talk."

"Get your traps, sonny, and say no more."

Godfrey found Conrad a hard student and a wonderful helper.

"Pile up your questions, Du, and if I cannot answer them I will show you where to look. You are welcome to use my books, but replace them and don't shift the markers."

Conrad found an old acquaintance at table one evening. Miss Shrewsbury and he had been fellow-boarders the previous winter and had become very good friends.

"Who is your chum?" she inquired.

"Oh, my room-mate? He's a man from the agricultural department of your noble State."

"Don't jeer, young man."

"I intended a compliment, Miss Lucy; but the acidulous character of your temperament changed the milk of human kindness into an indigestible curd."

"You know we cannot all breathe the air of the sand-lots, nor boast of our ancestors the Pioneers."

"A truce. Where are you living?"

"In various places. I am booked here for table-board, and have a room across the street."

"To what Mass do you go to-morrow?"

"The eleven o'clock."

"Can you lend me your alarm?" "With pleasure."

"I must go to the half-past six or not at all."

"I'll leave the clock with the chambermaid to-night."

"What's the row?" cried Godfrey as the ting-a-ling-ling of the tiny clock sounded at six A.M. on All Saints' day.

"Go to sleep, my baby, my baby, my ba-a-a-by," sang Conrad, as he stalked over to the wash-stand.

"No, but what *are* you up to?"

"Going to Mass, thou precious child."

"Can't you stop that darned thing?"

"Yes, love; I'll immerse it in the water-pitcher."

With a grunt of desperation Godfrey ducked his head beneath the blankets.

At dinner Conrad returned the clock to Miss Shrewsbury.

"I hope my property did not interfere with your morning nap, Mr. Dubois?" she said as Conrad left the parlor.

"Oh! not much. I wish I could get up at six every morning."

"What time do you go to bed?" "About twelve."

"You should have at least seven hours."

"Oh! I can get on with very little sleep if I must; but Siegwart is the greediest man in that line that I ever saw. I've known him to go to bed at nine o'clock and sleep solidly until ten the next morning. He must think a lot of his church to go off as he did at half-past six."

"Yes; he never misses Mass on the days of obligation. Have you many Catholic friends, Mr. Dubois?"

"No; I never knew any until I met Siegwart. I find I entertained very erroneous impressions about their belief. I have been looking into some of Conrad's books and find the doctrines quite the contrary of what I have credited them with."

With a tentative "Yes?" Miss Shrewsbury departed.

Finding Conrad the only man at breakfast next morning she attempted to relieve her mind.

"I think you have a probable convert on your hands, Mr. Siegwart."

"Who may he be?" "Your room-mate."

"Why do you say so?"

"We had a word or two after dinner."

"Now, Miss Lucy, you've been fishing again."

"Oh! indeed, no; it all came from himself quite spontaneously. He has been reading some of your Catholic books."

"Ha, ha! That explains the presence of *Catholic Belief* between the leaves of *Ashurst's Surgery*. I wondered how it got there and credited it to the blundering chambermaid."

"Did you ever invite him to go to church with you?"

"Not I."

"Don't you think you should?"

"Now, Miss Lucy, that's quite in your line."

"I should not hesitate a minute but for the gossip."

"And you will keep the poor youth out of the church through your self-love? Fie upon you!"

"I know you are but chaffing, but there is some truth in what you say."

As Miss Shrewsbury passed out the following evening she found the young men enjoying the woodbine-scented air whilst they smoked their cigars on the porch.

"Fine night for a walk, Miss Shrewsbury."

"Yes, Mr. Dubois; would you like to escort me to church?"

"What time can I be back?" "In an hour."

"Thank you; I will be delighted to go with you."

Sage Miss Shrewsbury asked no account of Mr. Dubois' impressions as they returned, but remarked casually that ceremonies on Sunday at last Mass and Vespers were accompanied by the music of a very fine choir, and invited the youth to take possession of her pew whenever he felt inclined. On Sunday morning she handed him the admirable leaflet, *A Companion to High Mass for the Use of non-Catholics*. Thus it happened that Godfrey Dubois soon became a regular attendant at High Mass and Vespers.

"Why don't you take your friend to see a priest?" said Miss Lucy one evening in May.

"Why don't you take him yourself, my friend?"

"Don't you know Father Hoffman?"

"As well as I want to know him."

"Oh! I see what's the matter; you've not made your Easter and we are nearing Trinity Sunday."

"Indeed, Miss Lucy, you should set up as a professional mind-reader."

"Never mind me; just turn your attention to the main point. I know the examinations are a horrid grind, but you will meet them better if you just run over to church. The priests are hearing for to-morrow—first Friday, you know."

It was with joyful heart Miss Shrewsbury recognized Conrad among the communicants who thronged to the altar-rail next morning; the glad sunlight streaming through the tinted windows glorified his golden locks. His was a noble figure, and in his face shone the nobility of Christian manhood "giving to God the things that are God's," whilst not unmindful of those belonging to Cæsar.

Gradually Godfrey's prejudices melted away in the Catholic atmosphere he inhaled that winter. The talks at the Ozanam Club brought him in contact with many who he was surprised to find were members of the church he had thought so despicable.

They were a lot of boyish fellows when at recreation, merciless in their chaffing of one another, and untiring in argument, but also clear-headed and well-informed. The men were surprised one evening by the visit of a distinguished Catholic bishop, who, passing through the city, called on them to say a few words of encouragement. Bishop Quincy was another Saint Francis de Sales, gifted with keen penetration allied with exquisite tact, and animated with that ardent love for souls that characterizes the saint. Godfrey was enchanted with him. A few simple, earnest words of congratulation, followed by the introduction of each member to the delightful visitor, speedily brought familiar intercourse; the tone was that of a family reunion of those long separated.

"Why my dear boy! You are the son of Barnes of '85, and—"

"You here—all the way from Dakota? I knew your mother well; she was in Washington the year the war broke out."

"And you, my friend? What State do you represent?"

asked the good bishop, holding in an affectionate clasp Godfrey's rather rigid hand, while his bright eyes appeared to read the young man's soul. "Ah, another of great Pennsylvania's sons! Don't you think Catholics are a queer lot?"

Godfrey started. How did this strange man know that he was not a Catholic?

"May I ask, bishop, how you discovered that my friend is not of the one fold?"

"Well now that is easily accounted for. Our Divine Lord said: I know mine and they know me, and he has endowed his shepherds with many of his qualities; another reason is that Catholics approach their spiritual fathers with an air of confidence that cannot be expected from the non-Catholic."

"But how do you get on with these people, Mr. Dubois? College men are often a teasing lot."

"Oh, very pleasantly, bishop! I was a lonely waif in this great city until they adopted me. I knew no Catholics until I met Mr. Siegwart; his friendliness has been not only a great comfort, but a great help in my studies; whilst using his books I came across *Catholic Belief* and for the first time in my life learned the doctrines of your church."

"You know that every acquired truth brings additional responsibility?"

"I am finding that out, and when examinations are over I hope to give the subject the attention it demands."

Hot weather came suddenly, and proved most oppressive to the sorely pressed student. Happy the man to whom cool blood was a birth-right. The neighborhood of the university in an extensive radius was heavy with the apprehensions consequent on examinations. "Woe to him who had sacrificed study to pleasure!" Amedée was seen through the open door of his room seated at the table on which his elbows rested; with head plunged between his hands, he presented a pitiable object. The ballet-dancers leered at him from the walls; his eye rested on one face as he looked up. Springing from his chair, he tore the picture from the wall in a fury. "D—— you," he muttered, "I should not be in this mess to-day but for your nonsense." With hat pulled over his eyes and book under his arm, he strode out and down the street. As the clock struck ten he faced the examiner.

In half an hour he re-entered his chamber, tumbled his clothes into a trunk, stamped on them until he could close the lid. Lifting the trunk he carried it down to the pave and

hailed a passing car, which swiftly carried him to the station; a pitiful contrast to the handsome youth who came like the fortunate prince, a beau ideal for the admiration of many a gushing maiden. They voted his "lovely eyes" and "elegant moustache" just "grand." Haggard, dishevelled, with blood-shot eyes and aching head, he was borne through a land riotting in the luxuriant growth of spring.

Beauty everywhere but within; there the tortures of hell were seething—ruin, rage, but not remorse; he blamed everybody but himself. To what was he going? What welcome could he find at home? His mother had stinted herself and spared in all directions to spend on his education. He knew he might still deceive her, and pose as a victim—but his sister, clear-sighted Margaret? She would read him like an open book, and despise him. How could he meet his debts? Mrs. Bangs would probably advertise all over that he left without paying his board. He groaned in his agony.

Godfrey postponed his appearance before the examiners until the close of the week; he reported to Conrad at twilight.

"I've downed three of them, and I don't know anything about it. When I tackled Dr. X—— he paid no more attention to me than if I had been a tack in the leather of his chair; after one or two questions, he looked at me grimly and shouted:

"Where do you live, young man?"

"I'll be blessed if I know," said I.

"Just as I thought," said he; "look here, go out and walk as fast as you can for half an hour. I'll see you then."

"I took his prescription, and I suppose did better, but he vouchsafed no word good or bad."

"That's all right; you think too much of the man; put him out of your head altogether; think only of your subject."

"Whom do you face next?"

"Dr. Z——." "You need have no fear; you are ready for him. He thinks only of the matter you give him. Some of the professors are vulnerable; you can tickle them into good humor by an allusion to their favorite theory or some other small trick; but Z—— is inflexible, and hopelessly just."

Commencement-day brought to Godfrey the coveted honor of second place. Conrad received his diploma and an average in the honor list. The evening train carried them both from the city, and with the rising sun they entered the garden of "Rosevale." The parsonage was set within an Eden of rural

beauty, and the juveniles of the Dubois household came in a welcoming swarm.

Breakfast was a substantial delight, and the porch invited them afterward to social intercourse.

"Are your parents living, Mr. Siegwart?" inquired Godfrey's mother.

"My mother died five years ago; my father is stationed at Fort Leavenworth."

"Then you are a son of General Siegwart; are you an only child?"

"Oh, no! my eldest brother is a priest of the Redemptorist order; my sister is a nun and superior of a convent in Boston. My younger brother is still at Santa Clara College, where I graduated. The journey home is so costly an experiment and the members of our family are so scattered that I have concluded to take a short vacation in the Catskills, as soon as I hear from the hospital to which I hope to be elected. Can you spare Godfrey for a month? I mean to make the trip cheaply, and I think the mountain air will serve both of us. Godfrey has done splendidly, and is well prepared for next year's studies."

"You have been such a good friend to Godfrey, Mr. Siegwart, that we cannot easily refuse your request; our boy's letters have shown us that to you he owes his success this year."

"Indeed, Mrs. Dubois, any little help I have been able to give, I have received full compensation for in your son's companionship."

Sunday morning saw the two young men setting off for a three-mile walk to the nearest Catholic church. In the evening Godfrey took his friend to Pinnacle Hill, from which they had a fine view of sunset on the Susquehanna. Before retiring the Rev. Mr. Dubois called Godfrey into the library; Mrs. Dubois followed them; her pious soul had suffered disappointment in the absence of her son from both morning and evening services; but the return home of Amedée before commencement had given his defeat to the little world of Swansdowne. Letters had been received by some of the young people of the neighborhood detailing some of the incidents in his career, and the principal fact that he had been "thrown." Mrs. Dubois wisely concluded that virtue and honor even through Catholicity were preferable to libertinism that brought ruin for this world and the next.

Godfrey was amazed at the toleration he found from his par-

ents; his father soon acquainted him with the reason. Swansdowne had been visited by one of the missionary fathers, who had lectured in the town-hall during the evenings of an entire week; questions had been answered from the platform, and the listeners learned that the dogmas of the Catholic Church presented by a Catholic priest were very unlike the doctrines assigned to her by those outside her fold. Rev. Mr. Dubois was a thoughtful man, and was much impressed by the statement that the world is now divided between Catholicity and Infidelity, that Protestantism is but a name for various shades of antagonism to the Catholic Church, and that no two outside her fold are united in their acceptance of dogma.

Confusion confounded is the result of private interpretation.

As this must be a short story, there remains but to tell that the Catskill trip proved a great success, ennobling alike to mind and body.

In December Conrad left his beloved hospital duty for a brief trip to Boston and acted as sponsor to his friend, who was baptized on the 8th, the patronal feast of the United States—the Immaculate Conception.

Conrad urged Doctor Hoffman to allow Miss Shrewsbury to act as godmother, but the reverend gentleman declined; saying, with a quizzical expression in his gray eyes, that he desired to avoid all future complications.

Poor Miss Shrewsbury blushed painfully as she said: "Why, doctor, I'm too old to be the wife of either of these boys."

"Never too late to marry or mend," quoth the priest.

THE SCOPE OF PUBLIC-SCHOOL EDUCATION.*

BY RIGHT REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D. (*of Peoria*).

OUR system of Public-School Education is a result of the faith of the people in the need of universal intelligence for the maintenance of popular government. Does this system include moral training? Since the teaching of religious doctrines is precluded, this, I imagine, is what we are to consider in discussing the Scope of Public-School Education. The equivalents of scope are aim, end, opportunity, range of view; and the equivalents of education are training, discipline, development, instruction. The proper meaning of the word education, it seems, is not a drawing out, but a training up, as vines are trained to lay hold of and rise by means of what is stronger than themselves. My subject, then, is the aim, end, opportunity, and range of view of public-school education, which to be education at all, in any true sense, must be a training, discipline, development, and instruction of man's whole being, physical, intellectual, and moral. This, I suppose, is what Herbert Spencer means when he defines education to be a preparation for complete living. Montaigne says the end of education is wisdom and virtue; Comenius declares it to be knowledge, virtue, and religion; Milton, likeness to God through virtue and faith; Locke, health of body, virtue, and good manners; Herbart, virtue, which is the realization in each one of the idea of inner freedom; while Kant and Fichte declare it to consist chiefly in the formation of character. All these thinkers agree that the supreme end of education is spiritual or ethical. The controlling aim, then, should be, not to impart information but to upbuild the being which makes us human, to form habits of right thinking and doing. The ideal is virtually that of Israel—that righteousness is life—though the Greek ideal of beauty and freedom may not be excluded. It is the doctrine that manners maketh man, that conduct is three-fourths of life, leaving but one-fourth for intellectual activity and æsthetic enjoyment; and into this fourth of life but few ever enter in any real way, while all are called and may learn to do good and avoid evil.

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"In the end," says Ruskin, "the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones." We can all learn to become active, modest, and kind; to turn from idleness, pride, greed, and cruelty. But we cannot all make ourselves capable of living in the high regions of pure thought and ideal beauty; and for the few even who are able to do this, it is still true that conduct is three-fourths of life.

"The end of man," says Büchner, "is conversion into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia." This also is an ideal, and he thinks we should be pleased to know that in dying we give back to the universe what had been lent. He moralizes too; but if all we can know of our destiny is that we shall be converted into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, the sermon may be omitted. On such a faith it is not possible to found a satisfactory system of education. Men will always refuse to think thus meanly of themselves, and in answer to those who would persuade them they are but brutes, they will, with perfect confidence, claim kinship with God; for from an utterly frivolous view of life both our reason and our instinct turn.

The Scope of Public-School Education is to co-operate with the physical, social, and religious environment to form good and wise men and women. Unless we bear in mind that the school is but one of several educational agencies, we shall not form a right estimate of its office. It depends almost wholly for its success upon the kind of material furnished it by the home, the state, and the church; and, to confine our view to our own country, I have little hesitation in affirming that our home life, our social and political life, and our religious life have contributed far more to make us what we are than any and all of our schools. The school, unless it works in harmony with these great forces, can do little more than sharpen the wits. Many of the teachers of our Indian schools are doubtless competent and earnest, but their pupils, when they return to their tribes, quickly lose what they have gained, because they are thrown into an environment which annuls the ideals that prevailed in the school. The controlling aim of our teachers should be, therefore, to bring their pedagogical action into harmony with what is best in the domestic, social, and religious life of the child; for this is the foundation on which they must build, and to weaken it is to expose the whole structure to ruin. Hence the teacher's attitude towards the child should be that of sympathy with him in his love for his parents, his country, and his religion. His reason is still feeble, and his

life is largely one of feeling, and the fountain-heads of his purest and noblest feelings are precisely his parents, his country, and his religion, and to tamper with them is to poison the wells whence he draws the water of life. To assume and hold this attitude with sincerity and tact is difficult; it requires both character and culture; it implies a genuine love of mankind and of human excellence; reverence for whatever uplifts, purifies, and strengthens the heart; knowledge of the world, of literature, and of history, united with an earnest desire to do whatever may be possible to lead each pupil towards life in its completeness, which is health and healthful activity of body and mind and heart and soul.

As the heart makes the home, the teacher makes the school. What we need above all things, wherever the young are gathered for education, is not a showy building, or costly apparatus, or improved methods or text-books, but a living, loving, illumined human being who has deep faith in the power of education and a real desire to bring it to bear upon those who are entrusted to him. This applies to the primary school with as much force as to the high school and university. Those who think, and they are, I imagine, the vast majority, that any one who can read and write, who knows something of arithmetic, geography, and history, is competent to educate young children, have not even the most elementary notions of what education is.

What the teacher is, not what he utters and inculcates, is the important thing. The life he lives and whatever reveals that life to his pupils; his unconscious behavior, even; above all, what in his inmost soul he hopes, believes, and loves, have far deeper and more potent influence than mere lessons can ever have. It is precisely here that we Americans, whose talent is predominantly practical and inventive, are apt to go astray. We have won such marvellous victories with our practical sense and inventive genius, that we have grown accustomed to look to them for aid, whatever the nature of the difficulty or problem may be. Machinery can be made to do much and to do well what it does. With its help we move rapidly; we bring the ends of the earth into instantaneous communication; we print the daily history of the world and throw it before every door; we plough and we sow and we reap; we build cities and we fill our houses with whatever conduces to comfort or luxury. All this and much more machinery enables us to do. But it cannot create life, nor can it, in any effective way, promote vital processes. Now, education is essentially a vital process. It is a furthering of life; and as the living proceed from the living,

they can rise into the wider world of ideas and conduct only by the help of the living; and as in the physical realm every animal begets after its own likeness, so also in the spiritual the teacher can give but what he has. If the well-spring of truth and love has run dry within himself, he teaches in vain. His words will no more bring forth life than desert winds will clothe arid sands with verdure. Much talking and writing about education have chiefly helped to obscure a matter which is really plain. The purpose of the public school is or should be not to form a mechanic or a specialist of any kind, but to form a true man or woman. Hence the number of things we teach the child is of small moment. Those schools, in fact, in which the greatest number of things are taught give, as a rule, the least education. The character of the Roman people, which enabled them to dominate the earth and to give laws to the world, was formed before they had schools, and when their schools were most flourishing they themselves were in rapid moral and social dissolution. We make education and religion too much a social affair, and too little a personal affair. Their essence lies in their power to transform the individual, and it is only in transforming him that they recreate the wider life of the community. The Founder of Christianity addressed himself to the individual, and gave little heed to the state or other environment. He looked to a purified inner source of life to create for itself a worthier environment, and simply ignored devices for working sudden and startling changes. They who have entered into the hidden meaning of this secret and this method turn in utter incredulity from the schemes of declaimers and agitators.

The men who fill the world, each with his plan for reforming and saving it, may have their uses, since the poet tells us there are uses in adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head; but to one deafened by their discordant and clamorous voices, the good purpose they serve seems to be as mythical as the jewel in the toad's head.

Have not those who mistake their crotchets for nature's laws invaded our schools? Have they not succeeded in forming a public opinion and in setting devices at work which render education in the true sense of the word, if not impossible, difficult? Literature is a criticism of life, made by those who are in love with life, and who have the deepest faith in its possibilities; and all criticism which is inspired by sympathy and faith and controlled by knowledge is helpful. Complacent thoughts are

rarely true, and hardly ever useful. It is a prompting of nature to turn from what we have to what we lack, for thus only is there hope of amendment and progress. We are, to quote Emerson,

> "Built of furtherance and pursuing,
> Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

Hence the wise and the strong dwell not upon their virtues and accomplishments, but strive to learn wherein they fail, for it is in correcting this they desire to labor. They wish to know the truth about themselves, are willing to try to see themselves as others see them, that self-knowledge may make self-improvement possible. They turn from flattery, for they understand that flattery is insult. Now, if this is the attitude of wise and strong men, how much more should it not be that of a wise and strong people? Whenever persons or things are viewed as related in some special way to ourselves, our opinions of them will hardly be free from bias. When, for instance, I think or speak of my country, my religion, my friends, my enemies, I find it difficult to put away the prejudice which my self-esteem and vanity create, and which, like a haze, ever surrounds me to color or obscure the pure light of reason. It cannot do us harm to have our defects and short-comings pointed out to us, but to be told by demagogues and declaimers that we are the greatest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous people which exists or has existed, can surely do us no good. If it is true, we should not dwell upon it, for this will but distract us from striving for the things in which we are deficient; and if it is false, it can only mislead us and nourish a foolish conceit. It is the orator's misfortune to be compelled to think of his audience rather than of truth. It is his business to please, persuade, and convince; and men are pleased with flattering lies, persuaded and convinced by appeals to passion and interest. Happier is the writer, who need not think of a reader, but finds his reward in the truth he expresses.

It is not possible for an enlightened mind not to take profound interest in our great system of public education. To do this he need not think it the best possible system. He may deem it defective in important requisites. He may hold, as I hold, that the system is of minor importance—the kind of teacher being all important. But if he loves his country, if he loves human excellence, if he has faith in man's capacity for growth, he cannot but turn his thoughts, with abiding attention and sympathy, to the generous and determined efforts of a

powerful and vigorous people to educate themselves. Were our public-school system nothing more than the nation's profession of faith in the transforming power of education, it would be an omen of good and a ground for hope, and one cannot do more useful work than to help to form a public opinion which will accept with thankfulness the free play of all sincere minds about this great question, and which will cause the genuine lovers of our country to turn in contempt from the clamors politicians and bigots are apt to raise when an honest man utters honest thought on this all-important subject.

I am willing to assume and to accept as a fact that our theological differences make it impossible to introduce the teaching of any religious creed into the public school. I take the system as it is—that is, as a system of secular education—and I address myself more directly to the question proposed: What is or should be its scope?

The fact that religious instruction is excluded makes it all the more necessary that humanizing and ethical aims should be kept constantly in view. Whoever teaches in a public school should be profoundly convinced that man is more than an animal which may be taught cunning and quickness. A weed in blossom may have a certain beauty, but it will bear no fruit; and so the boy or youth one often meets, with his irreverent smartness, his precocious pseudo-knowledge of a hundred things, may excite a kind of interest, but he gives little promise of a noble future. The flower of his life is the blossom of the weed, which in its decay will poison the air, or, at the best, serve but to fertilize the soil. If we are to work to good purpose we must take our stand, with the great thinkers and educators, on the broad field of man's nature and act in the light of the only true ideal of education—that its end is wisdom, virtue, knowledge, power, reverence, faith, health, behavior, hope, and love; in a word, whatever powers and capacities make for intelligence, for conduct, for character, for completeness of life. Not for a moment should we permit ourselves to be deluded by the thought that because the teaching of religious creeds is excluded, therefore we may make no appeal to the fountain-heads which sleep within every breast, the welling of whose waters alone has power to make us human. If we are forbidden to turn the current into this or that channel, we are not forbidden to recognize the universal truth that man lives by faith, hope, and love, by imagination and desire, and that it is precisely for this reason that he is educable. We move irresistibly in the lines of our real faith and

desire, and the educator's great purpose is to help us to believe in what is high and to desire what is good. Since for the irreverent and vulgar spirit nothing is high or good, reverence, and the refinement which is the fruit of true intelligence, urge ceaselessly their claims on the teacher's attention. Goethe, I suppose, was little enough of a Christian to satisfy the demands of an agnostic cripple even, and yet he held that the best thing in man is the thrill of awe; and that the chief business of education is to cultivate reverence for whatever is above, beneath, around, and within us. This he believed to be the only philosophical and healthful attitude of mind and heart towards the universe, seen and unseen. May not the meanest flower that blows bring thoughts that lie too deep for tears? Is not reverence a part of all the sweetest and purest feelings which bind us to father and mother, to friends and home and country? Is it not the very bloom and fragrance, not only of the highest religious faith but also of the best culture? Let the thrill of awe cease to vibrate, and you will have a world in which money is more than man, office better than honesty, and books like *Innocents Abroad* or *Peck's Bad Boy* more indicative of the kind of man we form than are the noblest works of genius. What is the great aim of the primary school, if it is not the nutrition of feeling? The child is weak in mind, weak in will, but he is most impressionable. Feeble in thought, he is strong in capacity to feel the emotions which are the sap of the tree of moral life. He responds quickly to the appeals of love, tenderness, and sympathy. He is alive to whatever is noble, heroic, and venerable. He desires the approbation of others, especially of those whom he believes to be true and high and pure. He has unquestioning faith, not only in God but in great men, who, for him, indeed, are earthly gods. Is not his father a divine man, whose mere word drives away all fear and fills him with confidence? The touch of his mother's hand stills his pain; if he is frightened, her voice is enough to soothe him to sleep. To imagine that we are educating this being of infinite sensibility and impressionability when we do little else than teach him to read, write, and cipher, is to cherish a delusion. It is not his destiny to become a reading, writing, and ciphering machine, but to become a man who believes, hopes, and loves, who holds to sovereign truth and is swayed by sympathy, who looks up with reverence and awe to the heavens and hearkens with cheerful obedience to the call of duty, who has habits of right thinking and well doing which have become

a law unto him, a second nature. And if it be said that we all recognize this to be so, but that it is not the business of the school to help to form such a man; that it does its work when it sharpens the wits, I will answer with the words of William von Humboldt: "Whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of a nation must first be introduced into its schools."

Now, what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is not the power of shrewd men, wholly absorbed in the striving for wealth, reckless of the means by which it is gotten, and who, whether they succeed or whether they fail, look upon money as the equivalent of the best things man knows or has; who therefore think that the highest purpose of government, as of other social forces and institutions, is to make it easy for all to get abundance of gold and to live in sloven plenty; but what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is the power of intelligence and virtue, of wisdom and conduct. We believe, and in fact know, that humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, purity, and self-respect are higher and mightier than anything mere sharpened wits can accomplish. But if these virtues, which constitute nearly the whole sum of man's strength and worth, are to be introduced into the life of the nation, they must be introduced into the schools, into the process of education. We must recognize, not in theory alone but in practice, that the chief end of education is ethical, since conduct is three-fourths of human life. The aim must be to make men true in thought and word, pure in desire, faithful in act, upright in deed; men who understand that the highest good does not lie in the possession of anything whatsoever, but that it lies in power and quality of being; for whom what we are and not what we have is the guiding principle; who know that the best work is not that for which we receive most pay, but that which is most favorable to life, physical, moral, intellectual, and religious; since man does not exist for work or the Sabbath, but work and rest exist for him, that he may thrive and become more human and more divine. We must cease to tell boys and girls that education will enable them to get hold of the good things of which they believe the world to be full; we must make them realize rather that the best thing in the world is a noble man or woman, and to be that is the only certain way to a worthy and contented life. All talk about patriotism, which implies that it is possible to be a patriot or a good citizen without being a true and good man,

is sophistical and hollow. How shall he who cares not for his better self care for his country?

We must look, as educators, most closely to those sides of the national life where there is the greatest menace of ruin. It is plain that our besetting sin, as a people, is not intemperance or unchastity, but dishonesty. From the watering and manipulating of stocks to the adulteration of food and drink, from the booming of towns and lands to the selling of votes and the buying of office, from the halls of Congress to the policeman's beat, from the capitalist who controls trusts and syndicates to the mechanic who does inferior work, the taint of dishonesty is everywhere. We distrust one another, distrust those who manage public affairs, distrust our own fixed will to suffer the worst that may befall rather than cheat or steal or lie. Dishonesty hangs, like mephitic air, about our newspapers, our legislative assemblies, the municipal government of our towns and cities, about our churches even, since our religion itself seems to lack that highest kind of honesty, the downright and thorough sincerity which is its life-breath.

If the teacher in the public school may not insist that an honest man is the noblest work of God, he may teach at least that he who fails in honesty fails in the most essential quality of manhood, enters into warfare with the forces which have made him what he is and which secure him the possession of what he holds dearer than himself, since he barters for it his self-respect; that the dishonest man is an anarchist and dissocialist, one who does what in him lies to destroy credit, and the sense of the sacredness of property, obedience to law, and belief in the rights of man. If our teachers are to work in the light of an ideal, if they are to have a conscious end in view, as all who strive intelligently must have, if they are to hold a principle which will give unity to their methods, they must seek it in the idea of morality, of conduct which is three-fourths of life.

I myself am persuaded that the real and philosophical basis of morality is the being of God, a being absolute, infinite, unimaginable, inconceivable, of whom our highest and nearest thought is that he is not only almighty, but all-wise and all-good as well. But it is possible, I think, to cultivate the moral sense without directly and expressly assigning to it this philosophical and religious basis, for goodness is largely its own evidence, as virtue is its own reward. It all depends on the teacher. Life produces life—life develops life, and if the teacher have within himself a living sense of the all-importance of con-

duct, if he thoroughly realize that what we call knowledge is but a small part of man's life, his influence will nourish the feelings by which character is evolved. The germ of a moral idea is always an emotion, and that which impels to right action is the emotion rather than the idea. The teachings of the heart remain for ever, and they are the most important, for what we love, genuinely believe in, and desire decides what we are and may become. Hence the true educator, even in giving technical instruction, strives not merely to make a workman, but to make also a man, whose being shall be touched to finer issues by spiritual powers, who shall be upheld by faith in the worth and sacredness of life, and in the education by which it is transformed, enriched, purified, and ennobled. He understands that an educated man, who, in the common acceptation of the phrase, is one who knows something, who knows many things, is, in truth, simply one who has acquired habits of right thinking and right doing. The culture which we wish to see prevail throughout our country is not learning and literary skill, it is character and intellectual openness, that higher humanity which is latent within us all, which is power, wisdom, truth, goodness, love, sympathy, grace, and beauty, whose surpassing excellence the poor may know as well as the rich, whose charm the multitude may feel as well as the chosen few.

"He who speaks of the people," says Guicciardini, "speaks, in sooth, of a foolish animal, a prey to a thousand errors, a thousand confusions, without taste, without affection, without firmness." The scope of our public-school education is to make commonplaces of this kind, by which all literature is pervaded, so false as to be absurd; and when this end shall have been attained, Democracy will have won its noblest victory.

How shall we find the secret from which hope of such success will spring? By so forming and directing the power of public opinion, of national approval, and of money as to make the best men and women willing and ready to enter the teacher's profession. The kind of man who educates is the test of the kind of education given, and there is properly no other test. When we Americans shall have learned to believe with all our hearts and with all the strength of irresistible conviction that a true educator is a more important, in every way a more useful sort of man than a great railway king, or pork butcher, or captain of industry, or grain buyer, or stock manipulator, we shall have begun to make ourselves capable of perceiving the real scope of public-school education.

CHRIST'S MASTERPIECE.

By Barnet Toldridge.

THOU Wonder of the Ages, ever new,
Yet evermore the same! Thou thronèd Queen
That since the sweet Christ rose hath trusted been
With His grand Truth to help men dare and do!
And hath not proved a recreant to the trust,
But proudly, humbly, hath the jewel worn
Upon thy bosom, and hath humbly borne
The rebels' strife to hurl it in the dust!
These have gone out in hordes from thy sweet care;
Gone out to wander in the dark, to keep
Their children's children from the light, to steep
Their souls in doubt, in terror and despair.
They who are folded in thy sweet embrace,
O tender Mother! know no wild unrest;
But like the babes, pressed to the mother-breast,
Look up, confiding, to the mother-face!
No need for baffled questioning—no need
For aught but to drink in the Life that's given,
And to list humbly while she breathes of Heaven,
And sweet unfolds her tender-guarded creed.
No need for fear, for doubt, for gropings blind!
Our God a God of Light! His children know
He hath not left them to grope blindly so.
Light's in the world for all who wish to find!
Alas for those who found and flung away!
In the world's morning races forgot God;
Set up their idols, in defilement trod,
And have not remembered to this day!
So with His Church: At it men's doubts are hurled,
Derision and contumely; still it goes
Serenely on, Christ-led, whose promise was
"Unto the consummation of the world."
Naught shall prevail, world's might nor "gate of hell,"
O fixèd Rock, so solid built to brave
All Time's resisting force and lapping wave
And mutability. Hail, Deathless Sentinel!

IS INFANTICIDE PRACTISED IN CHINA?

By A. M. Clarke.

IT might be imagined that the prevalence of infanticide in China is a fact too well authenticated to be called in question. It is, however, not only disputed but denied in France in the present day by a considerable number of journalists and other writers, and the denial is based on the testimony of certain recent travellers, who allege that throughout the course of their journeying in the Celestial Empire nothing has met their eye calculated to indicate or even suggest the existence of this reprehensible practice. Furthermore, they declare it to be a crime utterly at variance with the well-known desire of the Chinese to possess children. But the animus and persistency wherewith these writers endeavor to make good their point argue a motive more powerful than the simple wish to refute an unjust accusation, to proclaim what they believe to be the truth concerning a nation that has been grossly calumniated. The real motive is not far to seek. It is hatred to religion.

The Emperor of China.

DENIALS OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

Their design is not to do justice to the Chinese, but to cast odium on the church, to decry those who devote their lives to spread the faith and to save souls. The Catholic missioners assert that they have been the means of rescuing from an untimely death multitudes of helpless infants whom their parents intended to destroy; that in the refuges and orphanages established by Christian charity, these children have been sheltered, taught, and trained. To expose the fraudulent misre-

presentations of the missioners, and to exhibit the work of the *Sainte Enfance*—a wide-spread and well-organized institution—in the light of a barefaced imposture, is the object the apologists of the Chinese have in view. Admitting that rare instances of abandonment of unwelcome infants by unnatural mothers occur in China as in every other country, they assert that for the reception of these ample provision is made by government, by the erection of foundling hospitals. Consequently the interference of foreigners is quite superfluous, and the frequent appeals made for the support of their refuges is nothing more or less than a commercial speculation under the guise of charity, a means of trading on the generosity of a too credulous public.

SUPERFICIAL OBSERVERS.

Since, then, it is a fresh and covert attack upon religion, an attempt to bring missionary work into disrepute, that we have to deal with, the question whether infanticide exists to any great extent in China assumes a greater importance, and it may be well to examine it more closely. With regard to the testimony of the travellers already mentioned, it may be said that it is only certain districts of China that the European, whether he be tourist, diplomatist, or trader, ever visits, and in those parts foreign influence has so far modified public opinion that infanticide is scarcely practised at all, or at any rate kept well out of sight. Thus the witness of the ordinary traveller, who only sees the large towns and most frequented regions, is of little weight, and cannot counterbalance the statements of men of position and character who have dwelt for years among the Chinese, and have had abundant opportunities to acquaint themselves with the social life of the people; to enter, as far as it is possible for a foreigner to do, into the penetralia of the nation.

GIRLS REGARDED AS A DRUG IN THE MARKET.

The co-existence of infanticide with the universal desire for children, a desire stronger perhaps in China than in any other country, admits, like many apparent paradoxes, of a ready explanation. The great object of desire is the possession of sons. This is looked upon as the chief blessing of life. Consequently girls are the only victims. The poorest people nourish and cherish their sons. Their labor soon becomes remunerative, and while the daughters marry and leave their home, the sons live under the same roof with and support their parents in their old

age; and when these latter are gathered to their forefathers, they perform for them the acts of ancestral worship. Death loses half its terrors to the Chinaman if he is assured that his sons will be present at his tomb to perform the customary rites and offer the prescribed sacrifices, on the due performance of which he believes the peace of his soul depends. One detail given by Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her entertaining work upon China,* will suffice to illustrate the different estimate in which sons and daughters are held even in families where no wish exists to destroy the latter. In certain districts of northern China and elsewhere the medical charge for vaccinating a boy is 800 cash (about ninepence). The charge for a girl is only 400, because the parents would rather run the risk of her disfigurement or death —small-pox is the most destructive and terrible of diseases in China—than pay for her at the same rate as for a son. Chinese students of Bible history find it impossible to accept the first chapter of Exodus as an accurate translation. It seems to them preposterous to assert that Pharao could have commanded the boys to be destroyed and the girls saved alive. "The proportion of female infanticide (the same author writes) varies greatly in different provinces. Throughout the province of Fuh-keen it is unusually high; in fact, there are districts where thirty per cent. of the girls are put to death, strangled or else drowned like so many puppies. In Fuh-choo it is quite a common thing for a mother to avow that she has made away with three or four girls. Throughout the empire the numerical disparity of girls is a painfully suggestive characteristic."

The Empress of China.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL IN FUH-CHOO.

"In Fuh-choo city there is a foundling hospital; many infants are handed in anonymously by their own parents, but the miserable children thus rescued are horribly neglected. The death-rate is enormous, and about a coolie-load of dead babies *per diem* is carried

* *Wanderings in China*, by F. Gordon-Cumming, v. i. p. 193 seq.

out of the hospital to receive uncoffined and unrecognized burial. Such babies as survive acquire a definite value. They are frequently purchased by childless couples who want to rear a servant to tend their old age, or by provident parents who thus cheaply provide secondary wives for their sons. The supernumerary sons of poverty-stricken households are occasionally consigned to this hospital, whence they are removed by sonless couples who wish to adopt an heir to offer sacrifice for them after their death."

But as the reports of missioners and the accounts given by travellers are often considered to be open to the charge of inaccuracy and exaggeration, it is to the Chinese themselves that we will turn, and seek from them the solution of the point at issue.

No attempt is made by the Chinese to conceal the fact that infanticide prevails among them to a great and lamentable extent. The official proclamations of the government, the press and literature of the country, afford ample, convincing, and incontrovertible testimony that its existence is no myth, but a terrible reality. Monsignor de Harlez, writing in a French periodical* on this subject, brings forward an overwhelming amount of documentary evidence, from which we shall in the course of this paper give a few extracts. In a book published in 1869 the following passage occurs:

"Among the population of Tchang-nan it is customary for parents to bring up one daughter; if more are born to them, they drown them."

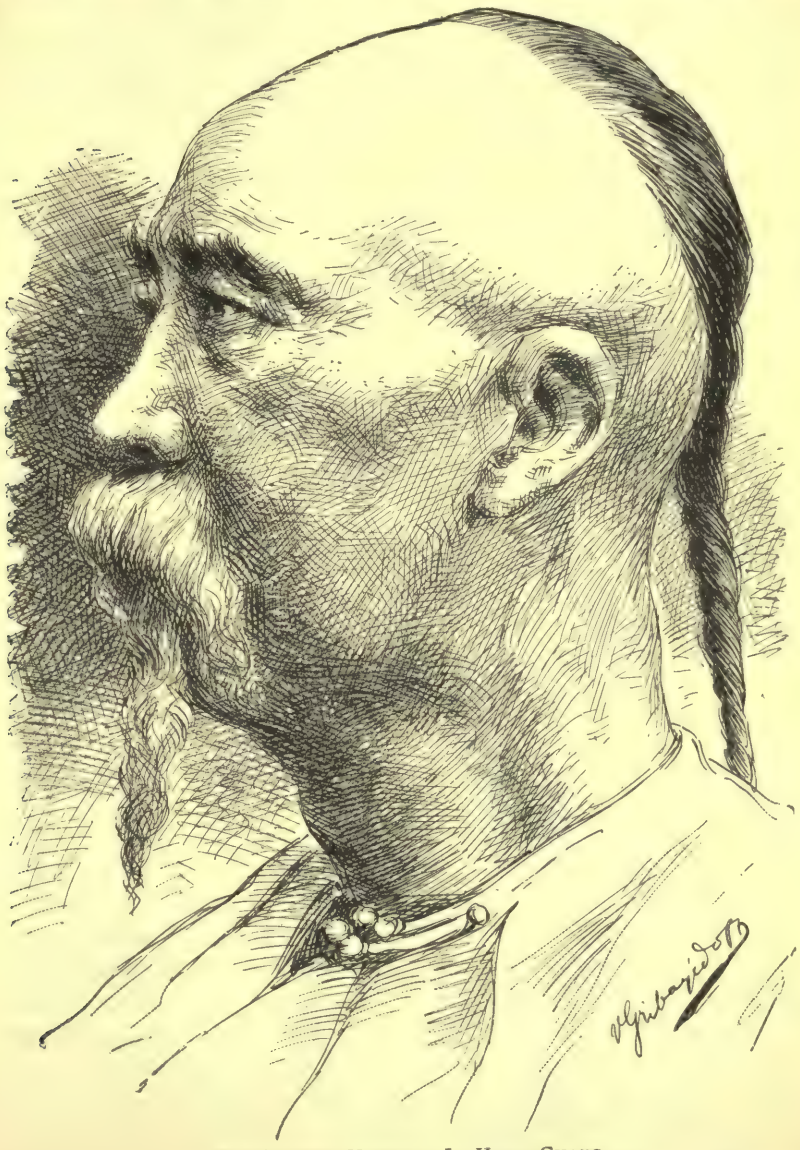
"The custom of drowning female infants," writes another author, "is followed in many districts; but men of the literary classes too often refuse to take cognizance of it, alleging that where they live it is unknown. They little know that in their district, in their immediate neighborhood, hundreds perish every year; hundreds of helpless infants who cry aloud for some one to rescue them. No one proclaims this to them, so they stop their ears and close their eyes that they may not hear or see what goes on around them."

AN IMPERIAL INHIBITION.

A book entitled *Stories with Illustrations*, to prevent the destruction of girls, published in the reign of the predecessor of the present emperor, contains these words: "The practice of drowning girls prevails everywhere in China, but it is met with principally in the families of the poor. Already thoughtful and

* *La Revue Générale*, Juillet and Août, 1892, "L'Infanticide en Chine."

humane men of letters are disseminating pictures and pamphlets with the object of inducing them to desist from the commission of this crime. In the books of the wise we are told of two



The Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang.

means of prevention: the issue of prohibitory laws and the relief of the necessitous poor. The former of these deterrent measures has been tried. From time to time mandarins have published decrees with this design, but they have remained a

dead-letter. The people continue in the present, as in the past, to drown their daughters with impunity."

In 1877 one of the Shanghai papers, the *Wan-Koue-Kong-pao*, said:

"The drowning of little girls at their birth has reached such a point that it may be said to be universal throughout the empire. It is a custom most difficult of repression."

KILLING NO MURDER.

In the country districts, where infanticide chiefly prevails, the poorer classes of the population count it no crime. Far from endeavoring to conceal it, they avow it openly, and even go to the length of defending the practice. "What is the good," they say, "of rearing daughters? When they are young they are merely an expense, and when they reach an age when they might be able to work for their living they marry and leave us. Besides, thanks to the metempsychosis, death is for them a signal advantage; it may be the means of enabling them to return to the earth as one of the other sex." When it serves their end, the Chinese can be good disciples of Buddha.

There is no doubt that in the vast majority of cases poverty is the principal incentive to the crime. How otherwise are the parents to dispose of infants which they regard as an encumbrance and are too poor to maintain? A few orphanages are, as we have said, established in some of the large towns for the reception of the luckless babies, but how can they be conveyed thither from the distant parts of the vast empire? The parents will not and cannot undertake a journey for the purpose of finding a shelter for children of whom they can rid themselves by a quick and easy process. Consequently the asylums erected by the authorities are useless for the poverty-stricken inhabitants of remote villages. Miss Gordon-Cumming relates that in the town of Fuh-choo a prosperous and liberal-minded Chinese merchant has saved innumerable babies by the announcement that he would give an allowance of rice for a certain time to every mother who, purposing to destroy her infant, would abstain from so doing. When a woman has reared a child through the early stages of existence, she becomes fond of it and rarely consents to put it to death. The number of the good merchant's pensioners varies considerably in years of plenty and of famine. During one of the latter he allowed rice to no less than five hundred mothers to induce them to spare the lives of their offspring.

CALLOUSNESS AMONGST THE RICH.

The practice of infanticide is, however, by no means confined to the homes of the lower orders and of the necessitous poor. The lives of numberless little girls of all ranks are sacrificed daily to the feeling of contempt for the weaker sex. Although it is true that in the present day—owing in great measure to intercourse with the European "barbarians"—a better feeling is beginning to prevail among the educated classes, and public opinion generally condemns the practice, many parents in easy circumstances simply will not be troubled to bring up and educate useless daughters, who cannot repay the cost of their maintenance, and whose marriage will involve an outlay that they are unwilling, and often unable, to meet. Besides this, the mother who has the misfortune to have no son thinks that by getting rid of the unwelcome infant, instead of rearing and nursing her, she will the sooner be able to give birth to another child, which may perhaps prove the earnestly desired son, who will perform the time-honored rites of ancestral worship. Reverence for their own institutions, and contemptuous indifference to the outer world, are the leading characteristics of the Chinese nation; hence the only chance of influencing the upper classes is by the efforts of native reformers, who endeavor to create a more healthy state of public opinion.

THE KING OF COREA.

EFFORTS OF CHINESE PHILANTHROPISTS.

In justice to Chinese literati, it must be admitted that they are making praiseworthy attempts to deter their fellow-countrymen from committing this degrading and unnatural crime. The number of books and pamphlets on the subject of infanticide published of late years witnesses to the widespread and inveterate hold it has acquired over the nation. All the religious sects

concur in inveighing against it, but the Taoists are the most zealous and persistent in their exertions. In proof of how pleasing their efforts are to the gods the following story is told; we give it in outline only.*

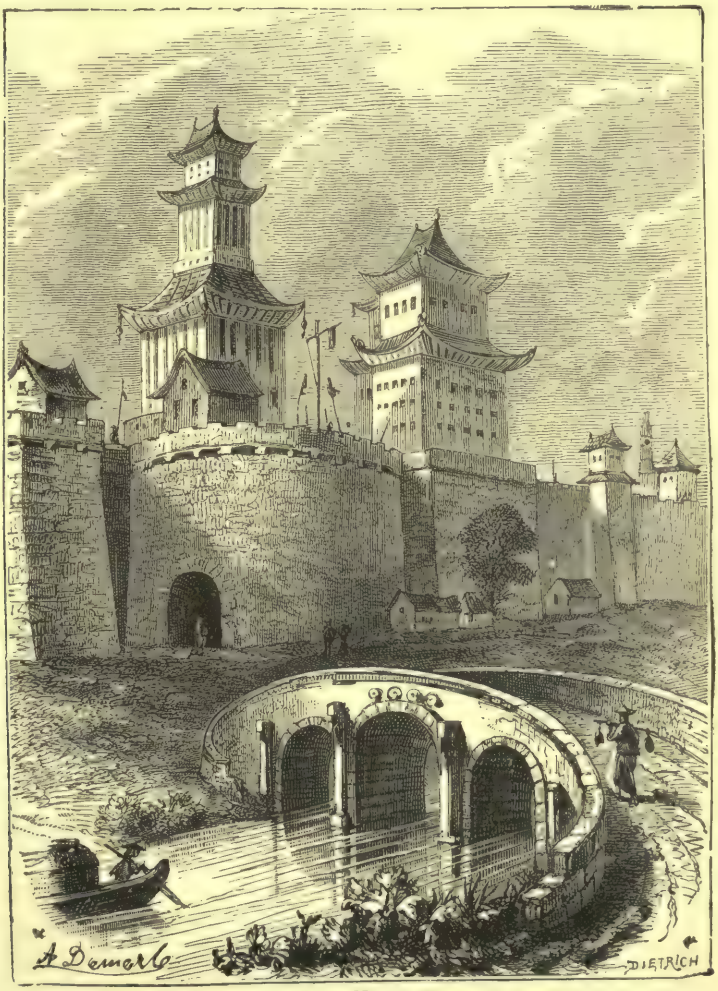
There lived at Kiang-si a man who, in spite of hard study and passing several examinations, could not get on in the literary world. Knowing that a man of letters, unless possessed of private means, must make his way by aid of his pen or his oratorical powers, he implored the counsel and assistance of the gods. Their answer was this: The custom of drowning infants exists to a great extent in this country; do you devote yourself to the task of suppressing this crime, and you will meet with the success you desire. The man obeyed the celestial voice, and applied himself to the work prescribed. For three years he labored indefatigably, inducing others to join him, and sending them to different villages and districts to exhort the people. During this period he inscribed in a register the names of all his co-operators, and of those who had listened to his admonitions. When the list was complete, he sent it up to heaven (by burning it). Then the promise of the gods was immediately fulfilled: the man attained a high position and great renown in the realm of letters, and was made a member of the academy.

"O hard hearts!" exclaims another writer, apostrophizing guilty parents, "cannot you be moved to compassion by the cries of the unhappy infants who bewail the miserable fate to which you condemn them. Scarcely has the thread of their existence been spun, when you snap it asunder; scarcely has the soul entered the body prepared for it, when you compel it to return whence it came. Heaven wills that these children should live; man wills that they should die. He who opposes the will of Heaven shall be cut off; he who takes away the life of man incurs the penalty of death. According to a popular saying, the family which for three generations has reared no girls, but destroyed them all, will die out. If this detestable practice prevailed everywhere, there would be no wives for the men, and the human race would become extinct. The fierce tiger and hungry wolf do not injure their little ones; is man alone to be without affection for his offspring, and thus show himself to be inferior to the brute creation?"

* Cf. *Revue Générale*, Juillet, 1892, p. 10.

"WITHOUT REMORSE OR DREAD."

Appeals like this latter are of slight avail. Addressed to the Chinese, they are little more than a waste of words. As religious sentiment is lacking in the national character, so the quality of pity is absent from it. Remorseless cruelty too often takes its



Gate in Nanking.

place. "Look at the countenances of the Chinese," remarks a recent writer. "There is plenty of intelligence, reverence, and even generosity to be read there. But none the less they are unfeeling, unpitiful, devoid of the mercy that is twice blest." Since compassion is an element which does not enter into the composition of the Chinaman, it is necessary to appeal to

other motives: the fear of punishment, the desire of reward. Accordingly the writer quoted above concludes his appeal for mercy on behalf of the innocent victims of parental indifference by bringing on the scene one of the Chinese divinities, who declares that he has seen in the place of eternal torment a countless multitude of parents who had been relegated to that dismal region in consequence of having put their newly-born infants to death.

AN ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

But warnings and threats that refer only to a vague and shadowy future life have little effect on the stolid Chinese; penalties and pains to be incurred in this world impress him more deeply. Another of the writers quoted by Monsignor Harlez says: "The custom of drowning girls at their birth is so general, and has reached such a pitch of cruelty, that man is worse than the lower animals. If you admonish the parents according to the dictates of justice and reason, they cannot understand what you say. If you threaten them with the arm of the law, they turn a deaf ear to your words. It is only by pointing out to them the rewards and chastisements that will be respectively meted out to those who save and those who destroy their daughters, that any good can be effected." The principal argument against infanticide urged by the moralists is that, as the murder of girls is undoubtedly displeasing to the gods, it must tend to defeat the object in view, namely, obtaining the heaven-granted gift of sons. As the prospect of dying without male issue is what the Chinaman dreads above all else, many tales are written to show that sons are denied to unnatural parents, or they are taken from them in chastisement for their crime. The following is an instance in point: "At Kin-Hoa-Hien, it is related, the wife of one Tchang-kin-lan gave birth to a daughter. At this her husband was enraged. 'It is useless to waste our trouble on bringing up this girl,' he said; 'if you spend your strength on nursing her, you may perhaps never have another child. We will drown her; then if we have another, it may be a son.' But the following night the father of Tchang-kin-lan appeared to him in a dream, apparently in great grief. 'Alas!' he said, 'you, my only child, were destined to have a son who should keep up the family and perform the funeral rites. Now the great Spirit is so angry because you have drowned your daughter that he will not grant a son to you; thus through your fault my family will be cut off, and my name die out.' Tchang-kin-lan awoke in

alarm; his wife had had a similar dream. The dream came true; they died without posterity."

A BELIEF IN RETRIBUTION.

Terrible and mysterious diseases which attack the parents and bring them to a miserable and ignominious end are also said to be one form of the punishment sent by the gods to avenge the murder of children. Shortness of days is another. Long life, which among the Jews was the promised reward of filial piety, is among the Chinese recompense of parental virtue. In the *Book of Rewards and Punishments* compiled by a Taoist, and published with the imperial sanction in 1655,* we read that for the crime of maltreating children or causing the death of infants the divinity who presides over human existence cuts off a portion of the delinquents' days varying from one hundred days to twelve years.

SENSATIONAL ART IN A USEFUL RÔLE.

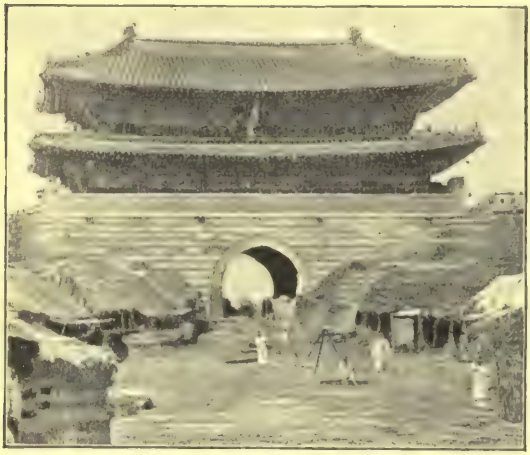
Another shape which the efforts of the reformers have lately taken is that of posting up in the towns large illustrated placards representing scenes of a startling character calculated to inspire the common people with a horror of infanticide. These sensational and realistic pictures, coarse and grotesque as they often are, do far more than the eloquence of orators, or the treatises of moralists and philosophers, to produce a profound and lasting impression on the minds of the populace. Some of these colored prints, of a smaller size and accompanied with explanatory text, are printed and distributed among the people—not by ministers and foreigners, but by the Chinese themselves. In one may be seen a guilty mother surrounded by fiends who torment and torture her; in another she and her husband, who is her accomplice, transformed into human-headed dogs, are castigated by satellites of the evil one; or, worse still, they are brought to shame and sorrow by the misdeeds of their only son, whom they see led out to public execution. Sometimes a whole story is depicted in this popular imagery.† In one may be seen a cruel mother calling her slave to prepare a wine-bath wherein to immerse her baby.‡ Then comes a picture of the mother in the act of drowning the child. This is followed by successive

* *Livre des récompenses et des peines.* Traduit par M. Abel Rémusat. Paris, 1816, p. 33.

† *Wanderings in China*, v. i. p. 96.

‡ In China the ill-fated infants are almost invariably drowned by being held head downward in a bucket of water. Sometimes they are strangled. In India there are three methods of destroying them: 1. To lay a plaster over the mouth of the newly-born infant; 2. To administer to it a pill of tobacco and bhang; 3. To drown it in a pail of milk.

pictures of her condemnation after death, concluding with a gruesome portrayal of a terrible baby-headed serpent about to devour the ruthless mother. Others have for their subject the rewards lavished on virtuous parents, and on persons who have interposed to rescue an infant doomed to destruction. These individuals are represented as well-dressed and smiling, gazing complacently on a group of children who will be the pride and happiness of their declining years. Of one of these, a series of four pictures, the following description is given:* In the upper division, on the left, a husband and wife may be seen grandly dressed, receiving commendation and rich presents from persons of high rank. Below is a mother embracing and caressing her newly-born daughter, while the father of the child is receiving two august visitors who hand over to him a well-filled purse and a document assuring to him a long life. On the right-hand side an angel looks down from the clouds and makes a note of the care displayed at the birth of a female child, for the future reward of its parents. In the lower compartment an opposite scene is enacted: two miserable women, who stifled their children at their birth, are throwing themselves into a river to escape from the armed ruffians who are pursuing them. Many other instances might be given in which calamities of every kind are represented as sent to avenge the murder of babies in order to terrify evil-doers.



Gate in the City of Seoul.

THE NATIVE PRESS ON THE EVIL.

If we interrogate the press in China as to the existence of infanticide, it will be found that the leading journals acknowledge its presence, and from time to time suggest plans for its repression. In 1875 one of the principal papers of Shanghai published a series of articles on the subject, urging the necessity, owing to the great prevalence of infanticide among the lower

* Cf. *Revue Générale*, Août, 1892, p. 251.

orders, of forming a society for the protection of infants. In support of this proposal the text was given of an address presented to the viceroy of Nan-king, in which these words occur: "This crime is so habitual among the people that the establishment of asylums in different localities is most desirable, and the organization of associations for its prevention would be of incalculable service in saving the life of innumerable babies."

The inquiry naturally suggests itself whether the Chinese government ignores a practice carried on for the most part in secret, and takes no measures for its suppression? Official proclamations have, it is true, been issued from time to time, and imperial edicts dating back as far as three centuries ago have not been wanting in condemnation of the inhuman custom. The people have been reasoned with, and exhorted to relinquish it; it has, in fact, been made penal; but such is the extraordinary reverence felt in China for parental authority that officers of justice shrink from inflicting the penalty of the law on parents for crimes committed against their children, lest they should thereby lessen filial respect and obedience. Only in cases where boys have been the victims have the mandarins been induced to take tardy and reluctant action. It must also be admitted that to detect the guilty persons in *flagrante delicto* is extremely difficult. As the mother of a family remains in strict seclusion, it is only her husband and the servants of the household who are privy to the birth and subsequent destruction of an infant.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

Enough has been said to prove beyond dispute that infanticide exists on a large scale in the present day, especially in certain districts and among the poorer population in China. The educated classes in the country, far from repudiating the charge, fully admit the prevalence of the custom, and for the most part deplore it. They can, however, do little to combat it, owing to the obstinacy of the great mass of the people and the inefficiency of the police. The customs and opinions now in force in the Celestial Empire have existed for thousands of years; they are ingrained into the heart of the nation, and are clung to with the utmost tenacity. The spread of Catholicism is the only effectual antidote, the only check to the progress of infanticide. The missioners and the sisters in charge of the orphanages have already done much in this direction even among a people so hostile to Christianity as the Chinese and so resentful of foreign interference.

MARCH.

By Walter Lecky.

I LONG for March,
So gay and arch,
With its fleecy showers, its drizzling rain;
When winter dies
'Mid laughing skies,
And the spring in its beauty blooms again.

I long for March
Amid the larch;
To stroll and hear from the robin a lay,
While skipping free,
From tree to tree,
He sings to his mate of the summer day.

I long for March,
So gay and arch;
For it wakes the flowers the winter tost
Beneath the earth,
To joy and mirth;
And gives to the valleys the joys they lost.

It paints the hills,
And loosens rills
That long in chains by the winter were bound;
Lets music float
From ev'ry throat,
And a thaw in the frozen world of sound.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AN ANGLICAN SEMINARY.

BY REV. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

CHAPTER XI.

The Break-up (Continued).—Diverging Paths.—Donelly.—Wattson.—Everett.—Platt.—Whitcher.—American Obedience to Law.—Blind Obedience.—The Chelsea Break-up echoed in Maryland.—Hewit, Baker, and Lyman.

ONE of the principal students at the seminary suspected of Romish tendencies, and even of being engaged in a complot against the interests of the seminary and the peace of Protestant Episcopalianism, was James B. Donelly, of the class of 1846. As I have already stated, on his trial before the faculty he was acquitted for want of definite proof, but was for all that obliged to leave the seminary. Dr. Seabury befriended him, and found employment for him in the office of the New York *Churchman*. Perhaps, also, Donelly served, as Carey had done before him, as assistant to Seabury in the little old Church of the Annunciation, since known as St. Ambrose's, on the corner of Thompson and Prince Streets.

I had some correspondence with Donelly while he was thus engaged in New York and I was residing with my friend Wadhams in Essex County, before my entry into the Church Catholic. I sent him an article which I wished to have published in the *Churchman*. The spirit of the article was altogether too hot for even Dr. Seabury to handle, as he informed me through Donelly, who urged me to come down to New York and have a talk with the doctor about it.

Later, after my profession of faith, Donelly made a visit to the Redemptorist Convent upon my invitation, made acquaintance with Father Rumpler, and looked at the church and convent buildings with great interest. He seemed much depressed and under great restraint, more so when talking with me than when in conversation with Father Rumpler. Whether the extreme poverty which prevailed everywhere was repugnant to him or not I cannot say, but he returned no more and I never saw him again.

It is certain that shortly after this last interview of ours Donelly had it in his mind to enter the Catholic fold, but needed encouragement to carry it out. One day when passing by the Catholic Cathedral on Mulberry Street, in company with Wattson, his classmate and co-conspirator, he proposed to the latter to make a call on Archbishop Hughes. Wattson hesitated for awhile, but finally declined the offer, and the golden opportunity of grace passed away from both for ever. This incident I have from Wattson's own son, now rector of St. John's Church, Kingston. In an interview with this latter gentleman he communicated to me many incidents derived from his father concerning these early days, with full freedom to publish all he communicated. His father said to him once: "Had I accepted Donelly's invitation at that time and visited Archbishop Hughes, there is little probability that either you or I would now be Episcopalians."

Some things communicated to me by Wattson (the younger) he put down on paper, for I feared to trust my memory too far. Among these I find the following:

"Donelly, on leaving the seminary, was ordained by Bishop Onderdonk and was assistant to Dr. Seabury. Pressure becoming too great, he was forced to leave New York and so far ostracised that he took some out-of-the-way parish in the South and shortly after died."

From all that I can hear of James B. Donelly, he died a broken-spirited man. He was naturally too much of a man to thrive while trampling upon his conscience.

Joseph N. Wattson, after being dismissed from the seminary, sought his Diocesan, Bishop Lee of Delaware, who calmly told him, "Young man, my advice to you is: go to Rome, for that is where you belong." He was finally ordained to the priesthood in the diocese of Maryland, by Bishop Whittingham. He afterwards went to Mississippi, but at the breaking out of the Civil War returned to Maryland and remained there until a few years before his death, which occurred in Kingston, New York, in 1887. By a singular coincidence Bishop Lee ordained to the diaconate in June, 1885, the Rev. Lewis T. Wattson, now rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Kingston, New York—and he was presented by his father, Joseph N. Wattson, whom Bishop Lee years before had advised to go to Rome.

William Everett, known familiarly amongst us by the name of Doctor, was as far advanced as any of us in Tractarianism,

but was of a prudent and quiet disposition, besides being highly esteemed for his scholarship, wisdom, and high moral qualities. I cannot remember that he encountered any difficulties in the way of his graduation or receiving of orders. He did not enter the true church until 1850 or 1851. I met him for the first time after my own conversion, and after my return from Europe, while engaged in giving a mission at Saint Peter's Church, Barclay Street, where he visited me.

It was a great joy to meet my old companion again and greet him as a Catholic. He is still on duty as rector of Nativity Church in New York, over which he has presided for many long years.

My cousin, Charles Henry Platt, one of those included with me in the charge of conspiracy against Anglican Protestantism and the interests of the seminary, was, at the time, a graduate and already in orders at Rochester. He was then as near to Rome as man can come without actually crossing the gulf. When Bishop De Lancey, of the Western diocese, received my letter asking him to take my name off from his list of candidates, he said to Platt, "What will your cousin do? Will he go over to Rome?" Platt answered that of course I would. His manner was so indignant and the words he added were so full of contemptuous bitterness for the thraldom in which he felt himself enwrapped, that the bishop felt it necessary to employ every means to hold him to his chains. Several of Platt's letters to Wadhams may be found in my "Reminiscences" of that good bishop. They show how near he then came to his salvation.

A short time before my departure for Europe and the Redemptorist novitiate, I wrote to my cousin urging him to come to New York and see me off. He replied that he could not come. That to do so would involve a decision to leave the Anglican communion, and that he could not break his mother's heart by taking such a step. I have lost his letter and remember in general only its substance. The state of his conscience is clearly shown in the first words of the letter, which I remember very distinctly. It began thus:

"Dear Cousin: I thank my God that your feet are at last planted upon the 'Rock of Peter.'"

Poor man! He lived to marry and have a family. He served as chaplain in the army of the Union. He never became a Catholic. At the time of his death, in 1869, he was rector of Christ Church, Binghamton, N. Y.

The influence of my cousin's example was very unfortunate upon his classmate, co-conspirator, and most familiar friend, Benjamin W. Whitcher. I had sent to him a similar invitation to come and see me before I left for Belgium. At first he was inclined to do so and endeavored, though in vain, to engage Platt to accompany him. Of this he informed me in his reply, saying also that he could not venture to come alone. When denounced, as we have seen, for his Romanizing tendencies, he was summoned to his bishop for examination, and there was a delay about his ordination. A letter of Platt's dated April 6, 1846, which is given in the "Reminiscences" of Wadhams, tells us something of this affair. We read as follows:

"Whitcher is in priest's orders. He had a hard time winter before the last. They passed him to the priesthood last fall; but he was plump with them, and kept nothing back."

Whitcher must be classed amongst that large number of Christian workers, apparently very zealous at first, who are covered by our Lord's rebuke when he says, "No man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." His first backward step was when he took orders in the Episcopalian communion. The second was when he took a Presbyterian wife. Still later on, becoming a widower, he took a second wife, and became surrounded by a family of children. Ten years of his life passed away in this false position when, much shorn of his former strength and demoralized by loss of self-respect, he found his way into the Catholic Church. I will give in detail that part of his conversion with which I had something to do.

In 1855, if I remember rightly, I was engaged in giving a mission at St. Patrick's, Utica. Whitcher, at that time, had charge of an Episcopalian church near by at Whitesboro.' One day a card was brought up to my room bearing the name of my old friend upon it. I soon had him by the hand. I anticipated a warm discussion, for I have never found any Protestants more fierce in controversial fencing than old Tractarians who have backed away from their earlier convictions. I was therefore resolved, if possible, to get in the first thrust. After he had taken his seat and we had got past the first natural greetings, I said:

"Well, Whitcher, don't let us dodge the one great matter we are both thinking of. Why are you not a Catholic long before this?" Without showing the least signs of fight, Whitcher dropped his head and answered:

"Sure enough, that is the great question, and I don't know how to answer it."

"Ten long years of your life have passed away," I continued, "and still here you are, looking one way and rowing the other. How can you do it? How can your conscience bear it?"

"Conscience!" he repeated mournfully; "don't talk of conscience. I don't know that I have any conscience left."

His case was a plain one. I urged him to do his duty manfully and without further delay. To this he agreed. "Only give me two or three weeks," said he, "to settle up a few affairs, and I promise you that I will then go to Father McFarland and put myself in his hands." This promise he carried out faithfully. Father McFarland, then in charge of St. John's Church, Utica, is now well remembered as the third bishop of Hartford, Conn. Whitcher has published a full history of his conversion, giving his religious life as Presbyterian and Episcopalian. In this will be found some account of his connection with the break-up at the seminary, and his examination before his bishop. It is called "The Story of a Convert, as told to his former parishioners after he became a Catholic."

I do not think that the incidents thus far given or any others that I may give tend to show anything like a spirit of disobedience to superiors in young Tractarians or any others in America who followed the Oxford movement. Whatever those educated under European influences may think of us, the virtue of obedience and respect for rightful authority comes as easily and naturally to true Americans as to any other people. The great crisis which most threatens the prosperity of our country at the present time is one which shows foreign lawlessness reaching to anarchy combined against American law and order. So long as Americans remain American, nihilism and anarchy imported from abroad will have to bow before the majesty of law. And let me add, the more that Americans study the Catholic Church and its religion, from her own doctrines, from her own decrees and her own authors, the more they will find that true obedience and true liberty are twin sisters. At the bottom of this whole matter lies the primary question: In what does the true virtue of obedience consist?

I have the following incident from Father Isaac Hecker late superior-general of the Paulists. It came to him from the, lips of Cardinal Barnabo, who was so long Prefect of the Propaganda in the days of Pius IX. Once, when presenting and

recommending to that Pontiff an appeal from an American religious against his superior, the Holy Father said:

"What shall we think of these Americans? Do they understand obedience?"

The cardinal replied:

"I do not think they know much about *blind* obedience. I do think, however, that they understand what true obedience is, and that they practise it as well as any other people."

Another incident goes more thoroughly into the question. I have it from Bishop Lynch of Charleston, one of the most learned and gifted prelates that our American hierarchy ever knew. He was a student at Rome in the time of Pope Gregory XVI.

A young American had been admitted into the English College there, and held a room in the building during the rectorship of Dr. Wiseman, afterwards cardinal. He had nearly completed his course of studies when a young Englishman of a distinguished family applied for admission into the same college. It was full. The rector endeavored to make place for him by persuading our American student to give up his room and pursue his studies privately, promising him that he should graduate like the rest and receive his diploma.

The student replied that he did not value his position in the institution simply for the privilege of a diploma, but was particularly anxious to have the benefit of the whole course of studies. For this reason he declined to withdraw. He persisted in this determination notwithstanding all that the rector could urge, and although a day or two was given him to consider. Dr. Wiseman then took a short and decisive way to enforce his will. On returning to his room one morning the student found his door locked and all his furniture moved out into the corridor. No remedy was left him but to appeal to higher authority. He did appeal to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. The cardinal was surprised and displeased. He considered that the young man had been wronged. He promised to see him restored to his rights, and appointed a day when he should call again.

When presenting himself again on the day appointed he did not find the cardinal prefect so resolute. He was told that Dr. Wiseman was a very eminent man whose standing and influence at Rome were very high. It would be far more prudent and advisable to yield to his desires, instead of persisting in an opposition which would be almost sure to prove fruitless. The

unfortunate appellant saw that he had little to hope from the present appeal.

"I will not trouble your eminence any further," he said, "in this matter, if you will promise to do me one favor, which will cost you very little. Will you obtain for me a private audience with the Holy Father himself?"

This promise was readily given. At the audience thus obtained the Holy Father listened with great attention, noting down carefully certain particulars. "I will make further inquiries into this affair," he said, "and that at once. Give me your present address, and leave all the rest to me."

It was not long before some of the Papal *sbirri* appeared at the English College and moved all our student's furniture back into his room. This, of course, settled the whole matter so far as that case was concerned. Another point, however, was settled in the mind of the English rector.

"So long as I am head of this college," said he, "no Americans shall get into it again. *They won't obey anything but law.*"

I have always taken great pleasure in this anecdote because I consider it to be highly complimentary to the American character. I am free to confess that blind obedience finds little favor in this country. St. Francis of Sales, when conversing one day with certain young sisters of the Order of the Visitation on the virtue of obedience, was asked what they should do in case one of their superiors should give some order that would be contrary to the laws of God or of the Church? Francis replied that in that case they should not obey her, any more than if the superior were to say, "Sister, go into the garden and gather some flowers, and throw yourself out of the window that you may get there the sooner," when the sister should gently and respectfully answer: "Mother, if you please, I will go down the stairs."

I have already said that the progress of the Oxford movement in the United States, although generally adverse to a blind obedience, was not characterized by a spirit of disobedience, though this was frequently charged against some of them by their bishops and other superiors. We have seen something of this overstraining of authority in the experience of Henry McVickar at the Chelsea Seminary, which led to his withdrawal from that institution. Some of the bishops in their dioceses carried on things with a much higher hand. I will here refer to a few instances with which I am most familiar, or which are

most accessible to me. Let us begin with the diocese of Maryland.

William Rollinson Whittingham was one of the foremost figures of the Episcopalian communion at the period of which I am treating. He graduated at the Chelsea Seminary in 1825, and officiated as professor of ecclesiastical history from

REV. DWIGHT LYMAN.

1836 to 1840, when, being made bishop, he moved to Baltimore and assumed charge of his diocese. I am glad to introduce Bishop Whittingham to the reader, not only because of the importance of his diocese and of his own personal eminence, but because, so far as he dared to be so, he was a Tractarian. Arthur Carey had been one of his pupils at the seminary.

After Carey's ordination Whittingham endeavored to secure him for his diocese, but without success. Several young men, however, not unlike Carey, soon gathered around the new bishop and looked up to him as a guide and protector. Three of these, afterwards converts to Rome, are especially memorable. Dwight Lyman became an inmate of his family. When Lyman went to Hagerstown to pursue his studies at St. James's College, Nathaniel Augustus Hewit took his place with the bishop's family, in Courtlandt Street. Directly opposite, on the same street, resided Francis Baker. The bishop's demands upon the obedience of these three rare young churchmen were remarkable, and remarkable was their docility. Father Hewit says in his Memoir of Baker:

"In Bishop Whittingham's own eyes, he was himself the equivalent of the whole Catholic episcopate. Consequently, what he and his colleagues and predecessors in the Anglican Church had decreed had full Catholic authority, and was just as final and authoritative as if the whole world had taken part in it. Hence the assertion of a despotic, exclusive authority of the Anglican Church, concentrated in his person, over every one who acknowledged his jurisdiction. He would not permit us to attend any Catholic services, or read any Catholic books, as an ordinary thing." Hewit was anxious to read Möhler's *Symbolism* and Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, but did not do so on account of the bishop's prohibition. He even gave up using certain Anglican books of devotion to please him. Hewit says: "Baker was equally obedient with myself at that time; although afterward, when he was governed more by common sense and a just sentiment of his own rights, he read whatever he thought proper."

The compliance, however, which Bishop Whittingham and other Episcopalian bishops of his type required from their neophytes was not so much an obedience to law, for Episcopalianism in the United States has very little ecclesiastical law to back it up. The bishop stands in the midst of his clergy only as *primus inter pares*. He is superior in dignity rather than in power. He has not much authority of a kind that can be enforced. He can neither appoint a rector to a parish nor remove one from his charge. He has no cathedral properly so called; that is to say, a seat, or see, in any mother church around which the other churches of the diocese cluster as dependencies. The actual state of things is illustrated by the fact that in New York for many years the bishop occupied the position of assis-

tant minister in Trinity Church. So at Baltimore Bishop Whittingham, who for a long time was rector of no church there, had no authority in any of the churches. He could not, for instance, officiate or preach at St. Paul's Church, in Charles Street, without permission of Dr. Wyatt, who was the rector.

There is, however, another kind of authority not founded on any canonical law, which Episcopalian bishops often claim, and is carried even farther in that denomination than in the Catholic Church. It is simply that authority exerted over the opinions, actions, and general life of others founded upon a deference to some superiority in age, office, dignity, or experience; or upon a combination of these qualities in a class of prominent men. It often has no other sound reason to enforce it than the *argumentum ad verecundiam.* In the Anglican Church this sort of authority was liberally and often successfully employed to keep young Tractarians from going to Rome, or otherwise following their consciences in the ruling of their lives. In my "Reminiscences" of Bishop Wadhams I have shown what warning letters were addressed to him, urging him to yield the dictates of a conscience already thoroughly enlightened to sagacious guides and politic trimmers who had no authority to appeal to but grave beards and pompous phrases.

This solemn *cantiloquia* went very far in the diocese of Maryland. Bishop Whittingham himself was so far committed to Catholic innovation in matters of outward form that it was hard to drive his young colts with a safe and steady rein. He was himself the first to wear long cassocks, reaching nearly to his heels. He could not quarrel with his neophytes if they wore theirs a little longer. This caused them sometimes to be mistaken for Catholic clergymen. One day on Saratoga Street Baker, when passing by two boys who were playing together on the sidewalk, was saluted very reverentially by one of them. Baker felt pleased, but was soon taken down by the other boy, who cried out:

"Hello! What are you taking your hat off to? That ain't no priest. What's the matter with you?"

Baker felt at the time as if he had been caught in a sort of fraud, but often told it afterwards as a good joke.

The bishop at the same time favored also the use of crosses in the churches, the removal of pulpits towering above desks and communion tables underneath, and the substituting of something in their place more like altars. Hewit, Baker, and some others eagerly followed the bishop's lead, and would gladly

have pushed their imitation of Roman observances much farther. This they could not very well do at St. Paul's, where they attended, for Dr. Wyatt was omnipotent there and clung to the more Protestant practices in which he had been brought up. There they contented themselves with kneeling with their faces towards the altar, though the rest of the congregation faced the other way. Providence soon opened a better way to play Catholic. The Rev. Mr. McJilton was rector of St. Stephen's, an insignificant brick church in a poor district of Baltimore. He warmly sympathized with Hewit and Baker in their Catholic tendencies, and allowed them to remodel the interior of the church and to imitate Catholic ceremonies according to the full desires of their heart. This liberty they carried so far that the congregation became alarmed and remonstrated; and as the bishop seemed indisposed to interfere, they began to forsake the services. The parish was threatened with ruin both spiritual and financial. At this juncture a power more effectual than that of the bishop interposed. This was the rector's wife. With her it was a matter of bread and butter, and she interposed her authority so effectually that all the innovations were brought to a stop. The obnoxious symbols on the window curtains were banished out of sight. The chancel was restored to its former simplicity, containing no longer anything bearing resemblance to an altar, but revealing as before the old marble-topped communion table which, like so many others, would have served as well for a washstand.

Hewit, Baker, and Dwight Lyman, whose names we have brought so prominently forward amongst the Tractarians of Maryland, must not be set down as characterized by a spirit of ritualism. Outward forms have often real value as symbolizing essential doctrine, and therefore minds most earnestly seeking for doctrinal truth must needs often attach much importance to ceremonies. The cross is typical of the atonement, the altar of a continued visible sacrifice, and rich and costly vestments, when attainable, are acknowledgments of the presence of God in the temple. But these young men cannot be classed with those who place ceremony, dress, or any show above truth and true worship, or place quaint fashions or antique curiosities above sincere and heartfelt devotion. It was an easy thing for them to yield up cassocks or Roman collars when their bishop desired it.

When the time came for Hewit's ordination to the diaconate he gave his assent to the Thirty-nine Articles in the sense of

"No. 90." Baker was passed for ordination to the priesthood by the bishop, despite his unqualified rejection of Articles 22 and 31, besides some others.

It was not long before Whittingham himself fell under suspicions of popery, and was obliged to defend himself against the open attacks of one of his own clergy, the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns, rector of Christ's Church. It was to avoid the charge of popery that he put an end to the very novelties which he himself had introduced. Paralyzed by this change of front on the part of their bishop, many of the clergy and students dropped quietly back into the old ways. Some who felt it hard to keep quiet left the diocese.

Hewit, Baker, and Lyman yielded much at first. It was not long before they found their consciences put to a far severer test. They were expected to abandon what they felt to be the only way to truth. This brought them speedily to a decisive "break-up," like that which took place at the Chelsea Seminary. Hewit was the first to take refuge in Rome. His conversion followed close upon that of John Henry Newman in England. He was received into the Catholic Church at Charleston, S. C., in 1846, at the close of Holy Week.

Baker, whose attachment to the Anglican Church reached farther back, lingered several years longer. He was received into the Catholic Church by his old friend and comrade, Father Hewit, April 9, 1853. The reception took place in the little chapel of the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, in Baltimore. I was then residing at the Redemptorist Convent in Saratoga Street, and saw him in his visits there during the days of his preparation. My memory is still fresh with the keen interest I took in the conversion of a man already so distinguished. Baker was ordained to the priesthood September 21, 1856, in the Baltimore Cathedral. Present on that occasion and in priestly vestments was Dwight Lyman, his old friend and co-partner in so many vicissitudes of joy and grief and trials of conscience. A few days later Hewit, Lyman, and Baker celebrated together a solemn votive Mass of thanksgiving at St. Alphonsus' Church, for the same great grace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ODE TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

I.

TRANSCENDENT Italy,
Lodestar of History!
Her name shall stand
Thrice blessèd as thy natal land:
The land of Love and Art,
The land where th' impassioned heart
Throbs out its ecstasy
In fervid melodies.
The land caressed by ardent seas,
The land of Poetry
Whose sons a Dante sings, a Titian paints.
The land of martyrs and of saints;
The land whose vaunt is Rome,
The vanished Cæsars' home,
The crumbled centre of an empire's greed—
The radiant focus of a changeless creed.
Transcendent Italy!
Her name shall stand
Thrice blessèd as thy natal land.

II.

Inspired Philosopher!
Unrivalled spirit of the Middle Ages,
Thou peerless genius 'midst the world's great sages!
Divine Interpreter,
Empowered by the Deity
To translate the Eternal Truth
Into Time's dialect.
The seraphs brooded o'er thy destiny,
And Wisdom watched the footfalls of thy youth;
Her hand thy dust-begotten fevers checked,
She soothed thee with her virgin balm,
She crowned thee with celestial calm;

Obedient to her voice,
Thou didst make choice
Of the Omniscient's will.
Thro' sacrificial days
Thy meek soul trod
The orbits traced by God.
'Thwart Reason's gloom thy mind shot forth moon-rays,
The reflex glory of the Infinite;
The dusk was cloven by an argent light,
Death felt the thrill.

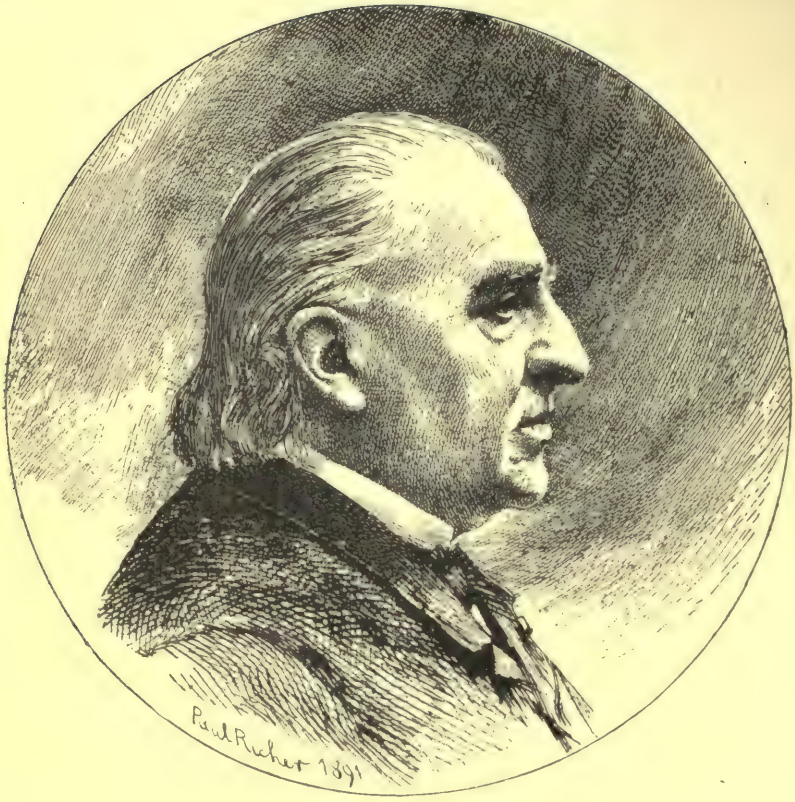
III.

Thou Angel of the Schools!
Thou triumph of the Church, thou scourge of fools!
Before thine eyes all knowledge was unrolled;
To thee did mysteries unfold
As lilies to the dawn.
Whilst whirled the hearts of mad humanity
In wheeling storms of Doubt,
Whilst Pride did shout
Her void claims, and ravening Anarchy
Flung far and wide her spawn
Upon the clanging tides of thought,
Thou, Thomas, trumpet of the Lord,
Didst sound the breathings of the Trinity
Across the deeps, and peace was poured
Upon the land.
Above the discord surged a harmony.
With humble rapture was thy spirit fraught,
With pray'rful exultation,
With a glow like that the harp feels
When a musician's hand
Strikes its gold strings and the air reels
At the ambrosial revelation.

IV.

O Saint of saints!
Thy work is done,
Thy goal is won;
Unloosed from clay's restraints,
Thy soul among the cherubim is throned.

Thy sacred brow
Is lustrous with thy threefold vow;
For ever more
Thou shalt adore
God, the Omnipotent.
Whilst thro' eternity
Hosannas are intoned
Which shake the firmament;
Whilst hell's dread monarchy
Resounds with an unceasing moan,
In this dim world, from zone to zone,
Thy "Summa" shines, a vast electric fire
Flashed from Faith and Philosophy,
The heaven and earth-charged poles of Truth.
Thy "Summa" burns—the funeral pyre
Of Ignorance, the huge, uncouth
Grandsire of Sophistry.
O Holy Ghost! may the flame blaze
Throughout all Christendom,
Adown the yet unpeopled days
Till He shall come
To judge the generations
Of silenced nations!



THE LATE DR. CHARCOT.

DOCTOR CHARCOT AND HIS WORK.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

AMONG the eminent men who during the past fifty years have advanced the science of medicine in France, perhaps none have done more than the late Jean-Martin Charcot. His father was an honest, hard-working wheelwright, and having three sons he said to them: "I cannot afford to let all of you finish your studies. The one who at the end of the scholastic year will have done the best in his class, he alone shall continue and receive a liberal education. Of the other two, one is to be a soldier and one shall follow my trade." The future doctor won the coveted honor, and we find him shortly afterwards at

the Lycée St. Louis. Having completed the college course, he began, in 1848, the study of medicine, and as the allowance which his father made him did not suffice for his wants—although these were not many—he eked out his slender income by giving private lessons. During this period young Charcot was able to see a good deal of the famous hospital, the Salpêtrière, destined one day to be the scene of his greatest triumphs, and he quickly recognized the vast opportunities which it afforded a medical student. Not long after taking his degree we find him, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Vulpian, gathering together the numberless notes and observations of the many and curious cases treated in this immense hospital, and these observations and notes became *Les archives médicales de la Salpêtrière.* The choice materials thus compiled formed an inexhaustible mine into which he delved deeper and deeper, and from this mine he drew the subjects for his original communications to the *Société de Biologie*, of which he was secretary.

In 1866 Dr. Charcot commenced his lectures at the Salpêtrière; not in the spacious amphitheatre where we listened to him a few years ago, but in one of the sick wards, which was placed at his disposal. In 1869, assisted by Dr. Vulpian and Dr. Brown-Séquard, he founded *Les archives de Physiologie;* and it was now that his superiors and those in authority, recognizing in him no ordinary worker, determined that he should have a broader field for his talents, and the following year, 1870, all the epileptic and hysterical patients who were not insane were removed to a separate wing of the establishment and there put wholly under his care; and the day when this was done may be reckoned a marked day for mental science. Now more than ever he devoted himself to the study of the nervous system, and in 1872 he published his lectures on hysteria and hystero-epilepsy. But, like some other great men, Dr. Charcot was rather careless as to the fate of his manuscripts; and his lectures, after they had once been delivered to his class, might never have found a wider audience except for his intelligent and worthy spouse, who preserved them all and finally persuaded him to give them to the world in book-form. In this same year, 1872, he became professor of pathological anatomy, succeeding his friend Dr. Vulpian; but this did not prevent him from continuing his numerously attended free lectures at the Salpêtrière. It was not, however, until 1878 that he began his great researches into the phenomena of Hypnotism,

and he was still engaged in them when he unexpectedly (while taking a brief holiday) died on the 15th of August, 1893. His funeral was held in the chapel of the Salpêtrière, and the solemn absolution was pronounced by the Abbé Girau, curé de St. Marcel. It was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

In his exploration of the nervous system Dr. Charcot maintained from the very first a reserved and prudent attitude: the extraordinary, the mysterious did not, seemingly at least, attract him so much as the objective, clinical realities, the pathological characters of the various phenomena which hypnotism presented. All his studies on this subject were made upon persons afflicted with that most awful of maladies, hystero-epilepsy (*hysteria major*), for it is among them that the several artificially produced nervous states attain their most perfect development. As our readers know, it was an English physician, Dr. Braid of Manchester, who, in 1843, first began to investigate what we now call hypnotism. But after him this phase of the nervous system fell into almost complete neglect, and it so remained until Dr. Charcot, braving scepticism and ridicule, once more drew the attention of physiologists to it and succeeded in bringing it within the domain of science. According to him, the several phenomena which we observe among persons who are hypnotized do not correspond to one and the same nervous condition; he maintains that there are three fundamental states, each markedly different from the other two, viz., the cataleptic, the lethargic, and the somnambulistic. The cataleptic state is brought about primarily either by a loud, unexpected noise, by a bright light placed before the eyes, or again by gazing intently on some object. When in this condition the subject is motionless, the eyes wide open and staring, and tears may gather and flow down the cheeks without causing the eyelids to wink. We may also twist the subject's limbs into the most difficult positions without the least resistance on his part, and they will so remain during a long time; the limbs, too, seem uncommonly light. But the sense of hearing and the sense of sight remain, partially at least, subject to sense impressions, so that the subject may be given hallucinations. Few things interested us more at the Salpêtrière than to witness the suggestions imparted by Dr. Charcot through the muscular sense; thus, while in the cataleptic state the person's physiognomy, which at first evinces no trace of emotion, would be made to assume the various expressions corresponding with the attitudes given to the limbs. If the hands were tightly closed and the arms bent as

if to strike, the face would presently take a harsh, angry look; while if the hands were opened wide and brought to the lips as if to throw a kiss, the visage would brighten and a smile steal over it. Again, with some subjects in the cataleptic state

"The Visage would brighten and a Smile steal over it."

it was possible to proceed inversely, and by exciting the proper muscles of the face by means of a galvanic current, and causing the patient to smile or to frown, the limbs would presently take the corresponding attitudes of pleasure or anger. More curious still, we have seen one fist doubled up as if to strike, while at the

same time the other hand was opened and carried to the lips as if to throw a kiss, whereupon one-half of the patient's face would scowl while the other half would be smiling. These experiments show how intimate is the mechanism which links gesture to physiognomy; and if it be true, as some writers affirm, that the sculptors of antiquity made use of female models in the cataleptic state, it was no doubt the condition of catalepsy described by Dr. Charcot. Moreover, these automatic actions developed by exciting the nervous centres through the muscular sense may, like all reflex actions, be up to a certain point educated by practice. But to be carried out they always require a few moments' time. Here we quote Dr. Charcot:* "Il semble . . . que l'impression partie des muscles contractés de la face mette un certain temps pour marquer son empreinte sur le cerveau et réveiller l'activité des centres automatiques."

It is interesting to see the subject pass from the cataleptic state to the lethargic; and this may be done either by extinguishing the light, ceasing to beat the gong, or by pressing down the eyelids. Frequently, when the subject is falling into this condition, a peculiar sound is heard in the larynx, while at the same time a little froth appears on the lips. In a moment the subject seems to be fast asleep, the eyes are closed or half-closed, and there is generally an incessant quivering of the eyelids. Although the sense organs preserve a certain activity, it is now almost impossible to produce any effect by means of suggestion; and one of the fundamental characters of the condition of lethargy is hyper-excitability of the neuro-muscular system; the muscle, its tendon or its nerve, promptly responds to the smallest mechanical excitement, such as a slight pressure with the rounded end of a stick. We may even cause the subject's ears to move quite perceptibly. The third state into which Dr. Charcot divides hypnotism is that of artificial sleep, formerly called magnetic sleep. This is brought about by fixing the eyes very intently on some object. Presently the subject gives two or three sighs, the eyes close, or nearly so—we sometimes press gently on the eyeballs—the head droops and the subject is asleep. And in order to awaken him you blow upon his face and eyes; although if left to himself he will awaken in two or three hours' time. This third state is perhaps the most interesting, for it is now that the strangest psychical phenomena are manifested. In this artificial sleep suggestions of the most marvellous kind may be made. By suggestion is meant the act

* *Œuvres complètes de J.-M. Charcot*, vol. ix. p. 445.

by which the operator imposes an idea on his subject, either by word or gesture; and the study of this phase of hypnotism opens new horizons to the physiologist and psychologist. At the Salpêtrière a sore has been made to appear on what had been perfectly healthy skin, simply by suggestion. Hunger, too,

"The Face would presently take a harsh, angry Look."

may be appeased by suggestion. We may also in the hypnotic sleep suggest to the sleeper that he is smelling a perfume, say the perfume of a rose, and on awaking he will continue for some time to smell a rose. Here the person remains under the influence of the idea suggested during his artificial slumber, but does not at all remember the act of suggestion. After Dr. Charcot had founded what is now known as the school of the

Salpêtrière, Dr. Bernheim opened another school for the study of hypnotic phenomena at Nancy. The difference between the two schools is this: Dr. Charcot maintains that hypnotism is a pathological and not a physiological state; that it is a morbid condition of the nervous system; that subjects who are prone to fall into it are always hysterical. He also holds that in the complete type of hypnotism, which he calls *Le grand hypnotism*, there are three distinct states, viz.: the cataleptic, the lethargic, and the somnambulistic. Dr. Bernheim maintains, on the contrary, that hypnotism is a physiological rather than a pathological state; he denies that persons who may be hypnotized are by nature hysterical and inclined to brain trouble; he considers Dr. Charcot's three divisions as purely artificial, and he believes that all the phenomena called hypnotic are solely due to suggestion, and are its products.

We do not pretend to judge between the two schools. We merely remark that what we have seen of this phase of the nervous system has been at the Salpêtrière, and that to Dr. Charcot undoubtedly belongs the honor of having been the first to give a scientific demonstration of hypnotism. It is perhaps too soon to tell what good may be affected through hypnotic suggestion; on this point physicians are not agreed. Dr. F. L. Stuever, a member of the Sixty-sixth Congress of German scientists and physicians, held this autumn in Vienna, has written to us as follows: "In answer to your last letter I will say that hypnotism is very little used here in the treatment of disease. In Germany even less confidence is placed in it. At the Congress . . . I attended chiefly the meetings of the section on insanity and neurology, and I heard a discussion on hypnotism. There were only two members of the congress that spoke in favor of it in the treatment of disease; one of them with some enthusiasm, but the cases he offered in proof of his views were not at all conclusive. Hypnotism has been employed a good deal here and in Germany, but has been found beneficial only in some cases of hysteria and in some cases of functional troubles, such as abnormal menstruation and constipation of the bowels not dependent on organic disease. . . . Of course experiments are still constantly being made, but with very critical eyes." It is generally conceded, however, that hypnotism is a precious mine for physiologists and psychologists to explore, and that a study of the phenomena which appear during the hypnotic state may throw not a little light on the mechanism of thought.

We conclude by saying that this condition of the nervous system, lying as it does on the borderland of hysteria and madness, is one well calculated to inspire us with awe, and in former times—yet not so very long ago—before science had fought and conquered its way to the high position which it now holds, not only the *oi polloi*, but men learned in jurisprudence and metaphysics, believed in witchcraft, and too often looked upon the unfortunate beings who were afflicted with hystero-epilepsy as demoniacs. Happily those days have passed away; through a better knowledge of the human body we are grown more humane—he who does not say aye to this has read history to little purpose—and for this greater enlightenment and humanity we are mainly indebted to scientists who had the same courage and perseverance as Jean-Martin Charcot.

LEO XIII.

St. Peter's, January 1, 1888.

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

THROUGH the white light clear peals a silver bell,
And he is coming. Smoking censers swing
And snowy plumes are tossing where they bring
A King, and more than king. The awful spell
Is on me of those eyes where ages dwell.
Kneeling I see him—Peter, Priest and King,
Wearily bearing, while hosannas ring,
In pallid hands the Keys of Heaven and Hell.

"Blessèd is he that cometh in the Name
Of Christ the Lord." Yea, more than any man
Blessèd art thou, and blessèd shalt thou stand,
O patient prisoner of the Vatican!
A cloud by day, by night a living flame
To lead thy people to the Promised Land.

A PRINCE OF SCRIBBLERS.

BY VINCENT D. ROSSMAN.

DR. JOHNSON says of a certain novel—a much-belauded production of Congreve's youth, upon which Mr. Gosse bestows considerable praise—that he would rather praise it than read it. So most people would much rather echo the traditional praise of the famous Letters of Horace Walpole than read them, and satisfy their minds as to whether the Letters really deserve all the fine things which have been said of them.

Of course there is nothing very astonishing in the fact that in our large libraries the dust of neglect is allowed to accumulate upon single copies of such books as the published correspondence of Walpole, while twenty-five copies of the latest work of fiction are speedily worn to rags. The Prince of Poets has not told us a truer thing than what he tells us in the lines addressed by the expostulating Ulysses to the pouting Achilles:

> "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
> That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
> Though they are made and moulded of things past,
> And give to dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

From a literary point of view, our interest in Walpole begins with his famous quarrel with the author of the *Churchyard Elegy*. In the year 1739 Walpole, having been graduated from Cambridge—where, according to his own ingenuous confession, he was anything but a brilliant scholar—set out "to do" the Continent, accompanied by Gray, whom he had induced to make the grand tour with him. It was an ill-matched pair from the start. Their tastes and inclinations were dissimilar; and such was the self-sufficiency and wilfulness of each that any accommodation or subordination of the wishes of the one to those of the other was not to be thought of. Gray, with his studious and researching propensities, was for gloating in contemplation of thought-awakening antiquities or works of art, or in poring over old books and manuscripts in the libraries of France, Germany, and Italy. Light-hearted and

frivolous Walpole, on the other hand, had no liking for such pursuits, and cared little for anything but balls and dinner-parties, and for the enjoyment of all the social pleasures at the command of the son of Sir Robert Walpole. The mutual feeling of impatient restraint resultant of such incompatibility broke out in numerous tiffs and poutings, but the occasion for an open rupture was had in Italy. It is said that Walpole suspected that in a letter to England Gray had expressed himself very unfeignedly touching his opinions of his travelling companion, and that Walpole, having surreptitiously got possession of the suspected epistle, perpetrated such an atrocious deed of dishonor as the opening and reading of it. By the upbraiding of Walpole, or by other means, Gray discovered that his mail had been tampered with, and of course a tremendous rumpus, and a deal of harsh recrimination, were the results, followed by the parting of the two. Such is one story of this famous quarrel. The cause of their ultimate and separating embitterment is not really known. Walpole was in all probability most at fault. He afterwards expressed himself very penitently concerning the affair, and repeatedly declared that the blame was his. He made overtures to Gray looking to a renewal of their intimacy, and though the latter has expressed very grave and philosophic thoughts in his writings, he here showed himself so devoid of right-minded philosophy as to repel them.

WALPOLE AS A ROCOCO CRANK.

Walpole, however, was not of such a mental constitution as to disturb himself much over his quarrel with Gray, and his failure to effect a reconciliation. On his return to London he at once became a central figure of that social world which is so graphically described in his inimitable letters. He bought the shop of a toy-woman situated in a suburb of London, took up his abode there, and became a toy-man himself—not a commodity-selling toyman, but a collector of all sorts of absurd oddities with which he toyed to the end of his life. He embellished his house, known as Strawberry Hill, with incongruous architectural excrescences which Macaulay calls "pie-crust battlements." These decorative outrages were indeed of a pie-crust sort, for they were such as to make one of right artistic taste have the nightmare. Macaulay has described Walpole's manner of life in his review of the letters to Sir Horace Mann, and, though written in the great essayist's best style, there runs throughout his scoffing of Walpole's inconsistency and frivolity

a strain of bitter and contemptuous arraignment which is entirely unjustifiable. It was a great deal more reprehensible in Macaulay to be so indignant over Walpole's foolishness than it was in the foolish Walpole to follow the bent of his unwise inclinations. Such criticism of such a man is analogous to that wretched system of pedagogics which subjects a pupil to punishment, or to the ridicule of his companions, because his is the heavy misfortune to have a mind thralled in the sloughs of sluggishness and unresponsiveness. If Walpole thought more of pieces of broken glass and ragged bits of tapestry than of his duties of parliamentary legislation; more of epitaphs for departed dogs and cats of quality and for the latest tid-bit of scandal than of the marvellous and map-changing exploits of Frederick the Great; if he was a man of the affectation which fears to reveal conditions and purposes, instead of one of that bold, honest candor which declares, in contradistinction to Iago's avowal of hypocrisy, "I am what I am"—if all this be true of Walpole, pity rather than malediction is his due. One who so much lacks in appreciation of the serious and vital concerns of life as did Walpole, and who occupies himself with, and thinks of little save trifles, does indeed perpetrate an egregious blunder; and some blunders may, as is said, be more serious than crimes; but the blunderer merits no such measure of reprobation as deservedly falls to the lot of the criminal.

A PROFOUND JESTER.

To enlarge unduly upon the mental weaknesses and aberrations of Walpole, and so create the unfounded notion that his mind was incorrigibly frivolous, and radically incompetent of apprehending the serious aspects of affairs, would be a piece of strained criticism for which no provocation may be alleged. There are occasional passages in his correspondence which indicate in the writer powers of keen and discriminating observation, and an ability to think well and coherently on subjects other than trifles. Macaulay writes with the utmost contempt of the measure of Walpole's appreciation of the literature and affairs of France, and insinuates that he failed utterly to realize the portentous significance of the tendencies of the French thought and happenings of the times; that he was incapable of feeling any forebodings of that awful deluge, the approaching tumult of which the wretched Louis XV. heard on his death-bed. Facts by no means justify Macaulay here. Walpole visited Paris in the fall of 1765, and in a letter written

from there at that time there occurs the following significant passage: "Laughing is out of fashion here. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are engaged in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left." Walpole was again in Paris in the summer of 1771, and his letters written thence at that time—particularly one to his friend General Conway, dated July 31, 1771—show that he possessed sufficient penetration to read aright the signs of the times, and to sniff the premonitions of blood and fire in the air. Edmund Burke did not see what Walpole saw. The great orator sojourned in Paris the year subsequent to the occasion of Walpole's visit last alluded to, and he was so enraptured by the beauty and graciousness of Marie Antoinette, then Dauphiness, and so delighted with the polish and stateliness of the court that did obsequious homage to the young Austrienne, that he felt nothing of the tremors of those convulsions gathering under the thin exterior strata of French society which were so soon to split the earth and send forth the awful incarnations of long-repressed vengeance. Mr. John Forster says, in his magnificent biography of Goldsmith: "Burke saw little but an age of chivalry extant still, where something should have been visible to him of an age of starvation and retribution; and through the glittering formal state that surrounded the pomp of Louis the Well Beloved not a shadow of the antic, Hunger, mocking the state and grinning at the pomp, would seem to have revealed itself to Edmund Burke." Not so with Horace Walpole, however silly and frivolous he seems.

SCRIBBLING DOWN SLAVERY.

It is also creditable to Walpole's head and heart that he was strongly opposed to the institution of slavery, and in Parliament he was as ardent as was possible for one of his temperament to be in the advocacy of that anti-slavery movement which was carried subsequently to glorious victory by the indefatigable labors of Clarkson and Wilberforce, Garrison and Channing. In 1750 he writes to Mann: "We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company. *We*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have been pondering methods to make more effectual this horrid traffic of selling negroes. It would appear to us that six and-forty thousand of these wretched creatures are sold every year to our American plantations alone! It chills one's blood!

I would not have it to say that I voted for it for the continent of America."

DEARLY LOVED A LORD IN LETTERS.

Walpole's most heinous literary fault was his absurd though not at all remarkable disposition to gauge his estimate of a book according to the rank or gentility of the author. He actually seemed to think a plebeian incapable of meritorious effort in literature, and his opinion as to any performance anonymously published was probably held in suspense until the fact of its authorship had been clearly established. If by a man of the people, like Johnson or Goldsmith, it was a poor performance worthy of little notice—

> "But let a lord once own the happy lines,
> How the wit brightens, how the style refines!
> Before his sacred name flies every fault,
> And each exalted stanza teems with thought."

He makes few allusions to the writers contemporaneous with him who were making the real literature of the time; they were all too vulgar to engage his pen, except when he went out of his way to write adversely of them, when he perpetrated some precious bits of most nonsensical critical coxcombry. In his correspondence there are several allusions to Fielding, in one of which he describes how inexpressibly shocked he was when, on calling with some friends upon the novelist on some business connected with the latter's magisterial duties, he found Fielding sitting before a table covered with a dirty cloth, and eating cold ham and mutton out of one dish. How greatly, indeed, must this vulgar spectacle have shocked the delicate gentility of the fastidious Horace, and how must his perturbation have been intensified by Fielding's crowning and unpardonable violation of the rules of polite table etiquette—his sharing of his dirty meal with several dirty beggars! Is it possible that Walpole was ignorant of Fielding's connection with the royal house of the Austrian Hapsburgs, alluded to so forcibly in the well-known panegyric of the novelist in Gibbon's memoirs, which occasioned Thackeray to express the opinion that to have one's name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's? And yet it seems difficult to believe that Walpole would have had anything but extravagant praise for Fielding had he been aware of this.

Walpole has no commendation to express concerning Dr.

Johnson's periodicals, but is thrown into ecstasies of admiration over some of the papers in the fashionable publication, *The World*, written by his lordship of Chesterfield. The following passage from one of his letters, written in 1773, is quite unique, but very characteristic: "I should like to know Mr. Anstey and Mr. Mason, but I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd, bombastic Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope and lived with Gray." It is indeed a pity that in his contact with Pope and Gray he was not taught sufficient sense to prevent him from thinking and expressing such folly as this just quoted. Again, referring to Johnson's stupendous dictionary achievement, he has this to say to a correspondent: "Surely you do not equal the compiler of a dictionary with a genuine poet? Is a brick-maker on a level with an architect?" And so the great service of Johnson to the English, rendered by the compilation of his dictionary, is here spoken of as a piece of literary brick-work! If Walpole had been more sensibly appreciative of the value of a dictionary and of the labors of the lexicographer, he might have learned to write more correctly and to restrain his habitual predilection for foreignisms. When one considers the intellect of Johnson as compared with that of Walpole, the aristocratic scribbler's sneers at the doctor's work seem exquisitely absurd. As the old pauper in *Oliver Twist* says, on a different sort of occasion, "It's as good as a play! as good as a play!" Sensible Englishmen of the day had but one opinion of Johnson's ability and attainments, however much they may have disliked him socially, feared him as a conversationalist, and censured his overweening intellectual arrogance; and this unanimous opinion was that Johnson was, as Cowper expresses it,

> " . . . a sage by all allowed
> Whom to have bred may well make England proud."

Walpole seems to have forgotten that Johnson had not only produced the dictionary, but had also written two noble poems; that he had not only proved himself what Walpole calls a literary brick-maker, but had also shown his capabilities as a literary architect.

Walpole himself occasionally "dropped into poetry," and the products of his poetic delusion are about on a level with the effusions of Mr. Silas Wegg; indeed, they are of such a character as to explain most conclusively why their author preferred

Anstey and Mason to Johnson and Goldsmith—why he thought "The New Bath Guide" and "Elfrida" immeasurably finer performances than "The Vanity of Human Wishes" or "The Deserted Village." Here is one of them, composed on a certain lady of Paris speaking English:

> "Soft sounds steal from fair Forqualier's lips,
> Like bee, that murmuring the jasmine sips.
> Are these my native accents? None so sweet,
> So gracious, yet my ravished ears did meet.
> O power of beauty, thy enchanting look
> Can melodize each note in Nature's book!
> The roughest wrath of Russians, when they swear,
> Pronounced by thee, flow soft as Indian air,
> And dulcet breath, attempered by thy eyes,
> Gives British verse o'er Tuscan verse the prize."

One might write such nonsense extemporaneously and informally, and still be forgiven; but to subject it to a formal transcription in a letter to a third person—as Walpole did—and to seriously comment upon it—as Walpole did—is really a piece of almost unpardonable stultification. "You must not look, madam," writes he to Lady Hervey, "for much meaning in these lines; they were intended only to run smoothly, and be easily comprehended by the fair scholar who is learning our language. Still less must you show them." Of course this, translated, means: "You will probably, madam, think these lines very smart and elegantly significant. You will please show them to every one." Walpole's poetry does, indeed, sufficiently account for his judgments on the poets of his day. A person might possess the most delicate susceptibilities to the beauties of real poetry, and be incapable of writing a single verse of poetic sense; but it is hardly within the range of mental incongruity that such a person should be capable of writing versified and rhythmical nonsense and think it poetry.

GINGERBREAD CRITICISM.

Towards the close of his life, addressing a friend, Walpole writes: "With regard to letter-writing, I am firmly persuaded that it is a province in which the women will always shine superiorly; for our sex is too jealous of the reputation of good sense to condescend to hazard a thousand trifles and negligences which give grace, ease, and familiarity to correspondence." This is truly a most striking passage. It shows how entirely the

writer misconceived of his own powers. It was exactly his ability to dilate entertainingly upon social nothings, and to indulge in the trifles of easy, familiar correspondence, that secured for Walpole's name a permanent place in the records of English literature. He was quite sure that his reputation would extend beyond the period of his life, but his anticipations of lasting fame were mainly based on the estimate he placed on his more serious and ambitious literary efforts; though, of course, he was not unconscious of his unusual epistolary powers, and left carefully transcribed and annotated copies of his letters. But those writings of Walpole which may be designated as his works, his *Historic Doubts*, his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*—what a labor of love was the composition of this last-named work!—his *Anecdotes of Painting*, his obnoxious tragedy, and even his *Castle of Otranto*, have been almost completely forgotten, and their very titles would be lost in the oblivion that has engulfed many better works were it not that the Horace Walpole who wrote these books is identified with the man who wrote the Letters of Horace Walpole.

When Walpole formally put on his thinking-cap, and sat down to spread his irregular and superficial learning over pages of criticism and didactics, he by no means did what was conducive to the augmentation of his literary reputation; when he diverted his mind from its native tendencies, and tried to force it to a state of sustained and protracted seriousness, he was under a delusion as to his capabilities during the prevalence of which he was not always able to write good sense; but when he threw off all affectation, and dashed off the inimitable letters he could write so well, then did he do what was to save him from the fate which awaited so many of his contemporaries whose verbal commonplaces and elegant inanities he thought finer than the writings of the "bombastic Dr. Johnson" and the "silly Dr. Goldsmith."

It is due to the ladies to say that facts by no means support what Walpole says, in the passage last quoted, concerning an exclusive ability on their part to accomplish that expansion of nothing which is the secret of correspondence of a familiar, easy sort. Of course, the obvious refutation of it lies in Walpole's own achievements as a letter-writer; while the implied innuendo, that such letters are the only kind ladies are capable of producing, might have been given the lie even when made, for when Walpole wrote this passage both the correspondence of the unfortunate Lady Russell, and the more celebrated letters

of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had been published; the first of which two ladies possessed more right-minded philosophy, and the latter more solid learning, than a score of Horace Walpoles rolled into one; and either of whom displayed more ease and directness in the expression of profound thought than Walpole did in the expression of superficial thought.

A SHAM PHILANTHROPIST.

Walpole's penchant for attitudinizing led him to a phase of affectation which incurs the charge of hypocrisy. It pleased his whim to sometimes masquerade in the robes of refined and large-hearted philanthropy. The costume by no means fitted him, and deceived no one. His borrowed plumage has been torn from him, and he has been driven with scorn back to his own proper level of flippant unconcern for the great interests of mankind. Such was the natural sphere of his thoughts and inclinations, though he was not incapable of occasional elevations from it. He pretended to entertain a most edifying horror of war, and affected an aversion to the society of Pitt because of the bellicose propensities of the "Great Commoner"—for which culpable priggishness Macaulay accords him a dressing-down which was richly deserved. At the opening of the terrible Seven Years' War we find this enemy of war writing, in a spirit of persiflage, to a friend concerning the object of his righteous enmity as follows: "To be sure war is a dreadful calamity, but then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there can be no harm in being a little amused with looking on." The preponderating business of Walpole's life was to amuse himself, and it is rather surprising that he should not have been disposed to cherish the friendship of a man who, like Pitt, was largely instrumental in affording him opportunities of amusing himself in the observation of war, and in the gossiping upon its awful events.

And yet this same Seven Years' War provoked Walpole to say some very amusing things. Sir Charles Williams, the diplomat and political satirist, having been sent some years previous to the opening of the war to treat, in the name of England, with Frederick on Silesian questions which eventually caused the war, this fact was announced to Mann in a letter from Walpole, who makes a humorous allusion to the literary idiosyncrasies of the Prussian monarch: "He (Williams) is to teach the monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambics, and begin to treat of the limits of Parnassus

instead of those of Silesia." And later, during the prevalence of hostilities, he writes thus of the absurdly vacillating conduct of the Russians and their Swedish allies: "They quite make one smile. They hover every summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a general disgraced, and in winter out comes a memorial from the czarina of her steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza."

AN UNREVERENCED OLD AGE.

Walpole had busied himself so much with fleeting trifles that his mind contained little material for the serious retrospection which may be such a solacing mental occupation for placid old age. As early as 1765, while suffering from a severe and protracted attack of gout, he writes as follows: "I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Can I ever stoop to the *régime* of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it around to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the gout do its work as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with my heart, if I cannot be with the few friends I wish to see; but to depend for comfort on others who would not be a comfort to me—this surely is not a state to be preferred to death."

At the threshold of the grave he craved the society of a few sincerely sympathetic friends, but in having no such friends he but paid the bitter price for such life as he had lived. He realized the true import of all the solicitude manifested toward him, and he choked with the ashes of the fruits of ceremony that were offered him. He yearned for kind interest in his behalf, and he obtained nothing but that unlovely interest of

> "Ceremony that was devised at first
> To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
> Recanting goodness; sorry ere 'tis shown;
> But where there is true friendship, there needs none."

In March, 1797, "God's finger touched him, and he fell asleep." Let us now forget his faults, and trust that he rests in peace.

THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON, PREMIER OF CANADA.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON: A STUDY.

BY J. A. J. MCKENNA,

of the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa.

JUST as that organization which, under the guise of patriotism, aims at the exclusion of Catholics from public office was making itself felt as a disturbing element in Canadian as well as American politics, death, by a sudden stroke, brought vividly before the public view the career of a man whose life afforded the strongest possible refutation of the calumny that the influence of the Catholic Church makes not for civic virtue. It is not the rarity of such examples that causes the life of Sir John Thompson to stand forth so prominently. Neither in the past nor in the present has the church or the world's commonwealths been sterile in this regard. It is only a few months since the press and pulpit of the chief

province of the Canadian Dominion resounded with the praises of a man who had proved himself to be a most faithful steward of a great department of the provincial government. He was looked up to as a tower of strength by the Liberals; Sir John Thompson was regarded by the Conservative party as the embodiment of its hopes. The political ideals of the one were, in a certain sense, the very antithesis of those of the other. The one stood for freedom of trade and founded his policy on the principles of the English school of Liberals; the other held that protection of native industry was more in the interest of the nation, and drew his political inspiration in the main from Conservative sources. But Christopher Finley Fraser and John Sparrow David Thompson were at one in this: they were faithful guardians of public trust, and no motive whatever was potent enough to make them deviate from the path of duty. And when death removed them early and suddenly from the sphere of human activity, men of every religious belief and of none—political partisans and men who stand aloof from party—all to whom their lives had been made manifest, joined in declaring these Catholic public men to have been honest, honorable, and just; and what is more, it was made evident that it was faithfulness to religious principles which begot that strength and rectitude of conscience which is the source and the guarantee of upright conduct.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

But the extended field in which Sir John Thompson exercised the power and influence of a political leader, the circumstances of his brief career and its most dramatic ending, give unusual emphasis to the lessons of his life. His father was an Irish Methodist, who emigrated from Waterford to Nova Scotia, and by careful and laborious effort attained a position in the civil service of the colony which brought him a decent competence. He was only able, however, to give his son the benefits of a common-school education, supplemented by a course at a local Presbyterian academy. But John Thompson learned in early youth the value of quiet, patient endeavor; and in his life he fulfilled that saying of the Scriptures: "The diligent man shall stand before kings." Born in 1844, he was called to the bar in 1865. But in the meantime he had made himself proficient in the art of stenography, and was thereby enabled to support himself in modest independence during the dreary and briefless years that form the prelude of the career of

him who enters upon the profession of law without the adventitious aid of either wealth or influential connections. In 1870 he married Anne Affleck, a Catholic girl who was as fitted to be the helpmate of the hard-working young barrister as she was to be the companion of the statesman whom his sovereign delighted to honor.

LOGIC DECIDES THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

John Thompson was not the man to allow his affections to influence him in his consideration of that momentous question: Which is the religion revealed by God? The man who held that the least excitement disturbed the weighing power of one's judgment, and who laid down the rule that feeling, though not to be dispensed with, must be crushed and subdued by the will until it left a lawyer's head as cool and steady as a surgeon's hand, was not likely to leap to conclusions in theology. He agreed to the conditions which the church imposes on those not of the fold who join in wedlock with any of her children. Further he was not prepared to go. But his marriage brought him face to face with the claims of the Catholic Church, and he felt it his duty to examine and weigh the evidence offered in support of claims of such stupendous import. A Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, in writing on the death of Sir John Thompson, tells us that "his judicial turn of mind led him to examine every matter to its last possible analysis," and that, when his investigation was ended, "his instinctive honesty of purpose and calm courage made open avowal of conclusions reached a very easy matter." The calm and searching investigation of religious truth upon which he entered, with that good faith which is ever enlightened by the Spirit of Wisdom, ended in the conviction that the Catholic Church was what she claimed to be—the infallible guide of men in the moral order.

DUTY AND WORLDLY INTERESTS.

And now came the great crisis of his life. His habit was to dispassionately consider the consequences as well as the grounds of his decisions. He had a religious nature, but his mind was not of so spiritual a trend as to keep him from ambitioning riches as well as spiritual ease. He was conscious of the possibilities of his talents, and he felt that by the right exercise of them he could, without the least baseness, raise himself to an honorable and opulent position. One who knew him

from his youth writes that Sir John once told him that his ambition as a young man was to be a really good lawyer and to make money, so that his family might be in a better position than he himself had been. Sound common sense and a high degree of practicality were ever distinguishing characteristics of the man. His eyes were therefore wide open to the probable results, near and remote, of the course upon which

EX-PREMIER OF CANADA.

his conscience urged him. Touching this point in the late prime minister's career, Mr. George Johnston says: "In the several crises of his life he was guided by lofty principles. I remember well in one of the greatest of these how hard was the struggle in his mind between the conviction of duty and worldly interests. He saw before him, if he took one course, the possible lack of the comforts of life for himself and his

family. 'Never mind,' said he, 'stenography and I can scratch out a living for them, even though it be a poor one,' and he took the step." Believing he was throwing away the worldly prize, he entered the visible fold of Christ's Church in the summer of 1871; and when the angel of death smote him as he attained the very apex of civic greatness, the grandest eulogy pronounced over him was this: "Born a Protestant, he did not fear, when his conscience showed him his duty, to become a Catholic. He cared nothing for the approval of the populace; he felt only the satisfaction of duty accomplished. Could I do otherwise than admire such a man, the finest ornament of Canada, who was above all human considerations? As it was in regard to his faith, so it was in his social and political creed—he felt convinced that he was acting right, and he acted according to the dictates of his conscience." *

GREAT LEGAL ABILITY.

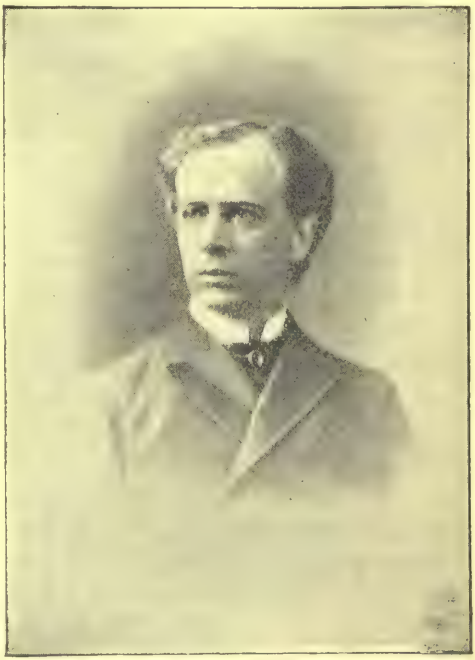
Lord Eldon attributed his rise to high office to his having, for many years, "lived like a hermit and worked like a horse." Sir John Thompson would not have made a statement so smacking of exaggeration; but, had he been given to talking of himself, in all likelihood he would have credited his advancement to work rather than to genius. He had none of those gifts whereby the orator ofttimes makes men's feelings rise in mutiny against reason; but he developed a power higher in order and more lasting in its effects, that of so appealing to men's reason as to obtain their assent to his views. He was not long at the bar when he became a recognized leader; and by 1877 he had established so high a reputation that he was retained as counsel by the government of the United States in the proceedings before the Fishery Commission which sat at Halifax in that year under the terms of the Treaty of Washington. Mr. Justice Meagher, who was associated with Mr. Thompson in the practice of law, writes thus of his career at the bar of Nova Scotia: "His devotion to his clients' interests, his untiring industry, coupled with his great love and unlimited capacity for professional work, ably supplemented as these qualities were by a wonderfully quick perception and ready mastery of detail in matters of fact, as well as a most thorough and comprehensive grasp of legal principles, enabled him to obtain a knowledge at once complete and thorough over every feature and question likely to arise, or necessary to be dealt with in the progress of

* Honorable Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Canadian Liberals.

the matter entrusted to his management. Fortified as all these were by an earnest manner and an exceedingly happy faculty of expression—combining ease, simplicity, and the highest degree of force and elegance—it need not surprise any one that his career at the bar was marked by an almost uninterrupted series of victories."

ENTRY UPON POLITICAL LIFE.

Never enamored of political life, he had not proceeded far upon his career when he was called to the discharge of civic duties. In the early seventies he served his native city as alderman and as chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, displaying in those humbler offices the same moral qualities which later on were made so manifest in the administration of the highest national trusts as to draw from his staunchest political opponents the most unqualified encomiums. In 1877 he was elected to represent the County of Antigonish in the Provincial Legislature, which he entered as a supporter of the then opposition. In the general elections of the following year the Liberal government was defeated, and Mr. Thompson entered the new administration as attorney-general. He was a Conservative, but not one of the old, non-progressive Tory type. His conservatism was tempered by a fine sense of justice. He was no believer in the doctrine of the rightness of that which is. The dilettante worship of mere antiquity was not more congenial to him than the doctrinaire notions of amateur reformers. The government, in which from the first he exercised a controlling influence, pressed on the construction of railways, attempted to simplify the over-elaborate legislative system by the abolition



The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Liberal Leader.

of the provincial senate, and introduced a bill designed to take from the magistrates and grand juries the functions of municipal government and vest them in elective county councils responsible directly to the rate-payers. On the eve of the dissolution of the Provincial Parliament, the first minister, Mr. Holmes, retired, and Attorney-General Thompson took the full command. But, strange to relate, his well-conceived Municipal Corporation Act—a measure of genuine reform—led to the defeat of his government at the polls; and the Liberal party were returned to power, pledged to maintain existing conditions. Alas! "What's in a name?" It's oft with politicians as with roses.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

This defeat, however, was but the prelude to the consummation of his young ambition. Politics were to him distasteful. He had a remarkably keen relish for jurisprudence, and from his youth he had looked to a seat on the bench as the culmination of his hopes. He therefore received with undisguised pleasure the commission of a justice of the Superior Court of Nova Scotia, which issued to him in 1882. In his judicial career "he showed," says Senator Power, "great quickness of intellectual vision and a wide knowledge of law." And from abundant testimony we have it that, in this as in other spheres, the vigor of his conscience was as well evidenced as the lucidity of his mind. He meted out judgment by the measure with which he was prepared to have it measured out to himself. At this time he undertook the additional duties of a professorship in jurisprudence, and his reputation became the mainstay of the law school of Dalhousie University. It has been said that as an expounder of legal science his equal was not to be found on the continent. It is certain that on the bench and in the lecture-hall he was seen to best advantage; for they afforded ample opportunities of bringing into play, untrammelled by exigencies, all the noble attributes of his character, and enabled him to demonstrate, in theory and in practice, that "law is beneficence acting by rule."

THE EXECUTION OF RIEL.

But he was not destined to long pursue the peaceful paths he loved. Three years had scarce elapsed ere the demands of statecraft bade him launch forth again upon the turbulent sea of politics. Louis Riel, who led the half-breeds of the North-west in rebellion when, in 1869, the Canadian government extended

its authority over the territory formerly held under the imperial crown by the Hudson's Bay Company, tried his hand again at revolution, and raised in 1885 his Metis kinsmen and some of their Indian allies in insurrection against the constituted authorities. This is not the place to discuss the causes and consequences of his action. He was taken in arms, tried and convicted of high treason, and sentenced to be hanged. And now arose a turmoil in the state. The sword had been laid away in its scabbard; but there was a war of tongues in the land. The mass of Riel's French compatriots called for the commutation of his sentence; others not of his blood—the Orangemen, with their usual disregard of decency, loudest of all—demanded that the law should take its course. A medical commission pronounced the convicted man to be *compos mentis*. Only on the ground that he was not responsible for his acts would the government agree to exercise executive clemency; and Louis Riel suffered the death penalty of treason. The clamoring of one set of men was set at rest, but an ominous burst of protest came from Quebec. Riel dead was more potent than Riel living, and it looked as if Canada was to have a war of races, which, though bloodless, would make stable government exceedingly difficult. A section of the French Conservatives withdrew their support from the administration; Mr. Edward Blake,* the then leader of the Liberal party, adversely criticised the action of the government, and the question became the crucial one with which Parliament would have to deal on its assembling. Mr. Blake was *facile princeps* in parliamentary debate, the leader of the Canadian bar, and an authority on constitutional law and practice with whom no member of the Canadian Commons could cope on equal terms. That most astute politician, the late Sir John Macdonald, saw that the government needed as defender, not a man versed in the art of political sleight-of-hand but one who could bring broad principles to bear on great occasions. Never did he more clearly evidence his rare sagacity in estimating men than when he called John Thompson from the bench of Nova Scotia to the ministership of justice in the federal administration.

A PARLIAMENTARY TOURNEY.

Up to this Mr. Thompson's reputation had been restricted to his own province. Beyond its confines only a few of the leading men knew of his standing. And the question was

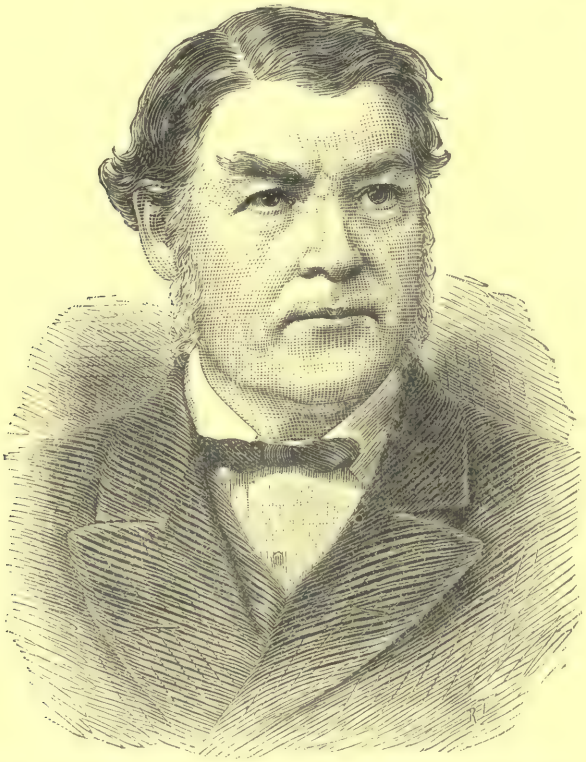
* Now member of Parliament for Longford, Ireland.

asked: "What manner of man is this who enters federal politics by the great gate and is preferred before so many?" The ministerialists protested against so unprecedented a putting forward of an unknown man. "Gentlemen," replied Sir John Macdonald, "wait until six months have passed before you form your judgment of the new minister of justice. Come to me then, if you will, and tell me that I have made a mistake." Ere six months had passed the new minister was looked upon as the Joseph of the Conservative party, and "Go to Thompson" came to be the leader's not infrequent answer to unusually difficult questions of state. He had met Edward Blake in the great debate and had proved himself worthy of his powerful antagonist. Never before had there been so dignified, so intellectual, and so well balanced a conflict in Canada's Parliamentary arena. Never before had there been heard in the Commons so scientific an analysis or so masterly an arraignment, such setting aside of precedent by precedent. Parliament now indeed appeared to be in reality what it is in theory—the high court of the nation. The potency of Riel's memory was overcome by the calm, judicial influence of Thompson. The stampede of the French Conservatives was stopped. The government was saved.

INSTABILITY OF POPULAR FAVOR.

If many in Quebec looked askance at the man in whom was so strikingly blended strength with modesty, coldness with urbanity, faithfulness to conscience with devotion to party, Ontario regarded him as a very Daniel. But alas! for the fickleness of popular favor; the cheers which greeted him in Ontario in 1886 had turned to groans in 1891. For another question had arisen which stirred up an animosity that is, by a strange paradox, called religious. In 1888 the late Honoré Mercier, then premier of Quebec, had an act passed by the Provincial Legislature authorizing a money payment to the Society of Jesus in compensation for lands illegally escheated in 1800, when old Canada was subject to the irresponsible rule of the Colonial Office. The preamble of the bill consisted of correspondence which had passed between the Quebec government and the Propaganda, Mr. Mercier considering it necessary, in order to secure the province from further demands from other claimants within the church in Quebec, that the Papal consent to the settlement as conveyed in the correspondence should be thus embodied in the legislative measure. But this official

recognition of Pope and Jesuits was construed by some religionists as an insult to Protestantism and a menace to the state. The constitution of Canada gives to the federal government the power to veto the acts of the provincial legislatures. The power, of course, has its limitations. But the Pope had been recognized in the statute-book of a British dependency as a necessary consenting party to an arrangement of state; and on that ground there went up a Protestant cry for disallowance, and Ontario lashed itself into a finer fury than did Quebec over the death of Riel. When the question came before him, the



Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian Commissioner in England.

minister of justice reported that there was no reason for disallowance, and recommended that the act be left to its operation. Mr. Mercier was so informed; and then the storm of opposition broke in all its violence. It invaded Parliament in the session of 1889, and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, the leader of the *nisi prius* bar of Ontario and the erstwhile faithful henchman of Sir John Macdonald, directed an attack on the government for not exercising the prerogative of disallowance in the matter.

A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL TRIUMPH.

In repelling that attack Sir John Thompson made his greatest speech in Parliament. The argument was more sustained than that in the Riel case. He felt more at home in the Commons, and Mr. McCarthy's case was so constructed as to admit of his using bolder strokes in dissecting it than he was able to employ in contending with Mr. Blake. Putting aside the religious question as one which should never enter into the discussion of such a subject, and shutting out the clamor of fanatics, he treated the matter, from the stand-point of constitutional law and practice, with such lucidity and power, such breadth of view and judicial calmness, as captured the mind of the House. When he resumed his seat, Mr. Blake rose and, making a new departure in politics, crossed the floor and congratulated the only minister of justice who had attained the high standard which he himself had set. Sir John Thompson now became the hero of Quebec. He quelled the storm in Ontario; and although the suspicion with which he was for a time regarded in the one was now current in the other province, he had again saved the government and kept his party off the rock of faction. But he did more. He reversed the old policy of the government on the question of disallowance, by defining in unmistakable terms the extent and inviolability of provincial rights. Sir John Macdonald was a centrist, and liked to regard the provincial legislatures as bodies dependent on the Dominion Parliament. Sir John Thompson read the constitution with the eye of a federalist, and he declared that, in dealing with subjects entrusted to them, the provincial legislatures were as supreme as the Imperial Parliament. Thenceforth the policy of the government on constitutional questions was moulded in accordance with his view.

THE FISHERIES TANGLE.

He had not been long in office before his hand was plainly seen in federal affairs. The voluminous despatches of the Canadian government on the Atlantic Fisheries question were prepared by him; and, for the services which he rendered as adviser of the British plenipotentiaries who negotiated the Chamberlain-Bayard Fishery Treaty in 1887, he was made a knight commander of St. Michael and St. George. His influence was soon observable upon the statute-books; and in his codification of the common and statutory law relating to crimi-

nal matters and criminal procedure he has left a monumental proof of the great ability, the painstaking zeal, and the unlimited devotion with which he labored for the common weal.

On the death of Sir John Macdonald, in 1891, the governor-general called upon Sir John Thompson to take the post of first minister. But the party then were not sufficiently advanced for leadership by one who in his young manhood went over to Rome and in his maturer years defended the interests of the Jesuits. He could have wrecked the party had he so willed. But he believed that the welfare of the state was bound up with its existence; and, with unexampled unselfishness, he stepped aside, named another for the honor, while his was the labor and his the burden. In the same spirit he carried on the work of administrative reform, cutting off corrupt branches lest the whole tree would cease to bear fruit and come to be considered as cumbering the ground. The retirement of Sir John Abbott within little more than a year of his assumption of office rendered the premiership vacant again; and now Sir John Thompson was pressed to accept the position of leader which he had been too unselfish to insist upon as his by right.

THE SEAL-FISHERIES.

As a representative of Great Britain on the International Board of Arbitration, which sat in Paris in 1893 to settle the dispute between England and the United States respecting the seal-fisheries in the Behring Sea, he received the praise of his fellow-arbitrators and the encomiums of the legal luminaries who presented the case for the Empire and for the Republic. For his services on that tribunal he was honored by being called to the historic and select body which forms the Privy Council of Great Britain; but just as he had taken before his queen, in Windsor Castle, the oath of the distinguished office of an imperial adviser, he was summoned by the King of kings to the imperishable reward of an upright life. With imperial honors and national mourning, all that was mortal of the man whose life so eloquently taught the oft-forgotten truth that devotion to religion and devotion to country are cognate virtues was borne to its last resting place in the city where, as a young man, he made the great choice between obedience to conscience and the prompting of secular ambition.

A PERSONAL PARALLEL.

One who well knew him in his latter years* has told us that Sir John Thompson's favorite character in history was Sir Thomas More. There are many respects in which Canada's late prime minister was strikingly like England's beatified chancellor. The basic principles of their lives were those which must form the ground-work of every career, be it ever so humble or ever so exalted, which makes at once for a man's own uplifting and the betterment of his kind. They were both men who sought the approval of conscience before that of sovereign or populace. They loved truth for truth's sake, and hated all exaggeration and hypocrisy. Piety without cant, incorruptibility of conduct without parade of righteousness, characterized them both. Never seeking place through the base art of cringing, they attained to high positions in the state; and without stinting their labors for the commonwealth, they found time for the exercise of those domestic offices which best fit men for the fulfilment of public trusts. More in a letter to a favorite daughter declared that, rather than suffer his children to lose ground, he would himself continue their education to the loss of his worldly estate and the neglect of all other cares and business. Thompson hesitated not at incurring great expense to secure his children the benefits of a sound religious and secular education in famed European schools; and now that his comparative poverty has been made known, his self-sacrificing devotion to his children looms up as one of his most admirable traits, reminding parents that the education of their children should be regarded as a first charge upon their time and their income.

Like More, he set not his heart on worldly wealth. His youthful desire for riches faded away, and he lived in the capital of the city he governed with a modesty that afforded a striking rebuke to that love of display, as vain as it is vulgar, which is the source of much of the evil that afflicts our age. Had he devoted his talents to the practice of his profession rather than to the service of the state, or had he used public office with an eye to personal aggrandizement, he might have amassed a fortune. He failed as Aristides failed, in not leaving a sufficient portion for his family. But that union of poverty with all the virtues in a sober, industrious, just, and valiant

*Rev. M. J. Whelan.

statesman, which spoke the elevated mind of the one, showed the true nobility of the other.

A PROPAGANDIST OF CATHOLIC TRUTH.

Sir Thomas More's practice was ever in accordance with his profession of faith; he realized in his life the mission of a layman in the cause of truth, and in his death his career was glorified. Sir John Thompson was no mere formal adherent of the church. His life was regulated by her rules, and his soul was strengthened and his heart kept pure by the use of her sacraments and sacramentals. Before setting out in response to the gracious summons of his queen, he received Holy Communion with his family; and when he died in her royal castle there were found on his body the tokens of a simple and sincere faith—a rosary and an image of his crucified Redeemer. He found time in the midst of the pressing cares of high office to give the aid of his counsel to those who in the Canadian capital seek to disseminate truth through the apostolate of the press; and, as first president of the Catholic Truth Society, he opened its inaugural meeting with an address in which he dealt with misrepresentations of the church's teaching in the uncompromising language of a man who passionately resented the calumnies heaped upon her head. And when his mighty spirit fled, his body, lying in state beneath the shadow of the crucifix, demanding and receiving recognition for the old religion, brought back to ancient Windsor's storied halls the long-ostracized rites of that faith which, within England's realm, it was once treason to profess.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOPS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.

SOURCE AND IMPORT OF THE PASTORAL.

THIS Pastoral Letter is a very important and interesting document. It is an instruction addressed to the clergy and laity of that respectable body which is under the chief pastoral superintendence of the prelates by whose authority it has been issued. It relates to two cardinal dogmas of the Catholic Faith, professed alike by the Roman and Greek Churches in their doctrinal formularies, and by a great number of separate communions in the West, whose Confessions of Faith are in respect to these points orthodox. These two dogmas of faith are—first, the Incarnation; second, the Inspiration of Holy Scripture.

The pastoral is issued by five bishops to whom the office of preparing it was delegated by the whole body of "their brethren of the episcopate assembled in council in the City of New York," October 18, 1894. The prelates composing this commission are: Presiding Bishop Williams, and Bishops Doane, Huntington, McLaren, Seymour, and Potter. We presume that their Letter has been submitted to all the other bishops, and that they assent to its doctrine. At all events, there is good reason to regard it as fairly representing their common sentiments and convictions. Probably, the great majority of the clergy, also, will give their adhesion to its doctrine, and the lay-members of this church, especially the most religious portion of them, will receive it with a reverent and docile respect, as an instruction from their chief pastors, and as an exposition of truths in which they already believe as essential parts of Christian faith.

IMPORTANCE AND UTILITY OF THE PASTORAL.

Considering the character and contents of this Pastoral Letter, and the great moral influence it is fitted to exercise not only within the particular ecclesiastical body to which it is addressed, but in the much larger community embracing other

similar societies professing faith in Christ as the Divine Saviour; its issue is an event of great importance.

It is important, because of the influence it will have on the convictions and belief of a multitude of persons, in respect to that primary article of Christian Faith, the Incarnation; and that other essential doctrine of Christianity, the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

The Christian Creed is attacked on all sides with relentless animosity, and unbelief or scepticism have invaded the domain of what was once united Christendom to an alarming extent. Even those who are by their office ministers or theological professors in great societies, calling themselves Christian churches, and in their universities, have been the leaders in this unholy warfare.

There are others, both in Germany and England, and even some English prelates, who have not gone to this extreme length, but who have nevertheless attenuated and perverted the Catholic doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Inspiration of Scripture. The bishops seem to fear lest an heretical infection of this kind is creeping in among their own clergy and laity; for they say: "We have availed ourselves of the opportunity to meet in council to consider our duty in view of certain novelties of opinion and expression, which have seemed to us to be subversive of the fundamental verities of Christ's religion." The motive, therefore, of the issue of this Pastoral, is to oppose and check this heretical inroad.

This is enough to show the importance of the Pastoral. And also, its great utility. For, it is a most useful work, to confirm and strengthen those who believe in Christ and in the Bible in their religious convictions, and to guard them against the insidious approaches of errors subversive of the great Christian verities.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE PASTORAL ON THE INCARNATION ORTHODOX.

The manner in which the bishops have performed their task, in giving an exposition of the doctrine of the Incarnation, confirms our judgment of the beneficial influence it is fitted and likely to exert in a wide sphere.

We are happy to acknowledge its entire and faultless orthodoxy. It is the very doctrine always held and taught in the Catholic Church, to which the Fathers and Doctors bear witness, and which the great Ecumenical Councils have defined. The

true and proper divinity of the Son, the Second Person in the Adorable Trinity, his assumption of a true and proper humanity by a Virginal birth, the unity of person and distinction of natures in our Lord Jesus Christ, his atoning death and bodily resurrection, together with his ascension to heaven and sovereignty; in short, every article of the Catholic Creed, in its strict and traditional sense;—all are clearly and distinctly stated.

Moreover, this part of the Pastoral is not only orthodox, it is excellent as a piece of theological writing—a clear, luminous exposition of the fundamental verity and dogma of the Incarnation. This sublime mystery is indeed the very essence of Christianity. It presupposes, includes, and implicitly or virtually contains all that is in the Creed, and without it, nothing distinctively Christian is left in religion, nothing specifically different from mere natural religion, and rational philosophy.

We must rejoice, therefore, to see this doctrine so positively and clearly affirmed and defended, and hope for a happy effect on the minds of a great many, in confirming those who already understand and believe it, enlightening those whose apprehension of the real meaning of the Divinity of Christ is obscure, and preserving those who are wavering from falling into most grievous, anti-Christian errors.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE PASTORAL ON INSPIRATION.

The Second Part of the Pastoral affirms in general terms that the Bible is the word of God and inspired. It says: that "the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is a postulate of faith, not a corollary of criticism. It cannot lawfully be questioned by any Christian man, and least of all by men who have sealed their conviction of the certainty of the Faith with the solemn vows of Ordination." In another place, the bishops say: "What we deprecate and rebuke is the irreverent rashness and unscientific method of many professed critics, and the presumptuous superciliousness with which they vaunt erroneous theories of the day as established results of criticism. From this fault, professedly Christian critics are unfortunately not always exempt; and by Christian critics we mean, those who, both by theory and practice, recognize the inspiration of God as the controlling element of Holy Scripture." It is apparently this latter class of critics whose teaching is aimed at in the following sentence: "A great danger may beset the flock of Christ, not merely from false teaching, but through injudicious and ill-timed teaching, the effect of which is not to settle

and confirm, but to undermine and weaken faith." Since this inopportune teaching is not condemned as false, it must lie within the "border-land" where liberty of opinion exists, and undetermined questions can be discussed, and not within "the domain of faith," "the realm of adjudicated truth," which truth is "a body of Doctrine once for all delivered and received." The upshot of the caution seems to be: that it is rash and dangerous to moot openly opinions on some unsettled questions in criticism and hermeneutics, which minimize the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. However wise and well-timed this warning may be, it will be heeded only by those who do not need it; as for others, whether inside or outside of the fold in which the bishops are shepherds of their flock, even if they are Christian critics, they will proceed to construct their hypotheses and to publish them to the world, so that all who choose may hear or read what they have to say.

The lambs of the flock need some sure safeguard against false and dangerous doctrine. What do the bishops give them, as a practical rule for discerning truth from falsehood, safe from dangerous doctrine?

"The true corrective of the unrest of our day will be found in the devout use of the Holy Scriptures. If any man will search them as our Lord commanded, they will testify of Him. If any man will study them 'for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness,' he will not be disappointed."

This is good and wholesome counsel. No doubt, the humble, docile believer, who has learned the Creed, by devoutly reading the Bible, will be confirmed in his belief of its divine inspiration, and will find in it the Divinity of Christ, together with all other doctrines of the Catholic Faith which he has been taught. We have no hesitation in assenting to the above proposition of the Pastoral, so far as this: that the devout use of the Holy Scriptures is *a corrective;* a very powerful prophylactic and remedy against religious unrest. But that it is, alone, the exclusive and efficacious corrective, the bishops themselves cannot fancy; for they have thought it necessary to administer a dose of medicine in their Pastoral, to keep off or cure the spiritual malaria which infects the atmosphere.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE PASTORAL VAGUE AND INDEFINITE.

The second part of the Pastoral is not by any means as clear and definite as the first part. It states the doctrine of inspiration in general terms which are not incompatible with the

more precise statements of the great Fathers and Doctors of the church, but yet do not exclude opinions which limit the extension and the effect of inspiration. Indeed, the bishops seem to have studiously avoided explicit teaching of this kind, although their general tone and manner of expression seems to favor a strict doctrine, and to discountenance all attenuating theories.

WHAT IS THE PASTORAL'S CRITERION OF DOCTRINAL TRUTH?

The Pastoral Letter instructs the clergy and laity to whom it is addressed respecting two great doctrines, the Incarnation and the Inspiration of Scripture, which it sets before them as Christian verities, to be received and confessed. But what is the criterion, the determining motive of the practical judgment that it is the duty of these clergymen and laymen, to conform to this admonition of their bishops?

The first effort of the Pastoral is put forth to show that the two doctrines in question are the doctrines of "this Church," *i.e.*, of the Protestant-Episcopal Church. This is an easy task. The duty of the clergy to conform to the doctrine of their own church is inferred from the fact that they have professed their adhesion to it, have promised to teach it, and on the faith of these engagements have been ordained to the ministry.

This argument does not apply to the laity. It is taken for granted that they are baptized Christians, who recognize their obligation to profess the Christian faith, and regard the communion to which they belong as a true church, in which, consequently, this faith is held and taught. It is assumed, therefore, that they wish to believe the doctrine of "this church," when they are duly informed what it is; and that they are disposed to receive with docility the instruction of those whom they acknowledge as their bishops, as of their best qualified and duly authorized teachers of Christian doctrine.

The tone and mien of episcopal authority which the bishops assume is very marked and imposing.

"We, your Bishops, having been assembled to take order, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, for the extension of the Kingdom of God, have availed ourselves of the opportunity to meet in Council to consider our duty in view of certain novelties of opinion and expression, which have seemed to us to be subversive of the fundamental verities of Christ's religion. It has come to our knowledge that the minds of many of the faithful Clergy and Laity are disturbed and distressed by these things; and we desire to comfort them by a firm assurance

that the Episcopate of the Church, to which, in a peculiar manner, the deposit of the Faith has been entrusted, is not unfaithful to that sacred charge, but will guard and keep it with all diligence."

Seldom, if ever, has any council of reformed bishops put on so majestic a port, and sent forth so clear and sound an instruction on the doctrine of the Incarnation. One might suppose it was an Ecumenical Council, so little does it fall behind the First Council of Jerusalem, in its quiet assumption of authority. It claims to be "the Episcopate of the Church, to which, in a peculiar manner, the deposit of Faith has been entrusted."

This tone of authority is noted and remarked upon by the *Congregationalist.* "This letter makes assumptions which will be promptly challenged outside of the Episcopal Church, and which we find it difficult to believe will be altogether acceptable within it. . . . The Bishops intimate also that their own letter is an inspired utterance, and therefore authoritative. 'We, your Bishops, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, are speaking not as truth-seekers, but as truth-receivers.' The Pope himself could not speak with greater dogmatism than this. The doctrine that the Church is the inspired authority in interpreting the Scriptures, and that the deliverances of its officers are to be received without question, appears as plainly as in the assertions of this document. Inferentially, not only doctrines of the Person of Christ and the Inspiration of the Scriptures are here set forth, but the body of teaching held by the Church to be dependent on them, and the doctrine of the inspiration and dogmatic authority of the Church moved by the Holy Ghost, speaking through its appointed leaders."

This is somewhat unfair. The bishops do not claim inspiration. They claim authority as teachers, and they present the authority of "this Church" imposing on its clergy the doctrine of the Prayer-book, as imperative. But we cannot ascribe to them the intention of making their own particular Council, or the Prayer-book itself, an original authority and a final criterion in determining the Faith. Submission to the teaching of "this Church" is exacted on the ground that it is the teaching of the Church Catholic. Because they profess to teach in the name of "this Church" the Faith which the Catholic Church received from the apostles, and to have a commission inherited by succession in the episcopate from the apostles, therefore they demand for their doctrine the assent and obedience of their flock, as to the genuine, divine revelation of Christ the Lord.

When they style themselves "the Episcopate of the Church," they can only mean that they are the bishops of a certain portion of the Church, whose official designation is "The Protestant-Episcopal Church in the United States." If their whole body endorses the Letter, it is a significant act on their part, which will gain an increased importance if the majority of their clergy and laity give their adhesion. The rector of Trinity Church, Boston, is reported to have criticised the Pastoral in his pulpit, as the utterance of one bishop only, not of the whole house (*Living Church*, February 2). Dr. Rainsford expressed regret at the issue of the Pastoral, at the Church Club of New York, in the presence of Bishop Potter, although he did not criticise its doctrine, but only its opportuneness. If the bishops endorse the Letter, it is incumbent on them to make it known; and likewise, if they do not.

Whatever may be the attitude of the rest, the five bishops have certainly professed to give voice to the teaching of the Catholic Episcopate, and the Catholic Church. In this instance their utterance is certainly an echo of that voice. They have the advantage of giving their testimony to the doctrines of the Incarnation and Inspiration, with the Catholic Episcopate and Ecumenical Councils to back them. They teach "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est.*"

This is evidently the Pastoral's criterion of the truth of the doctrines which it teaches—the testimony of the Universal Church, that it has received them from the apostles as a deposit of Faith, entrusted in a peculiar manner to the episcopate, as the *ecclesia docens*. It teaches that there is a "realm of adjudicated truth," in which there is no place for liberty of opinion, but only for "a holy and blessed servitude," for "unflinching loyalty to a body of Doctrine once for all delivered and received."

"We are speaking, not as truth-seekers but as truth-receivers," "ambassadors in bonds"; even as St. Paul says, "that we also received deliver we unto you." Our sole inquiry is: What does this church teach? What is the declaration of God's Holy Word? And here we rest; for the priest's vow is to minister the Doctrine as well as the Sacraments and the Discipline of Christ, "as this church hath received the same," and because she hath received it "according to the commandments of God." And the true lover of God, the Theophilus, who would "know the certainty of those things" wherein he is instructed, who would have "a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us," must receive them as they "delivered them unto us, which were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word."

It should be borne in mind by all, bishops, priests, deacons, and laymen, that the facts and truths which lie at the basis of the religion of Christ are eternal facts and eternal truths, stamped with the assurance which Divine infallibility gives. A revelation the conditions of which should be pliable to the caprices of speculative thought would be thereby voided of all that makes revelation final and secure. A creed whose statements could be changed to accord with shifting currents of opinion or sentiment, or with the trend of thought in each succeeding generation, would cease to command and guide the loyalty of the people, and would not be worthy of the respect of mankind. The Creeds of the Catholic Church do not represent the contemporaneous thought of any age; they declare eternal truths, telling what God has taught man and done for man, rather than what man has thought out for himself about God. They are voices from above, from Him "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," and as such are entitled to our implicit faith. Grave peril to souls lies in the acceptance of the letter of the creeds in any other than the plain and definitely historical sense in which they have been interpreted by the consentient voice of the church in all ages. Fixedness of interpretation is of the essence of the creeds, whether we view them as statements of facts, or as dogmatic truths founded upon and deduced from these facts, and once for all determined by the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the mind of the church. It were derogatory to the same Blessed Spirit to suggest that any other than the original sense of the creeds may be lawfully held and taught.

INSPIRATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT DEDUCED FROM THE APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

In the Catholic Idea, the Bible is one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit to the church. It is a fountain, from which she draws living water, to distribute out of the golden vessels of her definitions the life and health-giving drink of pure doctrine. The fountain itself is but one reservoir of that perennial stream of revelation, flowing from the garden of Eden for thousands of years before the first page of the Bible was written, and flowing onward through the subsequent centuries, as a living tradition of Faith.

God did not give a finished Book to men that they might learn from it religion. He gave them the church, and sent living Teachers, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, the great Teacher Jesus Christ, and neither he himself, nor the majority of his pre-

cursors and messengers, left any written record of their teaching. The doctrine and law which God gave through them were committed to an organized society, beginning in the family of Adam, developing into the kingdom of Judah, and finally transformed into the Christian Church. Some of the prophets were inspired to make written records, which were embodied in the Sacred Tradition, to enrich and supplement and preserve its precious deposit, under the custody of ecclesiastical authority, but not to supersede and be substituted for it.

In accordance with this Catholic principle, the Pastoral states that it was "the ancient church to which were 'committed the Oracles of God'"—*i. e.*, the Scriptures of the Old Testament. It proves their inspiration, without difficulty, from the authentication of Jesus Christ, who handed them over to the apostles, and from their testimony to the doctrine of the Christian Church.

The really important point to be proved, and one which requires a more elaborate argument, is: that the Christians of the second century received from the first century the New Testament, as a collection of inspired writings. The Pastoral does not prove this, or give the shadow of a reason for the assumption commonly made by Protestants, that the apostles bequeathed to the church in writing the complete and only authentic monument of their teaching. It asserts, indeed, that "St. Paul, with direct reference to the Scriptures of the New Covenant, declares in the First Epistle to the Corinthians: 'Which things we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing [combining] spiritual things with spiritual'" (1 Cor. ii. 13). There is here no reference to any Scriptures of the New Testament, except one which is indirect. The apostle speaks of the preaching of the gospel, and we can only infer that the same teaching in the form of writing would have equal authority.

It is very remarkable that the Pastoral goes on to vindicate the inspiration of apostolic writings from the general authority of the apostolic commission, and the promise of the gifts of the Holy Spirit to them in this capacity. "It is the men who are inspired, and not primarily the book." "We may have full assurance that the Faith which was taught by the preaching, has been preserved in the writings of men to whom, 'through the Holy Ghost,' Christ gave commandment that they should teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded, and to whom the *authority* committed on the day of the Ascension was confirmed and quickened into active exercise by

the *power* given on the Day of Pentecost, when 'they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.'"

Now, we may undoubtedly ascribe infallibility to the teaching of the apostles contained in their writings, when we are certain that they are really the authors of the documents contained in the New Testament, which bear their names. But how are we made certain? Every part of the New Testament bears the name of some one of the Apostles, Peter, Paul, John, Matthew, James, and Jude. But there are two gospels, bearing the names of Mark and Luke, also the Acts, bearing the name of Luke, and then, there is the Epistle to the Hebrews, ascribed by some very ancient authorities, by most recent Protestant and some Catholic critics, to Luke, Clement, Apollos, or some other author, not St. Paul. It will be said that these writings were accredited and sanctioned by apostles. We do not question the fact, but how do we know it? The genuineness of the various writings of the New Testament can be proved historically and critically. We can prove that the four gospels and most of the other portions of the New Testament were received as authentic and even as inspired, throughout the Catholic Church of the second century. The chief witness on whose testimony we rely, in this instance, is St. Irenæus, at the close of this century. Sound criticism sustains this extrinsic evidence. There was a New Testament received from the apostolic age by Christians of the age following. But how about the Canon of the New Testament? Several books, included in the canon by the final adjudication of the church, though generally, were not universally accepted as beyond doubt, for three centuries after the death of St. John. The final settlement was an agreement in respect to the tradition which came down from the apostles. Now, we would respectfully ask the bishops, why they consider the inspiration of the Hebrews and the Apocalypse as "a postulate of faith"? Is it because their right to a place in the Canon is historically certain, by the testimony of the fifth century, supported by criticism? Moreover, why is the inspiration, not only of the deutero-canonical but also of the proto-canonical books of the New Testament, a postulate of faith? And still further, how is the witness of Jesus Christ and of two of his apostles to the inspiration of the Old Testament set before us, as an object of divine faith? Everything depends on the verity of the New Testament. If this be purely historical, we have a reasonable certainty, and a motive for human and historical faith. But where does this human and rational certainty take a grasp of the supernatural and divine testimony.

by which it is enabled to pass the boundary between human and divine faith, and to believe truth on the veracity of God? Is it by evidence that a certain Book is the Word of God, so that we are to find there at first hand, by reading that revelation of truths which we must believe on the veracity of God?

THE PASTORAL TEACHES THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

The Pastoral does not teach this doctrine, so absurd and so contrary to all facts. Before Christ came, God ceased to inspire men to write books, and the Canon of the Old Testament was closed. Christ came, he taught, he commanded men to believe in him, he was accredited by the Father, and by his own works. He formed his church, made a full revelation to his apostles, commissioned them to teach and rule in his name, and gave them authority and power, co-extensive with all nations and all ages, to the end of the world. Their writing or sanctioning of books was only a sequence and a corollary of this primary and universal consecration in the Holy Spirit. By their apostolic authority, *i. e.*, by the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens*, the New Testament, as well as the Old Testament, was authenticated as the inspired and unerring word of God, useful for Christians instructed in the Faith, and taught by their pastors the true sense of the divine oracles. But the Christian faith and religion were not founded and built up on the Scriptures as the only and the undermost basis of Christianity. The faith was preached and believed, and churches were founded, before the writing of the New Testament was begun, while it was being formed and completed. The apostles took no measures to collect its parts into a volume and to circulate it in the church at large. They did not define its canon. They gave no hint that it was to be substituted for the ordinary teaching of themselves, their associates and successors. They did not insert into any of its documents the Creed, or the Constitution of the Church. Their commission and the gifts which they received did not find their culmination in the formation of a written code of doctrine and polity which was henceforth to be the light of the world. The commission and the gifts were perpetual, and they transmitted them to their successors, the bishops. To them they entrusted the deposit of Faith, which these bishops formulated in the Creeds, and the definitions of the Ecumenical Councils. The bishops tell us that "The Creeds of the Catholic Church are voices from above . . . entitled to our implicit faith . . . in the plain and definitely historical sense in which they have been interpreted by the consentient voice of the church

in all ages, . . . statements of facts, . . . dogmatic truths . . . once for all determined by the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the mind of the church."

Therefore, the Catholic Episcopate is indefectible, its dogmatic definitions are irreformable, the *Ecclesia Docens* is infallible.

We trust that all who belong to the flock of these learned prelates will study and lay to heart the orthodox teachings of this Pastoral; and will be convinced by it of the duty of yielding implicit faith to the Creeds of the Catholic Church and all their articles, interpreted by the consentient voice of the church in all ages.

CONTRASTS.

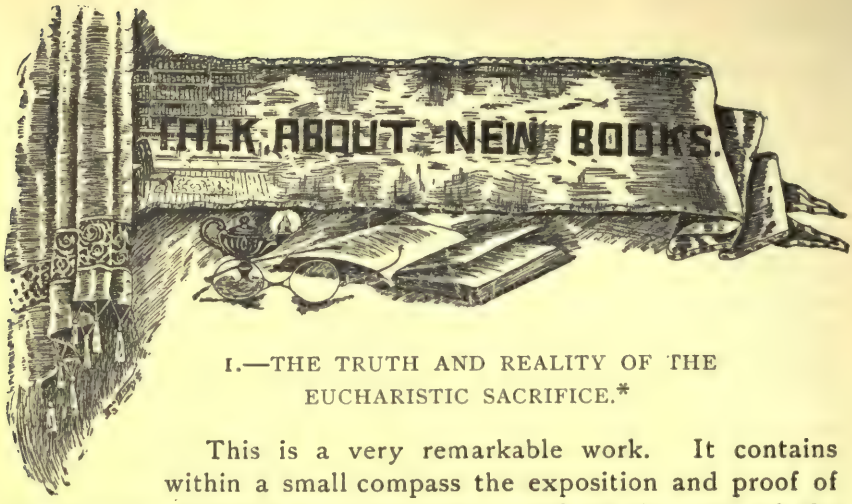
By Rev. William P. Treacy.

I.

HIGH Archangel's pride
Drew legions to his side,
Who were, like blighted stars, hurled from the skies;
A fruit, plucked from a tree,
Brought death and misery,
And closed on man the gates of Paradise.

II.

A host of angels bright,
Upon Christ's Natal Night,
Announced with heavenly hymns the King of kings;
Beneath Love's crimsoned Tree,
O wondrous mystery!
New Edens rise, and glad Redemption springs.



I.—THE TRUTH AND REALITY OF THE EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE.*

This is a very remarkable work. It contains within a small compass the exposition and proof of the Catholic doctrine concerning the sacrificial character of the Blessed Eucharist. It is written for members of the Established Church in England; and, curiously enough, Mr. Prynne reverses the process which took place when the new formularies were drawn up at the Reformation. Then, owing to reasons which he suggests rather than states, all the stress was laid upon the Blessed Eucharist in its character of a communion; now he lays stress upon it in its nature of a sacrifice.

At page ninety he informs us that he has given no private interpretation of the passages of Holy Scripture adduced in support of the Real Presence and the Sacrifice of the Mass. They are interpreted in harmony with the meaning put upon them by the greatest and holiest intellects of the Primitive Church; and he makes the very interesting addition that they are interpreted according to the meaning of "the most learned and saintly writers" of the present English Church.

He naturally complains that the English Church—or, as he loves to call her in phrase of legal and heraldic accuracy, that portion of the Catholic Church commonly called the Church of England—does not set forth the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist with "that distinctive clearness with which it was most undoubtedly set forth in the Primitive Church." He is anxious to maintain that the Sacrifice of the Mass was preserved, and with it every doctrine of the church, every law, every observance of patristic authority, and, it would seem, every pious practice of the faithful down to the Reformation.

Of course the English Church could not set forth in plain and unquestionable terms the sacrificial character of the Eu-

* *The Truth and Reality of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.* By George Rundle Prynne, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, etc. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

charist when it was the boast of the most influential Reformers that they had abolished the Mass; that it was their business to put an end to the idea of a sacrificing priesthood; or of any ministry possessing higher authority than what they derived from the state. If the bishops and clergy under the vicar-generalship of Cromwell were only the ministers of the king's highness, we are at a loss to conceive what they were under Somerset, and what their successors were under Elizabeth.

Cranmer laid it down—and in this he expressed the opinion of many of the council—that the commissions of bishops expired at the king's demise. Accordingly he considered it his duty to obtain a new commission from the council of regency—a degree of scrupulous nicety we should not have looked for in any courtier or churchman of his time; consequently we think this punctiliousness must have paid. But if such an opinion stood as a principle in the minds of those who were shaping the new church, the divine character of the church could hardly have a place; the divine origin of episcopacy and the sacrament of order could have no place. There could be no institution of priesthood, much less of a sacrificing priesthood, in the minds of such men.

We think this is the explanation of the matter, and not what Mr. Prynne suggests: "the great reaction against some false notions which seemed common in the early part of the sixteenth century." As an extreme revolt from Catholic doctrine would be displeasing to eleven-twelfths of the nation,* there was nothing for the leaders of the movement but a compromise.

Let us take the Reformation in England, step by step. It is plain that Henry VIII. contemplated an Anglican Church differing from the Catholic Church on the point of supremacy alone. During his lifetime circumstances favored such a system; but the ministers who held the royal prerogatives in trust for his infant son did not persist in it.

We find that Hooper will not wear episcopal vestments, and that Ridley pulls down the altars in his diocese. The latter has the communion administered at tables resembling oyster-boards—surely not because that was the practice of the Primitive Church and the ancient Fathers. When Grindal, the metropolitan, regarded the consecration of bishops as a mummery, and Pouet said the word bishop should be abandoned to the Papists, we can only wonder at the canon of a few years later (1571) which enacted "that preachers shall be careful not to preach aught to be held by the people except what

* This appears from a letter of Paget to Somerset, dated July 7, 1549.

is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament, and what the Catholic fathers and *ancient bishops* have gathered out of that doctrine." We can only wonder more that Mr. Prynne should think such prelates must have intended to ordain a sacrificing priesthood. Yet he means this or he means nothing.

We think Macaulay puts the matter correctly enough when he says that the Church of England was the result of an alliance between the government and the Protestants. It cannot be doubted, on the evidence we have, that there would never have been a reformation in England were it not for the collision between Henry and the Holy See on the question of the divorce of the queen. The people were content with the faith of their fathers. It, of course, suited the courtiers and officials enriched by grants of the dissolved religious houses to accept the theology of the king. Foreigners had carried with them from the Continent the tenets of Luther, Calvin, and other sectaries, and made proselytes here and there among soured and gloomy spirits who had inherited, or who in some way sympathized with, the opinions of the Lollards.*

These are the men whom Cranmer described as "glorious and unquiet spirits," but to whose influence he bowed with such sincerity as his false, crafty, and calculating nature was capable of. These were, roughly stated, the elements from which the new church was to be constituted. The mass of the people wanted no change of doctrine or ritual; the government wanted no more than was necessary in the establishment of a complete despotism in the king over the consciences of his subjects. The third party were those seduced by "the glorious and unquiet spirits," or by Englishmen who had brought back from Germany religious and political opinions which in a generation or two were to work deep and wide-reaching results in the life of the English nation and in the destiny of the English-speaking races.

We believe that it is literally the fact, that about the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth not more than one-tenth of the English people would lift a hand for the supremacy of the pope, and not more than one-tenth cared a straw for the reformed doctrines. That is to say, eight-tenths of the English people were Catholics without a pope; one-tenth were real Catholics, and the remaining tenth Protestants. From this tenth, as from the cloud which bears the storm in its bosom,

* The idea that Lollardism prevailed to a large extent among the rural population is not well founded. That a social movement had been going on from the reign of Richard II. is, we think, capable of proof.

the humiliation of the monarchy under James I. proceeded; from it the long Civil War, the murder of Charles I., the revolutionary parliament which voted itself immortal, and the successful soldier who cut it off with a brutal jest as he planted his armed heel on the footstool of five dynasties, from the Norman to the hapless Stuart—in a word, from that tenth comes the whole polity which governs church and state in England to-day.

Nor does Mr. Prynne altogether ignore the power and influence of that tenth which was the seed of Puritanism and the ten thousand sects which infested England during the Great Rebellion, and of all the Nonconformist bodies which since the Restoration found in unsurpliced ministers and lay apostles the genuine representatives of the Twelve. But he takes such little account of it that, so far as his argument is concerned, the Church of England had no doctrinal interval between 1549, the date of the first English prayer-book, and 1662, when the prayer-book was amended or altered to the form in which it stands at present.

The alterations just referred to were made in a Catholic direction, as one would naturally expect. The Church of England, in so far as she had endeavored to mould herself on the form of the Catholic Church, had been the mainstay of the throne in the disastrous period which had just passed. All the influence, moral and material, she could command was at the king's service during the Civil War. The blood of Laud cried for vengeance at the hands of every gallant gentleman to whom the sacred building could appeal in which his fathers had knelt for generations, and whose arms looked down upon the family pew where he lisped his first prayers by his mother's side. When the royal cause went down, the cathedrals were widowed, every parish exchanged its incumbent for some crop-eared, snuffling divine who hated the Church of England only a shade less than he hated her of Rome. It would be hard to suppose, then, that at the Restoration the revision of the prayer-book should take a Puritan direction. Of course it took a Catholic direction.

It may be true that the communion service of the Church of England, if used by a duly-ordained priest with intention, would be sufficient for consecration. This is the whole value of the appeal to the passage from Welby Pugin's *Earnest Address.** But where can the duly-ordained priest be found in the Church of England?

Mr. Prynne, in a passage of great force, maintains that the

* P. 120.

members of his church, if they are consistent, must believe in the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist, because it is as universally held by the Primitive Church and advocated by the ancient Fathers; and because it "was endorsed by general council" (*sic*). From these facts he concludes most rightly that the doctrine is true, and a most important part of the faith once delivered to the saints. And yet from the same Book of Common Prayer many members of his church, he sadly admits, deny that truth as inconsistent with its teaching. He then proceeds by an argument of much ingenuity to prove from his prayer-book what? Not the Objective Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacrifice of the Mass; but that there is nothing inconsistent with that great truth in the prayer-book.

This no English churchman, we believe, could seriously question since the judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council in Sheppard *v.* Bennett. That learned body laid down as legally tenable in the Church of England the following propositions: 1. The Real Presence of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. 2. The sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper. 3. That adoration is due to the Lord present in the Holy Communion. The judicial committee in this case has stated with great fulness all that is meant by, and included in, these propositions, and in this fulness we find the exact doctrine of the Catholic Church. But all this does not prove Mr. Prynne's underlying and real contention—that the Catholic doctrine concerning the Holy Eucharist has been held without break or interruption in the Church of England, and that the bishops and clergy of that church are a sacrificing priesthood.

We learn that one of the Anglican bishops lately addressed candidates for ordination the evening before the ceremony in this sense: "Don't any of you gentlemen go away with the idea that I am going to ordain you to-morrow sacrificing priests; I am not going to do anything of the sort." Notwithstanding the judgment in Sheppard *v.* Bennett every one is bound to believe that the bishop in question acted within his legal rights. If ever a service could be said to be a facing-both-ways formula, the Communion Service of the English Church is that one.

As we have said, it is the result of an unscrupulous alliance between a government anxious to exalt the royal prerogative above the laws and usages of the realm and the Protestants who sought the extirpation of the Catholic religion. This off spring of the brain and character of Cranmer claims to be a branch of the Catholic Church, and in the same way that the

Greek and the Oriental Churches in schism possess the Sacrament of Holy Order she claims to possess it too. We need not pause over the branch theory; we no more accept a two-fold or a twenty-fold church than we believe in a two-fold or a twenty-fold Christ. We reject this theory of disunion, dissolution, death; but while we condemn Mr. Prynne's vain effort to prove the church of Henry VIII. and Cranmer, of Somerset, of Elizabeth, of the drivelling idiot James, and the "martyred" liar and despot Charles is the Church of our Divine Lord, we cannot express in terms too high our sense of the ability and learning he has brought to the task before him.

2.—DR. PUSEY AND THE THEORY OF ANGLICANISM.

It is often a surprise to non-Catholics to learn with what avidity we devour such of the many books issued from time to time bearing on the Oxford Movement. Although there is already an abundant literature of this class, we venture to say that those who read the third volume of Canon Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey** will pronounce it not inferior in interest to any of its predecessors. This volume will be of special service to Catholics who wish to study the movement, in order to better appreciate the position of many Anglicans who are approaching the church along this road. The period dealt with is that which followed the secession of Newman and many others in and about 1845. These events had shaken the confidence of most of those in authority, and the trials which beset Dr. Pusey as the now recognized head of the party were not a few. He had to ward off the attacks of enemies with one hand, while with the other he directed and aided in the work of construction which began as the result of the spiritual awakening and the infusion of new ideas. Sisterhoods now began, the emphasis being laid at first upon the work which none but specially devoted women could accomplish; afterwards the life as such received more attention, and Pusey was the spiritual director of the young community in London. In this connection, and gradually among the followers at large of the new school, the subject of private confession came into a position of prominence in the discussions engendered. Pusey became confessor for persons all over the kingdom who were attracted to him by his setting forth of the doctrine of penance, particularly in the famous sermon "The Entire Absolution of the Penitent,"

* *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.* By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Vol. iii. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

which was the theme chosen by him for his first discourse after long suspension from University preaching. Meantime he was full of anxiety for the improvement and extension of university education, and extensive plans were formed by a corps of sympathizers looking to the establishment of one or more new colleges at Oxford, where less expensive habits and a higher tone of religious living might prevail. The heads of houses did not approve the scheme, however, and it fell through. The same philanthropic spirit which prompted this unsuccessful effort led Pusey to take a practical interest in the relief of the poor in Ireland at the time of the famine. He even doubted whether it would be right to hear confessions on the fast day which had been appointed by national authority; but Keble assured him of the appropriateness of such work for such a day.

But the chief interest of the book, for us, lies in the view, which it gives us incidentally, of the position which Pusey conceived for the Church of England, and its relation to the Catholic Church. Early in the volume, speaking of the devotions which he was "adapting," as was his wont, from "Roman books," for the use of the newly established sisterhood, Pusey in a letter says: "In the adaptations I admitted whatever I believed to be true"; and, further on: "The ground on which I rest is that since our church, both by the declarations of the Reformers, by her canons, and by the combined teaching of approved divines, refers to antiquity, the early church, the *quod ubique*, etc.; then, in receiving what is so taught, I am following the teaching of my church. If, then, anything in our formularies seems, according to any received interpretation, to be at variance with that teaching, I think myself compelled, on her own principles, to inquire whether these formularies necessarily require that interpretation," etc. In these sentences, which might be added to, we have enough to determine Pusey's notion of the Anglican position. Catholics have always held that the appeal to antiquity and the consentient voice of Christendom is a criterion of faith, and the famous Vincentian formula has its place in our treatises on dogma. But Pusey considered himself capable of making this appeal himself alone and unassisted, and not only of making it, but of voicing the answer as well, whereas Catholics believe that God has from the first provided a mouth and a living voice for His Body, the Church.

It is precisely here that Catholics must be differentiated from even these high Anglicans. These soon came to be called popularly, and they were, Puseyites—followers of the school of an individual—learned and devout, perhaps, but still only an indivi-

dual. This true state of the case was clearly seen in those early times by some of those who would have liked to be Pusey's friends if they could have agreed in his method. Bishop Wilberforce saw in it "a subtle and therefore most dangerous form of self-will"; "and a tendency," in Pusey, "to view himself as one in, if not now the leader of, a party." This seemed to lead him "to judge the church" which he "ought to obey; sometimes to blame, sometimes almost to patronize her."

Any one at all familiar with the attitude of High-churchmen all along the course of the movement knows how truly these words describe it. Dr. Hook, of Leeds, the harmony of whose parish the clergy at St. Saviour's were disturbing by their innovations, was another to voice the same sentiment. He told Pusey plainly: "With all deference to you, I think that the Reformers were as likely to know what was really Catholic and primitive as you are; and what, accepting their teaching, Convocation was overruled by Divine Providence to adopt—that I receive as the voice of the Catholic Church." Here was a position, narrow enough to be sure, sectarian and untenable for any but the short-sighted, but consistent and capable of being the basis of corporate unity and action. It embraced a rational conception of authority, and furnished a sphere for the exercise of discipline—all this, of course, within the bounds of its own membership. Such had been the position of the old school of High-churchmen, and of such were Hook and Wilberforce. Now, Pusey and his followers, seeing the shortcomings of this kind of religion as compared with Catholicity, and knowing the Church of England to be in desperate straits, make an essentially new departure. They would introduce some of the Catholic doctrines—Penance, Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence—dimly at first, but in a gradually strengthening sense—the Counsels of Perfection. They would introduce English churchmen to the treasures of Catholic devotional literature through the medium of "adaptations." If any formulary of the church seemed to militate against this process, they would say it had been wrongly interpreted, for "the Church *is Catholic*, therefore these things are ours."

The result of this departure was two-fold. First, it presented portions of truth to thousands of truth-loving, starving souls. Minds were quickened, hopes were raised, hearts were enlarged, eyes were opened to the fact that there was a world of Catholic thought and doctrine hitherto unexplored by the living generation of Englishmen. In this lay the strength of the move-

ment. Second, it involved a loss of the dogmatic principle. The most the new school could plead for was toleration. Keble speaks of "the large license allowed by our church"; Bishop Forbes was dismissed with only a censure "in consideration that the respondent now only asks toleration for his opinions, and does not claim for them the authority of the church or any right to enforce them on those subject to his jurisdiction"; and the internal index of the weakness of the movement has been the state of lawlessness, division, and disorder which has been its constant accompaniment. The true character of the movement began to be evident before long to men of discernment. In January, 1847, Archdeacon Manning wrote to Pusey: "You know how long I have to you openly expressed my conviction that a false position has been taken up in the Church of England. . . . It is clear that they are 'revising the Reformation'; that the doctrine, ritual, and practice of the Church of England, taken at its best, does not suffice them. . . . I say all this not in fault-finding, but in sorrow. How to help to heal it I do not pretend to say." Manning foresaw "the direct and certain tendency to the Roman Church." The new sort of Anglicanism afforded no standing ground; it was ever shifting, ever progressing, never attaining, for in the last analysis it rested upon authority only human, and therefore subject to the weakness, fickleness, obtuseness, and inconsistency of mankind. It exercised an enormously attractive force over the minds of thousands in the Anglican communion who were ready to imbibe some portion of the church's doctrines. They were not obliged to go all lengths at first; congregations were to be found in all stages of advancement; there need be no sudden and sad breaking with relatives and friends; it was not taking a step which might not be easily reconsidered. So the movement grew. Of individuals, many were logical and eventually became Catholics; many followed the leaders for a time; then, seeing whither they were tending, became frightened and turned back to the more consistent Anglican position; many were content to stake everything upon their chosen teachers.

Allies said of Marriott that when all other arguments had failed "his one unconquerable fact was—Pusey." Subsequent history has been but a repetition of the same state of affairs. Good men and true, in England and America, have espoused the cause of the "Oxford Revival" and have been its exponents. As they were good men, and as they taught many truths and exemplified them by earnest, self-denying lives, they

have had many disciples. They have been doing a work for the Catholic cause which, so far as is evident, the church could not have done, preparing for a future harvest-time. It is this which gives a peculiar interest for Catholics to works like the Life of Pusey; this, and not any intrinsic truth of the underlying principles of the High-Church movement.

It is not ours to estimate the degree of good faith or the amount of responsibility which is to be attached to the acts of such a man as Pusey. That he was the means, under God, of dispelling from many minds the thick cloud of prejudice which hid large portions of Christian truth from their sight, we do not doubt; but that he and the leaders whom he led left many souls in a position of deep distress, in a very slough of despondency, by failing to show how God's work in the external sphere completely corresponds with the interior leading of the Holy Spirit, is matter of historical as well as of present fact. Indeed the present volume brings with it an air of sadness—shall we not say of incipient penitence? The human soul, all marred and fallen from its high estate of union with its Maker, led by the bitter experience of sin, and catching a glimpse of the glories and comforts of the Father's House, longs for a share of its light and peace, yet is loth to submit again to the paternal rule, and seeks if haply some middle course may not be found which will not involve the humiliation of acknowledging a grievous fault. In like manner we seem to see here the portrayal of the first throes of a nature which is waking to a consciousness of its miserable condition towards religion.

Here are the phenomena of a being which longs for a former and higher state, now ill at ease with itself, distracted, disordered; having a theory of its own autonomy, yet daily witnessing abundant proofs of its falseness: knowing that a great mistake has been made, yet writhing and twisting in its efforts to find some way of self-justification; trying at times and in places to assume an air of easy confidence, or even festive gaiety, as if, forsooth, the past were forgiven and reconciliation made—only to be made wretched again by fresh lapses and the renewed clash of warring elements. These are the symptoms of what may be—we pray it may be—the beginning of true repentance, the repentance which humbles itself in submission to Divine Authority. But if Dr. Pusey shall prove to have contributed to so happy a result, it will be one of the cases in which men build much better than they know.

3.—HELPS TO MEDITATION.*

Father Gallwey has for many years been venerated throughout Great Britain as one of the most experienced guides of souls in the ways of perfection. Readers of the *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton* will remember what he was to her; and what is disclosed there is but a specimen of what for many years he has been to very large numbers of others who have tried to walk in the ways of the saints. His time has been so filled by active work of this kind that he has hitherto published little. In these volumes we have the results of both a life's experience and of a devoted study of the spiritual writings of others—to which study, indeed, with characteristic humility, he ascribes, in a touching preface, whatever there is of value in these pages.

The meditations, or rather the contemplation, of our Lord's Passion, as contained in this work, begin with the Raising of Lazarus and go through in great detail the whole series of our Lord's acts, words, and sufferings, until His Ascension into heaven. The generally received notion of St. Ignatius's method of meditation is that it essentially consists in the application of the memory, understanding, and will to particular texts of Holy Scripture; and it may be a surprise to learn that this is not really its special characteristic. Any one who will look at the Exercises will see that by far the greater part consists of contemplations of various scenes in the life of our Lord, or, at all events, of directions to his readers to make such contemplation. The saint's desire is that his disciples should learn to become, as it were, eye-witnesses of our Lord's actions, hearers of his words. It is this idea which Father Gallwey has aimed at carrying out, and in order that the scene may be the more vividly realized he has included in these volumes views of Jerusalem and of the Mount of Olives, in which every street and road as they existed in our Lord's time are placed before the mind.

Of course what St. Ignatius wished and what Father Gallwey wishes is that each one should do this for himself, should strive to live in spirit in view of Christ. But not every one is willing to do this. These volumes are, therefore, devoted to doing for them what people in general are unwilling or unable to do for themselves. What we have already said about the au-

* *The Watches of the Sacred Passion, with Before and After.* By Father P. Gallwey, S.J. 3 vols. London Art and Book Company, 1894. Agents for the United States, Benziger Brothers.

thor will enable the reader to judge as to the manner in which the work has been done. We will only add that while the number of meditation-books is legion, there are very few indeed which are not foreign in origin, feeling, and expression; many of them often seem to be extravagant and sentimental, sometimes even silly. A characteristic of these volumes is that along with deep and fervent devotion and tender piety is associated the most practical common sense—a common sense which adapts the often too abstract and remote spiritual teachings of other times and places to the ways of thought and action of our own times and country. In short, in these volumes the reader has the summing up of the life's work of one of the most learned theologians and most experienced spiritual directors of our times.

The quality of Celtic humor is a matter of as much controversy as the color of the chameleon. Mr. O'Donoghue, who has done much work as a literary collator, endeavors to help a judgment on the point by his latest volume, *The Humor of Ireland*.* The only conclusion he enables us to reach is that the national spirit has undergone a change since the time when the genius of Ireland was purely Celtic. What specimens of early Irish mirth have come down to us through the ages show little affinity with the modern examples of Irish pleasantry. There is a classical dignity about the ancient stories which speaks more of the studied joke and the wise saw of the mediæval court jester than the spontaneous sparkle which is a feature of the modern Celtic wit. The grafting of the Anglo-Saxon laws and language upon the Irish character would appear to have produced a far-reaching metamorphosis in the spirit of the national drollery.

The standard of this wit is altogether intangible and uncertain. We talk glibly about Irish wit, but a good deal of that which passes current for it was mere Anglo-Saxon vulgarity. Swift was one of the greatest wits of his age, yet his wit was not Irish. In his day it was supposed that genuine Irish wit consisted in perpetually making "bulls" and blunders. This erroneous idea is visible in his own last epigrammatic effort, composed ere the cloud had permanently settled down over his intellect, as he drove with his physician through the Phœnix Park:

* *The Humor of Ireland.* By D. J. O'Donoghue. London: Walter Scott, limited; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Lo here's a proof of Irish sense,
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defence
They build a magazine."

This was neither a proof of Irish sense nor of Irish wit, since the building of the magazine was entirely the work of the English garrison, and the Irish people had no more to do with it than they had with the wall of China.

Mr. O'Donoghue gives some good selections in the pages of this book, and a great many that are the reverse. A class of writers once flourished whose aim it was to caricature and belittle the Irish character, and these are copiously represented in the volume. There are besides some modern mediocrities paraded as men of wit whose claim will come as a surprise to the more discriminating. There is no subject in the world on which a more entertaining treatise could be written than this, but the work is one for the future, when the circumstances of literature are better, and when the standard of taste is purer.

Some nice plates are given in this book. They are the work of Oliver Paque. They are dainty bits of drawing, but they are not like anything Irish.

Childhood is the time for the sowing of the myth-seed in the mind; in the busy days of manhood things of greater moment crowd them out of view. We fear there is a growing disposition to make light of myths in the hard and materialistic tendencies of our modern system. The value of these delightful aids to the development of the mind is too often overlooked. We are glad to see an attempt made to make their acquirement attractive. Emma M. Firth's little book of *Stories of Old Greece* (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston) is a good beginning. She tells in a way suitable to the youngest mind some of the choicest old stories of classic Hellas, and illustrates them with graceful pictures, bringing out all the beauty of the quaint legends and leaving out of sight their coarser side. There is something beautiful in the myths of all archaic peoples, and a judicious selection of these would help to build up the structure of the imagination, and if their moral were well pointed show how in even the earliest times the mind of man was struggling through clouds of ignorance toward the light of truth and beauty.

We notice in the issue of *The Architectural Record* for January–March an exceedingly valuable paper on the interesting subject of "Christian Altars," by Caryll Coleman (of the Tiffany Co.) It is from a literary point of view erudite and illuminative in a very high degree, and an historical document of no ordinary value. There are special attractions in it, from a pictorial stand-point, for the lover of Christian art. It is embellished with a very large number of exquisite plates, showing some of the most famous altars and shrines throughout the Catholic world. The article will prove, it may safely be said, not only of deep interest but great practical value.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati:

Elocution Class. A simplification of the Laws and Principles of Expression. By Eleanor O'Grady, author of "Aids to Correct and Effective Elocution," etc.

Of the following new books Benzigier Brothers have imported editions: *Essays by Sarah Atkinson.* Edited by Mrs. Rosa Mulholland-Gilbert; with Portrait. *A Memoir of Mrs. Augustus Craven,* author of "A Sister's Story." By Mary C. Bishop; with Mrs. Craven's Portrait. *The Watches of the Passion, with Before and After.* By Rev. P. Gallwey, S.J. *History of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Abbé le Monnier. Translated by a Franciscan Tertiary; with preface by Cardinal Vaughan. *Redmington School.* By C. M. Howe. *History of St. Philomena.* Edited by Rev. Charles Henry Bowden. *Our Lady of Good Counsel.* By Georgina Gough. *The Pope and the People.* By Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Foundations of Belief. By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Devotion to the Holy Ghost.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York:

Old South Leaflets. Edited by Edwin C. Mead.

MACMILLAN & CO., New York:

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. V.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Our Fight with Tammany. By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York and Cincinnati:

Roman Hymnal, Part I. *Visits to St. Joseph.* By a Spiritual Daughter of St. Teresa.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ABOUT four hundred lectures have been engaged by the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences to be delivered within a period of thirty-four weeks from October to June. Membership in this organization costs only five dollars a year; the same amount is charged as an initiation fee. No other institution in the world can offer superior advantages for the same expenditure. The number of members is now about four thousand. With remarkable ability Professor Franklin W. Hooper, director of the Brooklyn Institute since 1889, has selected subjects and lecturers representing nearly every department of modern research. He is a Harvard man who gave up the study of theology for science and natural history. His comprehensive plan recognizes no exclusion of any race or creed. In the programme for 1894-5 Catholic thought is represented by Right Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., rector of the Catholic University; George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D.; Henry Austin Adams, M.A.; William T. Vlymen, Ph.D., and F. Marion Crawford.

Among the general courses of lectures the foremost place is given to one on The Founders of New England, as follows: William Brewster, the Elder of Plymouth, by Edward Everett Hale; William Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. William Elliott Griffis, of Ithaca; John Winthrop, the Governor of Massachusetts, by Frederick T. Greenhalge, Governor of Massachusetts; John Harvard and the Founding of Harvard College, by William R. Thayer, of Harvard; John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, by Rev. James De Normandie; John Cotton, the Minister of Boston, by Rev. John Cotton Brooks, a descendant of the subject of the lecture; Roger Williams, the Founder of Rhode Island, by President Andrews, of Brown University; Thomas Hooker, the Founder of Connecticut, by Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Twitchell, of Hartford. This course is also to be given in the Old South Meeting House in Boston.

Professor Hooper attaches special importance to a series of lectures on the literature and religion of India, to be given by T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., professor of Sanscrit literature in University College, London. Professor Davids is a high authority on this subject; his lectures will also be given at the Lowell Institute, Boston; Columbia College; the University of Pennsylvania; the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; Cornell University, and Brown University. The subjects are The Religious Teachers of India, and their Influence on India and in the West; The Buddhist Books and their History; the Vedas as Literature, The Life of the Buddha, The Buddhists' Secret, and the Ideal of the Later Buddhism.

An author's course of addresses on American literature will attract favorable attention. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will speak on Patriotism in American Literature, and her famous Battle Hymn will be sung; Professor John Fiske will speak of America's Historians and their work; Edmund Clarence Stedman, on America's Poets; F. Marion Crawford, on Romance in American Fiction; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, on American Magazine Literature, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, on Children's Literature.

The Brooklyn Apprentices' Library, established in 1823, was the real beginning from which has developed the great work of self-improvement now organized by the Brooklyn Institute. Augustus Graham, the founder, provided that courses of lectures should be given from time to time on "The Power, Wisdom,

and Goodness of God as Manifested in His Works." By this salutary regulation agnosticism is for ever excluded.

* * *

The departments of Pedagogy and Psychology in the Brooklyn Institute arranged for a course of six lectures by Professor William James, Ph.D., of Harvard University. Considering his distinguished reputation as one of the ablest philosophical scholars in the United States, Professor James uses the following simple language in announcing his subjects; Mind and Environment; Habit and Character; Association and Memory; Attention; Conception and Reasoning; Will. No attempt is made to befog the subject with high-sounding words. Miss A. E. Wyckoff is chairman of the section devoted to educational psychology, which has in charge the following special subjects: Children's Home and School Interests; Mental Traits of Children as revealed by physical signs; Infant Development; Home Life of Children; Child Study; The Child's Ideals; Children's Difficulties in accomplishing school tasks; The Ailments of Children; Mental Development of Children.

Miss Isobel Camp, Ph.D., is chairman of the section on Reading Circles. The work outlined is intended to encourage the study of the works of William Cullen Bryant and William Morris; also, psychology by Professor W. James, *Romola* by George Eliot, *Sartor Resartus* by Thomas Carlyle, *Saracinesca* by F. Marion Crawford, *Letters of an Altrusian Traveller* by William Dean Howells, and children's literature.

Law lectures for women, by Cornelia K. Hood, LL.B., are conducted on the plan adopted by the Law School of the University of New York. These are the subjects chosen for one of the courses:

Historical Review of Woman's Legal Status; The Relation of Law to the Possession of Property; Marriage; Legal Relations of Husband and Wife; Property Rights of Married Women; Effect of Divorce and Lawful Separation; Parent and Child; Legal Relations of Employer to Employee.

* * *

An article by Walter Lecky in the *Catholic News* for January 23 has awakened discussion, which was doubtless the object he had in view, as he has in many ways proved himself a benefactor of the Reading Circle movement. A letter before us, however, suggests that the Catholic laity need to be aroused; that crude efforts have to be praised because they are efforts, in order to encourage growth; that it is better to give a kind word of advice, even if a Reading Circle is not doing its best work, rather than satirical criticism.

"The leaders of the Catholic Reading Circle movement must be well aware of the fact that turning the suppressed energy of the laity into this channel is not only going to raise the people to higher levels spiritually and intellectually, but it is going to avert wrong uses of this energy; it will furnish legitimate safety-valves whereby the thought stirring within may find expression."

* * *

We have received many indications of approval for the splendid work "the Sacred Heart girls are doing." One writer wishes a larger organization in the East, believing that there is a vast field of usefulness for talents which have been submerged since the day of graduation. "There is no use of hiding the fact that Catholic women must move with the times in matters pertaining to their own good and general culture. The new woman is a myth and is used to frighten those of our sex who want to be intelligent and useful in the social world."

Our attention was called to a book of fiction that has been widely circulated. Under pretence of exposing "the most pernicious evil society has to do with," the author has adopted a style and introduced characters that deserve the severest condemnation. We sent the exact title of the book, the name and address of the publisher, to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, Room 85, Times Building, New York City. This society has already rendered a valuable service to the reading public by its vigilance in detecting the immoral publications which are sent by mail to various parts of the rural districts, and distributed by secret messengers. In answer to our communication Mr. Anthony Comstock writes these words of approval for the work of the Columbian Reading Union:

"My recollection is, that in '92, when this (book) came out, we took action against it, and it was, I think, withdrawn from circulation. I will endeavor to have the matter looked into.

I congratulate you that you have asked the question 'What shall we read?' and have started the answer by such practical outlines as you send to me. There is great need for guarding the imagination or re-imaging power of the mind from the defilements of corrupt literature. There is an infectious disease that very little attention is given to and yet that is very, very important, to wit, Immoral Imaginationalism; a term which I have applied to the condition of mind that exists in many youth, where the re-imaging or picturing power of thought is kept busy in reproducing scenes or pictures which come through eye or ear into the 'chamber of imagery' in the heart. I am satisfied, after a most careful study of God's word, that there has been no condition of mind that has so grieved the Almighty as the evil imagination. With all my heart I congratulate you and your organization on your practical efforts to redeem the mind of the youth from the thraldom of corrupt thoughts."

Bishop Hedley, of England, in a pastoral letter has formulated the enlightened Catholic opinion on this same matter. He insists that all idle reading is hurtful: "To read, for honest recreation, even silly books that are not otherwise objectionable, is in no way to be condemned. But continuous idle reading of romantic, sentimental, or exciting narratives spoils one's life and causes a general laziness and looseness in one's whole nature, unfitting the mind for exertion and the body for self-denial. The inordinate reading of newspapers should be avoided on similar grounds. There are all kinds of newspapers and cheap periodicals—good, bad, and indifferent. Catholics must remember that they are not to take the tone of their moral feelings from newspapers, but from the teachings and traditions of their Holy Religion. It cannot be denied that there is, on the whole, a very free and lax interpretation on the part of the newspaper press of that precept of St. Paul which prescribes that certain things should 'not be so much as named' among Christians. Because a matter is reported in a newspaper, it by no means follows that it is right or proper for a Christian to read it, much less to dwell upon it or to let it get into the hands of those for whom one is responsible. The standard of right and wrong, in things of this kind, is constantly in danger of being lowered. Our duty is, by precept and by example, to uphold and maintain it. It may not be possible for us to do much in purifying the periodical press—although the disapproval of God-fearing readers is never without its effect—but we may at least preserve our own conscience free from stain, and help many souls who otherwise would be carried away by the evil and corrupting tendencies of the age.

Even when the newspaper is free from objection, it is easy to lose a great deal of time over it. It may be necessary or convenient to know what is going

on in the world. But there can be no need of our absorbing all the rumors, all the guesses and gossip, all the petty incidents, all the innumerable paragraphs in which the solid news appears half-drowned, like the houses and hedges when the floods are out. This is idle, and it is absolutely bad for brain and character. There is a kind of attraction towards petty and desultory reading of this kind which is sure to leave its mark on the present generation. The newspaper presents not only news but ideas, reflections, views, inferences, and conclusions of every kind. As the reader takes in all this prepared and digested matter, he is deluded with the notion that he is thinking and exercising his mind. He is doing nothing of the kind. He is putting on another man's clothes, and fitting himself out with another man's ideas. To do this habitually is to live the life of a child; one is amused and occupied, and one is enabled to talk second-hand talk, but that is all. Men were better men, if they thought at all, in the days when there was less to read. It is pitiable to reflect how many there are, in all the ranks of life, who depend for ideas on the utterances of their newspapers. And who, after all, are the writers of newspapers? Men by no means specially endowed or qualified; men who have to write in a hurry, with little learning or training, on all kinds of subjects, some of them the most momentous; and men who have strong temptation to speak rashly and flippantly on all things connected with religion and morality. Immoderate newspaper reading leads, therefore, to much loss of time, and does little good either to the mind or the heart."

* * *

We are very much pleased with this expression of opinion from *The Casket*. It enables us to see ourselves as our friends in Canada see us:

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in its Columbian Reading Union department, quotes with approval some remarks recently made by *The Casket* with reference to the establishment of a second Catholic Summer-School in the United States. It wants to know, however, why the establishment of the Western Summer-School should interfere with our hopes for a closer union of thought and sympathy between the Catholics of Canada and of the United States. Well, to be perfectly frank with our contemporary, our remarks were made before we had seen in the *Catholic Reading Circle Review* the very cordial expression of good-will by Madison towards Champlain. We sincerely trust that this expression is something more than the 'assurances of most distinguished regard' or the personal feelings of the worthy prelate who conveyed it. We confess that, entertaining strongly the aspirations expressed in the words quoted by THE WORLD, we were not a little disappointed at the entire absence of Western Catholics of note at the last session of the Summer-School. This, taken in connection with the dissatisfaction known to exist in the West over the location of the school, seemed to us a very significant fact; and the immediate establishment of another institution, together with the tone adopted by some of the Western papers in referring to the matter, caused us to fear that one of the worst possible enemies of the Catholic intellectual movement was at work. For if that movement has one foe more to be dreaded than any other, it is sectional jealousy. Let us hope, therefore, that if such danger ever existed, it is past and gone, and that the mutual assurances of good-will may continue to have a deep and solid foundation."

* * *

An official statement has been sent for publication by the Columbian Catholic Summer-School which is to open in Madison, Wisconsin, July 14, 1895, under happy auspices. The preliminary organization to carry out this important work has been effected, and the indispensable sanction and approval of the Most Rev. the Archbishops and the Right Rev. Bishops concerned has been given in

letters of sanction and assurances of sympathy and support. The programme of studies and lectures for the first session has been determined upon, and the arrangements for carrying same into effect is now fully in the hands of a committee headed by Right Rev. Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, president of the board. The general Committee of Control includes bishops, priests, and laymen.

The board is not committed to any one place as a permanent location for the school. The choice of the capital of Wisconsin for the opening session is regarded on every side as most convenient and appropriate because of its central position, its proximity to the principal Western cities, the beauty and attractiveness of its situation and surroundings, and especially on account of the important advantages offered in halls, libraries, museums, and, not least essential, in ample hotel and boarding-house facilities and moderate prices. Reduced railroad rate of transportation is also assured. The active co-operation and cordial support of Catholics is now invited. The necessity for the establishment of a Catholic Summer-School to meet the convenience and demands of the central west is apparent; its importance and value to the educational and literary interests of the country cannot be overestimated.

In order to place the Columbian Catholic Summer-School on a secure financial footing the Board of Control has provided for a limited number of life-memberships in the association, and for annual memberships.

The Board of Control of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School is as follows: Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., President, Green Bay, Wis.; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Columbus, O.; Right Rev. John S. Foley, D.D., Detroit, Mich.; Right Rev. James McGolrick, D.D., Duluth, Minn.; Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D.D., Covington, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. Patrick Danehy, D.D., St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. James F. X. Hoeffer, S.J., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. P. J. Agnew, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Patrick B. Knox, Madison, Wis.; William J. Onahan, LL.D., Chicago, Ill.; H. J. Desmond, Milwaukee, Wis.; William A. Amberg, Chicago, Ill.; Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., Notre Dame, Ind.; Conde B. Pallen, LL.D., St. Louis, Mo.; Charles A. Mair, Chicago, Ill.

The Officers of the Board are: Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, President; H. J. Desmond, Vice-President and Secretary pro tem.; Charles A. Mair, Treasurer; William J. Onahan, Charles A. Mair, and William A. Amberg, Finance Committee.

The full course of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School will comprise two sets of lectures: one of a more didactic nature, giving regular class instruction and being intended principally for the members and pupils of the school, the other more adapted to the public platform and addressed to a more general audience. The subjects chosen for the class lectures are the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Bible, the Eastern Schism and the efforts of the Popes for reunion, Church and State in their mutual relation, History of Catholic popular Education, Religion and Science, Ethics, Catholic Contemporary Literature, Economic Questions of the day, and the work of the Catholic Reading Circles.

The general lectures will treat of some very interesting subjects of Catholic Biography (Ozanam, Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Missionary Explorers of the North-west); of American History (American Mound-builders and Cliff-dwellers, The Magna Charta and American Independence, Witchcraft in New England); or from the field of contemporary thought (Buddhism, Christian Science, Hypnotism, etc.) The first session of the school is to last three weeks—from July 14 to August 4, 1895.

M. C. M.

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The Catholic world

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